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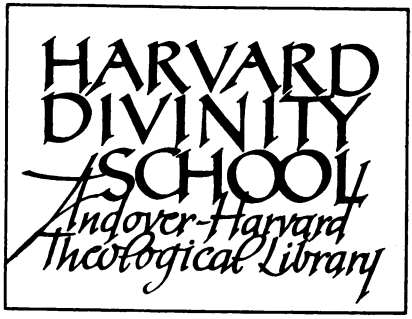

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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

Vol. V. APRIL, 1838. No. 1.

THREE HISTORIES:

PRESCOTT—BANCROFT—CARLYLE.

SPAIN. AMERICA. FRANCE.

THREE recent Histories are on our table—each of them peculiar and remarkable, each bearing within itself and in the public mind, the promise of not being soon forgotten. Two of them are by Americans, who do honor to their birthright—the third is by an Englishman, whom we may rightly claim for our own, on account of his affinity with our free democratic spirit, and because, moreover, our country has given to his works a broader and warmer home, than they have found in their native Britain.

These three works might, without much forcing, be regarded as forming a Trilogy, representing the three great Dramas in Modern History. The first is a good representative of what has well been called the beginning of Modern History; the era when the chaotic elements of feudal strifes submitted to the creative spirit of national order, the powers of warring nobles were subjected to kingly rule, individual nations consolidated, and that system of international relations begun, which under the name of the balance of power, has continued to this day. No names deserve to characterize this era, so much as those of Ferdinand and Isabella. No mind was so efficient as Isabella's in quelling the strifes in a kingdom and bringing every refractory power into subjection to the sovereign sway. No genius was so subtle and far reaching as Ferdinand's in the intrigues and enterprises of that system of international politics, which sprung up in his day.

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The second of these works, (Bancroft's United States,) relates the colonization of North-America, the course of European enterprise in the new world, the beginning of Colonial government, and is in future volumes to trace fully the rise and progress of our free institutions. In this period, we may see especially manifested the power of individual enterprise, and a race of men, "by dividing ocean kept apart," enslaved neither by nobles or king, rising gradually to self-reliance and to that self-government, which is perfect freedom.

In the third work, (Carlyle's,) we may see a portraiture of the death-struggle between the governments of the Old World, and that democratic spirit which was kindled partly by the example of America, and partly by the oppressions of aristocracy and the corruptions of government and social life in Europe.

In the first work we behold the victory of royal power over the feudal aristocracy. In the second we see the emancipation of the people in a new world. In the third we may contemplate the effect of the new born giant democracy in its struggle with the remnants of tyranny, whether of Monarch or noble in the old world.

The first Drama seems almost complete, and the feudal power of the nobles to have received its death blow throughout the civilized world. But the curtain yet veils from us the last acts of the two other Dramas. What shall be the fate of our boasted free institutions in this land of their birth—what shall be their effect upon the governments of the old world—remains in an obscurity, which time alone can reveal to us, and which the eye of the All-Seeing alone knows.

A comparison might be instituted between these three periods in respect to Religion, Literature and the Arts, as well as in Government, but without attempting this, we pass on, and will merely give a hasty critical notice of each of the three histories in question.

I. History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, *the Catholic. By William H. Prescott. In three Volumes.* Boston, 1838.

Looking at these three elegant volumes as they laid on the bookseller's counter, we were almost disposed to quarrel with the author for writing so long a book on such a subject, and tempting us to read more upon a single reign, than we can afford to do consistently with our general plan. We knew indeed, that the subject had some interest, and that the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella was an era in the history of Spain.

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We knew too (for is it not written in the Child's Geography,) that it was Isabella, who was the first and last friend of Columbus, and that to her patronage, we owe the discovery of America. Still we were reluctant to go through three octavoes about these two monarch's, especially in this season of interesting books. But seduced by the beautiful page and by friendly advisings, we made the attempt. Instead of repining at the length of the book, we were unwilling to attend to any thing else until we had devoured the last page of the last volume.

It may be on account of our peculiar ignorance, but surely it seems wonderful, that so little should be known of this most interesting epoch in history. Momentous events without number crowd these pages. The submission of feudal clans to sovereign sway, the beginning of true national order and international relations, the era of the application of the great modern inventions to the arts of life, the age of Columbus and Ximenes and Gonsalvo, the era of the Conquest of Granada, and of the most famous Italian wars and of famous intrigues between European potentates—all these circumstances mark the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, as second in interest to no other similar period of history.

These monarchs themselves are among the world's truly great personages. Ferdinand was a politician on the grandest scale, able to outwit every other sovereign in intrigue, as well as conquer every enemy in battle. Isabella was the exemplar of a Queen—a greater than Elizabeth. With a warrior's energy and all a woman's gentleness, with ardent affections and with a purity beyond even the breath of reproach, with inflexible attachment to her plans of government and determination to carry them into effect against all opposition, whether from nobles or populace, and yet with the tenderest regard for the welfare of her subjects, she stands among the highest of her sex. The establishment of the Inquisition was indeed a blemish upon her character. But it came from the excess of a virtue. Religion, sincere and generally consistent, was the strongest feature in her character; and her own wish to convert the Heathen and the influence of her Confessors induced her to try even by force to convert the Jews and Moors, and to extend to them the cruel alternative of exile or baptism. Her fault in this was the fault of her age, even of its purest minds, at least in Catholic countries.

Mr Prescott's work is remarkable for many things—for the difficulties (loss of eye-sight,) under which it was begun—for the singular amount of new materials, which it embodies, and

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for the clear classic style in which it is written. Reading the text alone, one can enjoy a clear, fascinating narrative, that has the interest of romance, mingled with political and philosophical reflections, that, to a right mind, have an interest far higher than romance. Reading the notes in connection, one finds before him an amount of rare and valuable learning, that may well raise his admiration of the author's industry, and rebuke his own idleness.

This is a charming way of writing books—this way of putting all the erudite references and less important digressions in the notes. It reminds one of sailing along a pleasant and well cleared river—the stream clearly flowing—here and there a pleasant island, that instead of interrupting the river's course, serves to beautify it, and stately trees growing on the *margin*, which would be *snags* if placed in the current.

Mr. Prescott's style partakes something of his subject. It has something of a Castilian dignity, but without any of its stiffness. A manly noble sense of right and, reverence for the higher nature of man, and a vindication of free principles, renders his work ennobling as well as instructive. We rejoice for him and our native literature, that a second edition is in press.

II. History of the United States. *By George Bancroft. Boston.* 1837. *Volume Second.*

Here we have promise of a history worthy the subject—a work of which our nation may be proud, and in which mankind ought to rejoice. Here our nation has found a fit chronicler, and humanity a true and able friend.

Coleridge divides history into three kinds—the mere chronicle—the history written in reference to a vindication of some particular form of government—and lastly, the philosophical history, that looks at the course of events, as manifesting the great principles of human nature. Mr. Bancroft's work has the excellence of both the latter classes. It is a history of the United States, and of our free institutions, while at the same time, it is written in a spirit that is not narrowed down to any one country or government, but which is as wide and generous as the elements of humanity itself. We challenge the whole realm of history to produce more eloquent writing and noble thought, than is to be found in some passages of his work. Take the chapter on the Quakers, especially that part of it which contains the comparison between William Penn and John Locke. Why not extract this sometime for the

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edification of your readers? You cannot give them any thing better.

Mr. Bancroft is a thorough democrat, and we like him all the better for that. He is not one of those grovelling, dirty, democrats, who, having no faith in any thing but flesh and dust, place all criterion of right in the arbitrary will of the many. He believes there is a spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty has given him understanding, and that the voice of the people, when fully and seriously uttered, is the voice of universal reason—the voice of God. He derides Atheism as the metaphysician's folly, of which indeed the people may for a while be the dupe, but which the real heart of humanity abhors, and will ere long crush.

Mr. Bancroft is something of a political partisan, and has lately received a goodly reward for his zeal, in the shape of the Collectorship of Boston. We earnestly hope, that he will not allow himself to be engrossed by party politics, nor "give to party what was meant for mankind." Already he has in some instances, published electioneering addresses, in which his principles, that are so noble, when stated in his history, have received such a local application, as to take that one fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous. However, he writes the best party papers, and if forced to read any, we should prefer his. We hope, that his principles will do something to elevate his party, and all parties; but the fear is, that party politics will sink him to their own level. He certainly deserves the praise of having advocated, consistently and eloquently, the noblest ideas of democracy extant, excepting always, those of Dr. Channing. His success, and growing fame, show how much better the lot of him who attaches himself to great principles is, than of those time-servers, no matter what may be their talent, who, devoid of fixed principles, are ever looking this way and that way for hints to guide them in their expedients, and sooner or later falling into that insignificance which their imbecility merits.

We trust that Bancroft will finish his work as well as he has begun, and that when he touches upon the times connected with present politics, he may strive to be true and impartial, as if standing on holy ground, and with the words of prayer on his lips.

III. The French Revolution. *By Thomas Carlyle Three Volumes in Two. Boston.* 1838.

What the world will make of this strangest of all books, remains yet to be seen. Many call its "stuff" "a dose," &c., and other many extol it to the skies.

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It is hard to decide what to call the book, whether prose or poetry, history or epic. It seems to partake of both. Perhaps the Westminster Review spoke rightly, when, with much praise it called it a prose epic.

The lovers of Sartor will love this new child of the same genius, and many, to whom Sartor was an enigma and offence, will be charmed with the stirring narrative and spirited portraiture of the present work. All must allow it the great excellence of transporting the readers' minds to the very times and places recorded, and showing events, characters, and passions, as they actually were. We venture to say, that no man will get through the first hundred pages, which are the driest in the book, without a burning curiosity to read the whole.

Some will think that the author shows too little sensibility at the horrors he records. Indeed he does almost seem at times like a cold souled spirit, sitting on some distant planet, and looking on the scenes and strifes, and cooly smiling at the odd things, which those strange creatures, called men and women, are doing. But our author writes like a true artist, like a Shakspeare and Goethe, and deems that enough is done both for truth and sensibility when men and events are described just as they are, and all natural lights are shining on them. Indeed, that man has the noblest faith and feeling, who is willing to let God's world speak for itself, without marring the great harmony by his own squeaking explanations; and who deems the light of heaven enough for earth's scenes, without his holding up his petty candle for men to see by.

Carlyle shows us the French Revolution as it is, and lets it speak for itself. His moral, like God's and natures, breathes from every event and character, and is not stuck on at the end.

Some of his writing, as a matter of words and style, is bad. But we do not believe it is affected. It is his way, and has its merits as such. In this particular work, the style pretty well befits the theme. The rough, broken march of his periods, and the many strange and uncouth words, make pretty appropriate music for the wild tramp of events, the infernal marsh of chaos come again, which the French Revolution presents to us. We wish he would continue the work, and portray the upstart Corsican, with that same pen that has painted Louis, and Mirabeau, and Danton, and Seagreen Robespierre. What better theme?

S. O.

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A FACT AND AN INFERENCE.

BY H. J. HUIDEKOPER, MEADVILLE, PENN.

THERE is a fact connected with the spread of the christian religion, which has forcibly struck me, and which yet I do not recollect having seen noticed by any writer. It is namely this: That while in the earlier ages of christianity, the christian religion spread itself rapidly over the heathen world, and was embraced by millions from a conviction of its truth and intrinsic worth, the missionary efforts of the present day for its dissemination in heathen countries, have been singularly unsuccessful, and unproductive of the desired results.

If we examine into this matter, we find, that during the first four, and at least part of the fifth, centuries, the christian religion, under almost every conceivable difficulty and opposition, spread rapidly over every part of the known world, and was embraced by millions, apparently from no other motive than a sincere conviction of its truth. After this we find it extend itself with much less rapidity, and the motives from which it is embraced become of a much more doubtful nature. We should hardly dare to attribute the conversion of Clovis and his Franks, at the close of the fifth century, to any internal conviction of the truth, or the moral excellence of christianity; and the conversion of the Saxons in the eighth century, is known to have been the effect of military violence, and relentless persecution. Gradually we find its diffusion become slower. We even find it losing ground in those portions of Asia in which it appeared most firmly established; and in the northern parts of Africa, in which it once flourished, it became almost wholly extirpated. And if we descend now to our own times, we find, that under far more favorable circumstances than those in which any of the early christians after the Apostolic age, were ever placed, all our missionary efforts for the conversion of heathen nations, have produced little effect.

That these facts are as I have stated them will not be denied. They rest on the concurrent testimony of the history of past times, and of our own experience; and it may not be an uninteresting inquiry, Why the missionary efforts of the present day are so unsuccessful, when compared with those of the earlier ages of christianity?

That the first promulgation of the christian religion was much assisted by the miraculous power with which its first heralds were endowed, is fully admitted; and though it is

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generally held among Protestants that these miraculous powers were limited to the Apostolic age, yet their influence must have extended itself to a somewhat later period. But from about the beginning of the second century, that religion had to depend for its promulgation solely on the same moral means which are now in operation; and yet then we find it spreading itself rapidly over the heathen countries of the known world, while now it hardly makes any progress in them. Whence is this difference?

We cannot attribute it to any superior means which the missionaries of those early times possessed over those of the present day. On the contrary, in this respect the advantage is decidedly on the side of the latter. The first heralds of the cross were commonly poor men, or men of moderate means. They lived at a time when there was little intercourse between the people of different countries, and when but few facilities for travelling existed. Besides, theirs was, comparatively speaking, an illiterate age, when they had chiefly to depend on oral communication for the promulgation of their opinions, and could derive but little assistance from books. Now, in all these respects, the missionaries of the present day have decidedly the advantage. The extensive commercial intercourse which now exists between different countries, gives to them an easy access even to the most distant parts of the globe. The zeal of their christian brethren furnish them amply with the necessary pecuniary means, and they find in the press, an auxiliary power for the dissemination of their sentiments, totally unknown to their early predecessors.

Neither can we attribnte the superior success of the earlier missionaries to any superior devotedness to the cause. In this respect the missionaries of the present day need not fear a comparison. We see them, with a spirit of self sacrifice worthy of the Apostolic times, quit their homes and kindred for the most remote climes, and cheerfully sacrifice their ease, their comfort, their health, and even life itself, to impart the blessings of christianity to distant nations.

Nor can it be supposed, that the heathen nations who embraced christianity in those earlier ages, possessed an adaptation for the reception of truth, beyond what is possessed by the heathen nations of the present day. Converts were then made in almost every known country in Europe, Asia, and Africa; not merely in the neighborhood of Palestine, but in the remotest region—on the borders of the Ganges—at the pillar of Hercules—and in the British Isles. Neither were their conversions limited to such nations as had been previously

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prepared for them by a superior degree of civilization. They included equally the illiterate and rude Barbarian, and the civilized Greek and Roman; and the nation of the Goths, when converted to christianity in the fourth century, by the preaching and the virtues of Ulphilas, were certainly not superior in civilization to the Tartars of the present day.

But if we must not look to these causes, for a solution of the question under consideration, to what then can we attribute the change which has taken place? I can only account for it by the supposition, that in the fourth and fifth centuries, changes took place in the doctrines of christianity, whereby its truths were rendered less efficacious, and less acceptable to the human mind.

When we see a cause followed, and continue to be followed, by an effect which we cannot trace to any other cause, we are justified in thinking that there must be a connection between such cause and effect, even if that connection should not be strikingly apparent at first view. Now, if I mistake not, we have, in regard to the subject under consideration, such a cause in the doctrine of the Trinity, which was introduced into the church in the fourth century, and perfected in the fifth. (*a*) It is true, that several heathen nations embraced christianity after the date of the Council of Constantinople, which may be considered as the true era of the introduction of this new dogma; but we must consider that it would take some time before the clergy, who had decreed it, could induce the great body of believers to embrace it, or before it would produce any practical effect. It deserves notice, however, that the Goths, the Visigoths, the Ostrogoths, Burgundians, Vandals, and other barbarian nations, who voluntarily embraced christianity in the latter part of the fourth, or the fifth century, all received it in the Arian, that is, in the Unitarian form; and preserved it in that form for a great length of time; so that the historian Gibbon observes, that when Clovis, the King of the Franks, was baptized in the year 496, he alone, of all the

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a Note. — This doctrine had its origin in the scholastic philosophy of Plato. The foundation for its introduction into the christian church was laid in the year 325, at the Council of Nice, where the *consubstantiation* of the Son with the Father, but not his *equality*, was decreed; and where nothing was said respecting the Holy Spirit. At the Council of Constantinople, held in the year 331, the perfect equality of the Son and the Holy Spirit, with the Father, was established; and at the Councils of Ephesus, in 431, and of Calcedon, in 451, this doctrine was still further modified and improved, until it became gradually reduced to the form in which it exists at the present day.

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christian Kings, belonged to the orthodox faith. It is also deserving our attention, that from the time that the doctrine of the Trinity came to be generally received by the church, voluntary conversions to christianity in a great measure ceased; so that after that time, persecution and violence were but too often the means resorted to, to convert men to the christian faith.

From these historical facts, I am irresistibly led to the conclusion, that it was the introduction of the doctrine of the Trinity, which at first checked, and which now continues to obstruct, the general diffusion of christianity; and which will ever prevent it from becoming the universal religion of mankind, so long as that dogma is retained among its articles of faith.

Let no one say, that I overrate the influence of the belief in the Divine Unity. That belief lies at the foundation of all true religion, and is at the same time so congenial to the human heart and understanding, that were it not for the unwearied pains which are taken to indoctrinate and frighten children, from their earliest years, into the belief of the doctrine of the Trinity, christians would long since have retured to the simple faith of the primitive church.

If any one should feel inclined to doubt, whether that faith possess the influence which I attribute to it, I would refer such to the present condition of the Jews, as a standing evidence of its power. It is now nearly eighteen centuries since that people were carried away out of their own country, and scattered among the nations of the earth. Every other nation which has been thus conquered and dispersed, has entirely lost its identity and name, and has become incorporated with its conquerors. The Jews alone, after eighteen centuries, remain a perfectly distinct people. Though scattered among all nations, and subdivided into feeble societies, almost every where persecuted and oppressed, yet we never find them amalgamated with, and lost among, those with whom they dwell. They every where preserve their identity; and it is supposed, from statistical inquiries, that they are, at the present day, as numerous as they were at any time during the most prosperous days of their national independence; perhaps more so.

If it be now asked, to what cause we must attribute this singular phenomenon, I answer, that I can discover no other than their belief in the Divine Unity. It is the power of this faith which has hitherto preserved them, and served to them as a bond of union in their dispersion among the nations; and I

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feel convinced, that the power of that faith will preserve them as a distinct people, until the time, predicted by the Apostle Paul, (*b*) shall have arrived, when the present obstacle to the general reception of christianity having been removed, all Israel shall confess with their Samaritan countrymen of old: That Jesus of Nazareth is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world. (*c*)

THE APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

THERE is a question which I wish to propose to the Episcopal Church, to which I think an answer will be difficult. You know how much stress is laid, by that community, upon what is called the regular Episcopal ordination; without this, no one is considered a true minister, an authorized preacher of the gospel. Now let me suppose a case. If one or several of the bishops of the church in the United States or England, were to become Unitarian, should declare that the doctrine of the prayer book is incorrect and unscriptural, and should accordingly proceed to alter the same, such bishop or bishops would be immediately deposed from their office, by the regular ecclesiastical authorities. But suppose they refused to respect those authorities, and should go on to preach their new faith, and to ordain priests and deacons as before, would they still be entitled to the name and office of bishops, and would ordination by their hands be accounted valid? I suppose that every one, certainly every Episcopalian, must answer, *no*; for their own ordination, with all its rights and privileges, would have been annulled by the same power by which it was conferred, and all its sanctity, whatever that might be, would have ceased. The bishops so deposed, therefore, would cease to be bishops, according to the Episcopal sense of the word, and especially, (which seems to me beyond controversy) they would no longer have authority to ordain others, and ordination by their hands, would be no more than ordination by any protestant clergyman.

I think that very few Episcopalians would contest this position. The powers to *bind* and to *loose*, are in this case inseparable. If the church has not power to depose, its power to ordain cannot claim much importance or sanctity. But

b Rom. X. 25. 26. *c* John IV. 42.

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apply the principle to the present Episcopal Church and its Apostolic succession. In the time of Henry the VIII. its existence began. That monarch was offended, because the Pope would not sanction a divorce from Catharine, when he wished to marry another. He accordingly set the Pope at defiance, declared himself the head of the church, and ordered the clergy to continue in their offices and duties as before. *The whole English church was immediately excommunicated.* Its bishops and all its clergy were deposed by the highest authorities of the regular church, the same by whom they were in the first place installed. If those authorities had power to appoint, they had power to remove. If their ordination bestowed peculiar sanctity, their excommunication removed it. By that excommunication the English clergy were put upon precisely the same ground with protestant ministers in general. They no longer possessed any sanctity by right of their ordination. But it may be said, the bill of excommunication was a mere dead letter; it had no effect; the English church was able to uphold itself. In this answer we come at the truth. From the power of King Henry VIII. proceeded the actual authority of that church. His passions originated, and his power sustained it. It could no longer assert any authority derived from the virtue of Catholic ordination. Its bishops went on to ordain, but they had no ecclesiastical right to do so; their authority from the church had ceased, and that from the King substituted.

Here then, the whole Episcopal church stands in the same position that was supposed just now. It stands even more unfavorably, on account of the discreditable causes of its first separation from the mother church; for it is well known that the cause of its separation was not reformation in doctrine, but the selfish purposes of Henry VIII. It seems to me, therefore, perfectly plain, that whatever claims the Catholic church may have to an Apostolic succession, by virtue of the regular ecclesiastical ordination of its clergy from the Apostles down, such claims no more belong to the Episcopal church than to the Calvinist and Lutheran. As to the claims of the Catholics inquiry need not here be made. Every ecclesiastical historian knows that much ingenuity is requisite to support them; that many of the links in the chain are very rotten; and that, for the period before the beginning of the third century, conjecture must take the place of fact, in proving an unbroken succession. But this was not the point to which the present article is directed. In concluding, I will remark, that I have no enmity whatever against the Episcopal church. It is undoubtedly, a

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component part, as well as the other christian communities, of the holy church universal. We oppose it, only wherein it sets up unauthorized claims, to the prejudice of others. E.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS. *

FROM THE GERMAN OF KOSEGARTEN.

Through night to morn—and when the dreadful gloom
Around thee, veils creation's cheerful light—
Then cheer thee, cheer thee! from the midnight dark
Soon shall a sunrise follow, mild and bright.

Through storm to rest!—and if through earth and heaven
Its thundering wheel the raging tempest roll,
Then calm thy heart—when the loud tumult's o'er,
A blessed stillness comes to cheer thy soul.

Through frost to spring!—and if the north wind sweeps,
And every thing of earth is chilled and numb,
Then cheer thee—when wild winter's ravings cease,
The young and gentle breath of spring will come.

Through strife to victory!—and in serried rank
If thousand deaths should threaten to destroy,
Cheer thee—the battle's stifling press shall end
In peaceful march, and victor's shout of joy.

Through toil to sleep!—and when the noon's hot breath
Heavy and close upon thy path-way lies,
Then cheer thee—soon the cool of evening blows,
Bringing sweet slumber to thy weary eyes.

Through cross to thy salvation!—and when life,
With troubles strong as giants threaten thee,
Then cheer thee—from all wretchedness and grief,
The God of peace shall set thy spirit free.

* The way of the cross is the way of light.

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Through woe to joy!—and weep'st thou in the morn,
And weep'st thou when the midnight wraps the sky—
Cheer then thy heart, and let the Father care,
Who watches thee above with pitying eye.

Through death to life!—up through this vale of tears,
The earth—this thistle-field of life below,
To the great supper of the blest above,
That upper world where joys forever flow. C. P. C.

LETTERS FROM COUNTRY COUSINS.

NO. IV.

* * * * * Keep Washington's birth day? To be sure we shall! Ay, and keep it holy. We are too apt, my friend, to forget that holydays are holy days: and even when we cannot escape the remembrance of this truth—as on Christmas—we get rid of it as fast as possible; do up the religion of the day by going to church in the morning, and then rush home to drown our devotion by seas of cider, and continents of pumpkin pie. This, mind me, I say not of all, but of us that throve first under the cold skies of New England: and we have the feelings of which I speak, because, (if I mistake not,) our fathers made religion a strait jacket, "to keep the rogues in order," which their sons have found it necessary to put off when about to eat largely, laugh, and make merry. But here in Ohio, it is our faith, that joy, light-heartedness, and love, whether they find expression in singing, dancing, laughing, or kissing, are ever good, ever holy, ever acceptable to Him who seeth the heart. In this faith we think, that by the morning prayer, the forenoon's lesson, the covered and crowded table, the walk of the afternoon, and the sports of the evening, we keep the day holy; for in all these occupations and places, we have with us, the sense of God's goodness, might, and care; the devotion, which, like a dove, descended upon us when before the altar, broods all the day over our soul, and stills, for the time at least, its chaotic hopes, and fears, and passions, into order and beauty.

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But, perhaps you will ask, how we keep Washington's birth day holy? Even as we do that of Jesus. How! cry you, compare the coming of a mere man with that of the Saviour? My friend, we make no comparisons: we look on all such events as equally manifestations of the Almighty goodness; and though we may and should feel deeper joy at some of them than at others, we use in all the same forms, that it may be present to us that we owe all to the same being. In our view, He sent Washington to work his appointed work, as certainly as He sent Jesus, and without approaching the question of doctrinal divinity, we feel that we should worship Him for both.

And this leads me to tell you what we did last year upon the 22d of February. In the morning we had prayers read, which were selected from the bible and Episcopal service. At ten we met again, and having prayed once more, and sung a little hymn written for the occasion, I read a paper which I had drawn up, containing the evidences of Washington's mission, as they struck me. His early hardening of body, and developement of active powers, without exposure to the dangers of a camp; his perfect fitness as respects age, experience, character, and political position, to lead our armies; his wonderful power over the whole nation, with an apparent unconsciousness, on his part, that it existed; his passage through wars unharmed, and continued strength, till he had established our constitutional government, a thing which no other man could have done: these developed and detailed, appeared to me as clear marks of design as the formation of the eye, and I so attempted to present them to others. After I had done reading, some conversation took place respecting the facts of which I had been speaking, and of their bearing upon the adaptations which I had suggested; and this interested most of us till dinner-time. After dinner we had a ramble in the woods; and few returned without having found something curious to inquire and talk about, to say nothing of the wholesome air we had breathed. Then came tea, and after tea, singing, dancing, story-telling, and all the games that boys and girls make so much of.

This year our "ceremonies," as we call them, will be the same substantially, and I am preparing a paper to show the economy of our political leader, as I think we need much to have economy preached to us in these days. And thus we propose to have some one of Washington's wonderful powers and virtues laid before us in detail every year; an easy task, now that we have Spark's edition of his writings.

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But Washington's birth day, though it ranks, with us, among the holiest days of the year, is but one of twelve such holydays which we purpose to keep, not including Christmas and New Year.

Upon the 20th of January, we have the acknowledgment of our independence by Great Britain; a time to commemorate the blessings of peace, and the folly of war. Upon the 20th of March we hail the birth of spring, which begins upon that day, as you know; and some years can rejoice in her coming, even then, with garlands of wild flowers. Then we think of the spring of regeneration in the soul of man, and of the resurrection, and the whole material world crowds to offer us illustrations. Our April festival is also upon that day, and though no event of particular interest occurred on that day, during that month died Chaucer, Shakspeare, Bacon, Franklin, and Byron, so that we have no dearth of subjects to speak of. May brings us may-day: the 21st of June ushers in summer: July has its "Independence": and the 15th of August was the birth day both of Napoleon Bonaparte, and Walter Scott. September carries the year into autumn: and upon the 19th of October was the surrender of Cornwallis—upon the 20th the discovery of America by Columbus. Upon the 21st of November the Cape of Good Hope was first doubled; while in December the 21st brings winter, the 22d the landing at Plymouth.

You see that we have thus, in each month, one day that is set apart from business, from toil, from worldly anxiety, and given to the contemplation of nature; or the great events of history; or the lives of the leading spirits that have trod our earth: and in all of these to the guiding and governing hand of our Heavenly Father. We hope, in this way, to serve literature, science, and religion. Business is, in this country, like a sun, whose vast centripital force tends ever to draw us in, and absorb us wholly: in the hope that our holydays will aid in producing a counteracting power, we adopt them; and I cannot but wish that others would follow our example. A few national holydays may be enough; but I am inclined to think, it would be well for every family, and circle, and school, to have others of their own; not play days, but holy days—kept, more or less in the manner that I have described.

J. H. P.

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CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

UNITARIAN christians are often accused of denying the Saviour, and rejecting the atonement. If, by the first of these charges, it is meant, that they deny that Jesus Christ and God the Father are the same being; and by the second, that this being was punished on the cross for the sins of men, then do we admit their justice. But, if by saying that Unitarians disbelieve these dogmas, it is meant, that they disbelieve any atonement, and look to no Saviour, then is the accusation false and calumnious.

We *do* believe in the Saviour, and in the atonement which he came to effect. We do believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to *save* men from sin and its consequences. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life; for God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be *saved.*"

But the question is, How does Christ save the world from sin? We answer, he saves men from sin and its consequences *by his* LIFE: and by his life, we mean all that he was, all that he said, did, and suffered, recorded in the Evangelists. You hear it said, we are aware, when you ask how Christ saves men, that it is by his *death*, his blood, the great sacrifice on the cross, that he saves men. But we say, as far as we can understand scripture on this point, that it is not the *death* of Christ alone, which we must regard as operating in saving men from sin. It is his death, his sufferings on the cross, considered as *part* of his life, as the most glorious, the most touching scene in it; as the sublimest and most efficient manifestation of that wonderful spirit of self-sacrifice and faith, which so filled his whole life. Christians have considered the death of Christ too much as *detached* from his life—as standing alone in its saving effects. We look upon his death as the finishing and crowning act in that life of wonder—as forming with that life a complete and harmonious whole. It is not his death alone which operates in saving from sin. Although, his death, being the most prominent event in the whole course of his ministry, may justly be regarded as transcending every other of his acts and sufferings for man. And so his Apostles

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regarded it; which accounts for the prominence given to it in their discourses and letters. They, when preaching or writing of him, their Lord and Saviour, while their memories ran back over his whole life of labor, and instruction, and suffering, would naturally place this last event, this unjust and cruel death upon the cross, in front of all other events. They therefore preached "Christ *crucified.*" They spoke of the blood of Christ as cleansing from sin, shed for the remission of sins. Beholding in their mind's eye, as always before them, the naked and bleeding form of the Son of God, hanging in the slow agonies of a cruel and ignominious death, upon the cross; beholding thus, him who had brought them as from darkness to light, and filled them with a new spirit, and made them new creatures—how could they refrain, when speaking of him, from telling of his death, of his blood poured out freely for the sins of the world, of the great sacrifice for the human race? They *could* not speak otherwise. Jesus Christ crucified hung before them. His pale and bleeding form haunted their memories and imaginations. The voice that had been like solemn music in their ears, was hushed forever. The eyes which had so awed, or so encouraged them, with their unearthly light, were closed in death. The majestic form which had moved about among them like a divinity, was stretched in weakness, and pain, and ignominy, upon the most cruel instrument of torture. How *could* they refrain from speaking of the blood, of the crucifixion, of the sacrifice of their Saviour? Remember too, that the Apostles were orientals, and accustomed to speak strongly and in highly figurative language. Remember that they spoke just as they felt, in spontaneous, unguarded, fervid utterances. Remember that they were not writing philosophical essays, nor uttering studied harangues. Remember that therefore, we must apply to the understanding of their writings, just and rational principles of interpretation. Let us bear in mind these things—let us transport ourselves, in imagination, to the age and situation they occupied, and enter as far as we can into their thoughts and feelings, and we shall not fail to account for the reason why they spoke so much of "Christ crucified." Still, we believe that they themselves regarded the death of Christ not as a separate, detached event, but as sublimely and powerfully illustrative of his whole previous *life.* Regarded in this light, how beautiful, and how powerful an exhibition of the wonderful spirit which was in him, does his death become! We do not believe his death to operate in any mysterious, incomprehensible way, in drawing men from sin—we believe it is by the simple, but mighty

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power of example, that it operates. It was so regarded by the Apostles. The sufferings of Jesus are held up to view by them, as a *motive* for christians to act, to suffer and die, likewise, in the cause of truth and holiness. They are exhorted to run patiently the race set before them, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of their faith, who for the joy set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

We are desirous not to be misunderstood. We do not undervalue the death of Christ. We believe in an atonement. We believe in the saving efficacy of the death, or as the scriptures sometimes called it, the blood of Christ. But we consider this death of Christ as not the whole of the work of atonement, but only the consummation, the completion of the work and sufferings of his whole ministry. We believe that he himself expressed this, in the last words he uttered on the cross, ere he bowed his head and died—"It is finished!" What was finished? The work he was appointed to perform. He had labored, and suffered, and taught; his whole life had passed before his disciples, and had drawn to its completion: he had gone up voluntarily to meet a death of shame and suffering, amidst denials, and desertion, and taunts, and scoffings, and the grossest injustice—but he knew that he was *completing* the great work of redemption, and that on this last hour of agony, *all* might depend.

We believe then, that the new testament teaches that Christ is the Saviour of men: that he saves them by his teachings, by his example, by his death; and that we should consider all these means as included in his life and character, and that this life and character, making up and constituting all we know of the Son of God, becomes the salvation of men. We cannot separate Jesus from his doctrines, his actions, his miracles, his death. They form one perfect whole. It is the character of Jesus that saves men. His words *alone* will not save us. They are comparatively lifeless, till we see Jesus himself acting and living in perfect accordance with them. The recognition of the reality of the miracles will not save us—we must consider them as a part of his perfect character. And in like manner, the contemplation of his sufferings and his death cannot save us, till we come to consider them as the completing and crowning part of his whole life and character. It is the example of Jesus, we repeat, which must and does save men. It is by being led to become like him, as far as we can. It is by taking the life of Jesus, warm and fresh, and unmarred by human dogmas, and laying it to our hearts, till it warms and

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penetrates our whole being. It is by *clothing* ourselves with Christ. It is by acquainting ourselves with him, in every aspect of lowliness and weakness, as united and blended with every aspect of exaltation and inspiration which he exhibited—by making him our guide, our teacher, our pattern, that he is to save us. If by learning of Jesus, we are made christians, made like Christ in spirit, then the atonement has effected its work. Let it not be said that we are endeavoring to "explain away" this doctrine. We appeal to scripture. We would avoid and deprecate any fanciful speculations on the subject. We take our stand upon the foundation of the New Testament, and only demand of others that they will look with an impartial mind into those writings, that they may be convinced of the truth of this view. C. P. C.

SONNET.

SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

Men talk of beauty—of the earth and sky,
And the blue stillness of the inland waters,
And search all language, with a lover's eye,
For flowers of praise to deck earth's glorious daughters.
And it is well, within the soul to cherish
A love for all things beautiful around.
But there is beauty that can never perish—
A hidden path no "vulture's eye"* hath found.
Vainly ye seek it, who in sense alone
Wander amid the sweets the world hath given:
As vainly, ye who make the mind the throne,
While the heart bends a slave, insulted, driven.
Thou who would'st know what beauty this can be,
Know—'tis the sunlight of the soul's deep purity.

C. P. C.

* Job, xxviii. 7. There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

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PROFESSOR STOWE'S REPORT ON ELEMENTARY PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN EUROPE.

In March, 1836, being about to embark for Europe, Professor Stowe received from Governor Lucas, of Ohio, two resolutions by the Legislature of that State, requesting him to collect, while abroad, such information as he could, respecting the various systems of instruction in the countries which he might visit, and report thereon. The report before us was made, under this request, upon the 18th of December, 1837.

Mr. Stowe states, that the Governor's communication to him, was a passport to all the institutions to which he went, and that assistance was every where given him freely and warmly.

The greater part of the report is occupied with the details of the Prussian school system, and an account of what has been done by Russia toward popular education. But before noticing these interesting points, we cannot forbear calling our reader's attention to one fact, which at this time, when Catholics are in our country held the foes of schools and popular government, deserves consideration: Louis of Bavaria, a Catholic monarch, has, of his own free will, given his people a constitutional representation in the government, and stands second only to Prussia in the universality and perfectness of his common schools. (*p.* 6.)

The Russian system is essentially that of Prussia: the whole empire is divided into Provinces, each containing a University, six of which had gone into operation in 1835. Each province is divided again into Academic districts, in each of which is one institution for classical learning, called a Gymnasium; another for the higher branches of a business education, called an Academy: 67 Gymnasia were in operation in 1835. The Academic districts are again divided into school districts, of which 1200, beside private schools, were at work in the year above named.

In order to keep alive a desire for education, the minister of public instruction publishes a periodical journal, in which he states every thing relating to the subject; recommending works and modes of instruction.

For every Academic district there is a school house architect, whose whole business it is to see to the planning and

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building of those in his own district. Provision for teaching Agriculture, and all the arts of life, is made; and religious teachers are allowed to those who wish them. Professional teachers are thoroughly examined, morally and intellectually; and after their strength is gone, they all, public and private, receive a pension; and their families a support after the father's death. Every year, also, many are sent abroad to Berlin, Vienna, and England, to fit themselves for especial departments.

In the Universities there is one teacher to every 8 or 10 pupils, and throughout, the proportion is much more just than in this country.

These advantages are extended to Poland, Siberia, and the barbarian provinces among the Caucasus. In those lately conquered from Persia, there were in 1835, 1300 children, and 60 teachers.

At St. Petersburg is a model institution for educating teachers; in 1835, 76 graduated, and the number increases yearly.

With Mr. Stowe, we say, "In view of such facts as these, who is not ready to exclaim, 'Well done, cold, semi-barbarous, despotic Russia! may other nations more favored by nature and Providence emulate thy example!'"

That portion of the report which relates to the Prussian system is admirable; being clear, condensed, and practical. It is far better than Cousin's to the man who wishes only a general idea of the mode of action in the schools of that wonderful despotism.

The point first referred to is the "excellent order and rigid economy" of those institutions. "Every boy," says Mr. Stowe, "is taught to wait upon himself—to keep his person, clothing, furniture, and books, in perfect order and neatness; no extravagance in dress, nor waste of fuel, or food, or property of any kind, is permitted. At the doors are good mats and scrapers, and every thing of the kind necessary for neatness and comfort; and every student is taught, as carefully as he is taught any other lesson, to make a proper use of these articles, and to leave all things in good order at their proper places. Every instance of neglect is sure to meet its appropriate reprimand, and if necessary, severe punishment." Probably no habits are more needed by Americans as a people, than those thus taught.

Another characteristic feature in the Prussian schools, is their success in teaching children to draw and sing. Mr. Stowe says, that the teachers told him, that any child that could learn to read and write, could learn to sing and design.

"In regard to the necessity of moral instruction," says Mr.

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Stowe, "and the beneficial influence of the Bible in schools, the testimony was no less explicit and uniform. I inquired of all classes of teachers, and men of every grade of religious faith; instructors in common schools, high schools, and schools of art; of professors in colleges, universities, and professional seminaries; in cities and in the country; in places where was a uniformity, and in places where was a diversity of creeds; of believers and unbelievers; of rationalists and enthusiasts; of Catholics and Protestants, and I never found but one reply, and that was, that to leave the moral faculty uninstructed, was to leave the most important part of the human mind undeveloped, and to strip education of almost every thing that can make it valuable; and that the bible, independently of the interest attending it, as containing the most ancient and influential writings ever recorded by human hands, and comprising the religious system of almost the whole of the civilized world, is, in itself, the best book that can be put into the hands of children, to interest, to exercise, and to unfold their intellectual and moral powers. Every teacher spurned with contempt, the allegation, that the Bible cannot be introduced into Common Schools without encouraging a sectarian bias in the matter of teaching; a contempt which I believe will be participated in by every high minded teacher in Christendom."

Mr. Stowe then gives examples which he witnessed, of the principles to which we have referred—the economy, capability, and devotion of the children. Next sketches the course of instruction in the common schools, and goes fully into the practical school keeping of the Prussians. This portion of the report is full of interest and value, and every teacher should be familiar with it.

Into these details we cannot go, but before closing, must express our hope, that this report will be printed in such a form as will bring it within the reach of all that feel an interest in education, from all of whom, its author may rest assured, he will receive deep, though unheard thanks. J. H. P.

[We cheerfully join our correspondent in thanking Professor Stowe for his labors in behalf of education. In Louisville, we are happy to say, that our public schools are in a thriving condition. Singing was introduced into the female departments, by our active Superintendant of City Schools, Mr. Samuel Dickenson, before this experiment had been tried in any other city in our country. The success with us has been enough to show the utility of this branch of instruction.—*Ed.*]

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LETTERS FROM PALMYRA.

THIS work has been hailed with warm and general approbation. Amid the general sterility of elegant literature in this country, so much culture, taste, and refined thought, as it displays, are very refreshing.

The object of this book is to place us in Palmyra as it was in the reign of Queen Zenobia. Tadmor in the desert, built by Solomon as a halting place for his caravans, (so conjectures history,)—built for Solomon by the aid of Genii, (so prattles oriental tradition,) is now a waste of sand and marble.

> "In mazy clusters still, a giant train,
> "Its sculptered fragments whiten all the plain;
> "Still stretch its columned vistas far away,
> "The shadowy stillness of their long array."*

"But where," continues the poet from whose beautiful lines we are quoting—

> "But where the stirring crowd, the voice of strife,
> "The glow of action and the thrill of life?
> "Hark! The loud crash of yon huge fragment's fall,
> "The pealing answer of each desert hall,
> "The night birds shrieking from their secret cell,
> "And hollow winds—the tale of ruin tell."

This "stirring crowd," this "voice of strife," and "glow of action," it is the object of the work, which we now notice (somewhat tardily,) to restore. He imagines himself in Palmyra in the days of its greatest splendor. Zenobia, Aurelian, Longinus the philosopher, figure before us.

The task attempted was a difficult one, yet one which the imagination of our age often attempts. To reanimate the past rather than to explore the future, is the business of our novelists and romancers. The clan of Von Chronicles bear sway. We are never left alone with the present for a moment. The middle ages are with us in every parlor. Fresh breezes of Athenian gossip blow on us from the door of every book shop. We hear the cries of the Roman forum as we are buying fish in Quincy market. The Egyptian Pyramids reveal

* Palmyra.—An Oxford Prize Poem.

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their mysteries to the uninitiated novice of the counter. Herculaneum and Pompeii cast aside their vale of lava, and admit the prying light to their minutest secrets. Nay, even the Goths and Huns, whose annals, as they did not write them even in hieroglyphics, we did not expect to read in print, are on us now. So much do we learn of the past that there is danger of our forgetting that its only true use is to aid us in interpreting our own day and ourselves.

If this has tended to produce many tiresome almanacks of past centuries, and catalogues of old clothes which had better have been done into paper than into print, it has also produced fictions of real excellence. The attempts at reviving classic times, are, however, far inferior to those which take the romantic era for their theme, and often show how unlike is the power of appreciating the antique style of perception and thought, to that of transferring it, or creating new forms for its expression. Some of these books have given me pleasure. They are not pictures of ancient times, they have little merit as regards historic fidelity, but, by lively presentation of the views which the author takes of a certain period, they rouse all our slumbering fancies, and brighten all our rusting knowledge about that period, by the pleasure thus given stimulating us to seek for more.

Wieland's Agathon, a book in many respects exceptionable, has been, I think, the book of this class which has most excited me to such retrospect. Next to that comes Lockhart's Valerius. This book I have not read for some years, but the lively interest it inspires in other minds corroborates my own impressions. Perhaps I should not like it so well now as I did then, as I have elevated my standard of what a good book should be. Yet, from what I know of Lockhart's power of sympathy with styles of character and intellect quite different from his own, and as I said before, from the enduring impressions which Valerius does not fail to leave on other minds, I suppose I should still esteem this one of the most successful essays in a class where I have, as yet, seen no masterpiece, with the exception of a singe drama in the German language.

This country has lately produced two works of merit in this department. The Philothea of Mrs. Child, and the work before us. In Philothea there is no living human nature or other nature. The figures are not even sculpture. They have the roundness of sculpture, and are subordinated to the sculptor's ideal of beauty and calmness. No chisel has beeen at work on them—they have not the brilliant finish of marble—they are merely moulded in clay, but they express fine thoughts. Phil-

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othea is not a living picture, it is but a journal of sundry meditations and readings, a rifacimento of beautiful thoughts and witty sayings. But we feel the happiness which the author enjoyed in so pure and fragrant a retreat from the din and dust of life's highway, and we are led so strongly to sympathize with the love of the beautiful and true, that we can almost make her book living to us. A work very superior to this, is the "Letters from Palmyra." Indeed I am disposed to rank it above any book of the kind I know.

Yet I cannot agree with its panegyrists who speak of it as truly antique in its form and coloring. To me it is wholly modern. In it I breathe the atmosphere of our own day. But I breathe it in the society of a genuine critic, of one who, not by any course of prescribed and advised culture, but for the satisfaction of natural cravings in his own mind, has collected what he here reproduces. He has dared to give himself up to his emotions, and has thus received from taste and sentiment the seeds of all which here bears fruit as thought. To be imbued, thoroughly pervaded by the spirit of another era, and to reproduce it in our own, are quite different processes, and show quite different powers; but the first is much, and the first is here.

The book is full of life—the life of sincere emotion, of earnest meditation. In the heart of the writer the fire on the altar of beauty has not been quenched by the mists of a timid and formal morality, a morality founded rather upon fears as to the social contract, than on the piety inspired by a human nature made in the likeness of a divine nature. He is said to belong to a profession which can offer the fairest examples of intellectual as well as moral growth, a profession which can boast the name of Fenelon—to say nothing of those we might mention in our own time and country. But alas, a profession which is in constant danger of looking at the decorous till it forgets the lovely, of teaching the rule till it forgets the spirit, of grasping duty and quite losing beauty—not that duty need ever cease to be beautiful, no!

"Flowers laugh before her on their beds,
And fragrance in her footing treads,
She doth preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through her are fresh and strong."

It is only when duty is considered with regard to outward precept, and outward result, and inward sentiment violated, that the unnatural disunion is effected. Whatever is truly

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divine is beautiful as well as wise and true. Teachers should worship the good, but forget not the fair, lest their precepts fall upon young hearts, ay, and most of all, on the hearts of those intended by nature for true angelic messengers from the realms of light to the realms which lie in darkness, more like cutting hail storms than soft vernal showers. Blessed is the man whose intellectual culture corresponds with his moral culture—blessed if he forget not to strew, as nature and Providence have done, flowers on the path of duty—blessed if he do not believe that any faculty given by God need be crushed by the healthy action of conscience—thrice blessed if he have divine faith in the efficacy and safety of divine thought, if he can content himself with arraying a thought, a truth, in such garb as would best recommend it to his own mind, and send it forth to the world heedless of inferences, fearless of consequences. Behold him where he goes, crowds of youthful disciples follow his steps, for he is full of life, and those beings who are richest in life must seek him most. The side which the young favor is always the noblest, and will ultimately prevail. This man is ever animating, because ever animated; his precepts cover the whole ground of humanity, because no part of himself is blighted; rules, technicks, precepts, are of no value to him, except in so far as they are lifewarm with the breath at once of human and of divine nature.

The productions of such a mind are always calm. There is no anxiety about effect of any kind. The perspective is natural, objects do not obtrude their relations upon the gazer's eye, the lights and shades rest lovingly upon the picture, and it is softened, not veiled, by the fragrant atmosphere of poetry.

So quiet in its beauty, so general in its interest is this book. There is nothing professional in it; no jargon of morality or of connoisseurship, or of sentiment; nothing which could make you certain whether it was written by a lawyer, a physician, or a clergyman, or by a man or a woman. It is youthful in feeling, mature in thought. It shows a reverence for genius and apprehension of its nature. A keen perception, both mental and sensual, of beauty, (in the latter respect, indeed, so keen a perception as is scarce ever to be observed, except in very young persons of peculiarly delicate organization.) It shows also, a love of morality and religion so deep, that they are interwoven with the whole fabric of the book, but never forced on your attention in the shape of set motto or apothegm.

If the style of ancient manners and thought be not maintained in this book, at least there is not that gathering together

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of the shreds and patches of antiquity, that elaborate use of ancient oats and salutations, which gives us the mustiness if not the flavor of the old world, and with which we have so often been wearied. Yet I have heard a person of much taste remark, that there is a latinity in the diction which makes the book read like a translation. This may be the reason why so many persons imagine that the book has a thoroughly antique style. But let them read a while in any fine ancient author, and see if they find no difference in the position of the mind on the one and the other occasion—see whether the exquisite forms of antiquity rise without an effort at any spell taken from the Palmyra letters.

The men and women do not live—they do not disclose themselves with that unconscious grace and ease, which is so rarely met with in late creations, yet must remain the true standard of perfection. Here are only sketches, but in a broad generous style. The author, as is always the case with men who have taste and talent rather than genius, paints the best and most striking characters best. Sakspeare, Goethe, or Sir W. Scott, would have endowed with distinctive and speaking life, an obscure slave, like, for instance, the Indian slave who sat at the feet of Zenobia, or a character of delicate tints like the princess Julia. The great artist delights to show his hand as masterly in the "dear little cherub that sits up aloft," as in the virgin who is enthroned in the foreground; but in the tapestry of talent, even *great talent* which I feel it just to attribute to our author, such characters as Zenobia and Longinus engross the attention.

But we much admire the truly noble view taken by our author of these distinguished beings. An intelligent sympathy with the depths as well as the heights of the soul, with the temptations as well as the exalting influences of ambition, is so desirable, is so unusual.

The conversations are well sustained, the descriptions excellent, the style vigorous and dignified. Throughout the book few inferences are drawn. The reader is left unfettered as the writer was. Even the contrast between Paganism and Christianity is not forced into over bold relief.

Considered as the recreation of a professional man, this book inspires not only respect but delight. "Out of the fullness of the heart" and soul was it written—no love of notoriety—no mania for book-making, because this is the age of book-making, had any thing to do with the task. Considered as an essay upon the times of Aurelian, it is compact, graceful, tasteful. Considered as a work of art, it all but fulfils its ob-

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ject. How much to say of an American book written by a busy professional man. We thank him heartily for showing what men can do under such circumstances. May he soon again cheer us with the like examples.

S. M. F.

MISS SEDGWICK AND THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

THE Christian Intelligencer, a paper published in New York, recommended Miss Sedgwick's "Love Token." Whereupon a correspondent sent the following rebuke, and the Intelligencer humbly admitted its mistake in attempting to find any thing good coming out of Nazareth.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.

"LOVE TOKEN FOR CHILDREN."

"*Messrs. Editors.*—You have been painfully thrown off your guard, in your paper of Dec. 30th. On page second, inside, you have a notice of Miss Sedgwick's little book entitled, "A Love Token for Children." You commend it as "written in Miss Sedgwick's best manner," and you recommend it to be "selected as a new-year's gift for children."

"Now assuredly, it is by no means well written; but what is the painful truth, it is a *Unitarian* book, written by a lady who is a member of a Unitarian church. Your reviewer certainly could not have read it. It is a most unfit book for children. I would just as soon put into the hands of children the Unitarian edition of the Assembly's shorter catechism, adapted to Socinian faith.

"Your inadvertant commendation of this "Love Token," will, I fear, make it a "fatal token" to some heedless souls. Please recall your notice."

The Intelligencer remarks—

"We therefore retract our former recommendation. While we still allow Miss S. talent at this kind of composition, yet the christian will always require soundness of sentiment diffused throughout, and will consider error more dangerous, in proportion to the indirectness and insidiousness with which it is introduced. We intended to have inserted this explanation last week. Since then we have received the communication which we insert. We stand re-

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buked, and feel the importance of giving very careful attention to volumes placed in our hands, before we pronounce on their character."

Remarks.—We have not seen lately, so striking a display of the spirit of bigotry, as this fact indicates. As such it deserves a few remarks. We do not intend to make any exclamations about it—it is not worth while to cry "Oh! Heu! and Proh!" but quietly anatomize and examine it, as a curious product of the day.

Perhaps the reader may think that this book of Miss Sedgwick's inculcates some of the doctrinal opinions of Unitarians. The little volumes which issue from the Presbyterians presses, for infant minds, commonly consists of some bald incidents assuming the form of a story, on which are hung discourses on Total Depravity, Original Sin, &c. The reader may therefore suppose that this is a Unitarian book of the same kind. He would be much mistaken. Not a doctrinal or disputed religoius dogma of any kind is introduced into it. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* The great trouble is that it does *not* teach the Trinity, Original Sin, &c. Its sins are those of omission solely.

The book is made up of some beautiful stories, parables, or sketches, to inculcate the christian virtues by fair and sweet examples. The first tale, for instance, is called "Overcome evil with good," and shows how a little boy, by courageously conquering his disposition to hate a harsh man who had illtreated him, and taking an opportunity of doing him a good service, overcame the bad temper of the rough farmer. Another, called "Mill Hill," shows a gentle Samaritan, going about on meek offices of love, and pouring the oil and wine of kindness and wisdom, into the wounds of misery and sin. These sketches have the peculiar merit of doing justice to the difficulty of right doing. It is a very easy thing to make stories about little paragons of piety and goodness—little saints in petticoats, who are wise and holy beyond all example. This is easy. But Miss Sedgwick does better. She dwells on the inward struggle—the bitterness of renunciation—the seduction and sophistry which tempts to wrong—and the strait and narrow way which leads to right. What we want in a moral tale is, that it shall show us how beings like ourselves, "made in all points as we are," and tempered like us, can struggle through.

Our careful heresy hunters, therefore, do not find fault with the book because it inculcates the religious opinions of Unitarians, for it does not, but simply because it is written by a

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Unitarian. This in fact is the reason assigned. "What is the painful truth, it is a *Unitarian* book, written by a lady who is a member of a Unitarian church."

See then how the discovery of the author's religious connections immediately change the character of the book! Before, it was a good book, to be recommended and read. Now, it is a bad book, to be denounced and shunned. Is this the christian principle of judgment? The "Christian Intelligencer" feels it a part of its duty, we presume, to denounce all false prophets, who come in sheep's clothing, but are inwardly ravening wolves. We suppose the editor has taken the trouble to read the rule, explicitly laid down by Jesus Christ for performing this work. (Matt. VII. 16–20.) This rule as it stands in our bible is—"Ye shall know the tree by its fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? We may be mistaken, but it seems to us that the Intelligencer has taken exactly the opposite course, and *judged the fruit by the tree.*

In the first place, opening the book, and finding it full of grapes and figs, wholesome for the palates of young and old, it recommended them to its readers. "Come, eat and drink," it said, "here is excellent fare—excellent good fruit." But while the fruit is yet in their mouths, it is snatched away again. "These are not figs my good friends! Be on your guard! It was a *Unitarian* tree, as we have just heard, which produced them. The fruit is known by the tree. They look like grapes, they taste like grapes, we thought them grapes, but the tree has not the right label upon it, therefore throw them aside."

Again, consider a few of the consequences of following up this principle. All books written by Unitarians are to be distrusted, especially if they *do not* treat of religious doctrines, for "error is more dangerous, in proportion to the indirectness and insidiousness with which it is introduced." Very well. When does the Intelligencer intend to publish its "Index Expurgatorius," containing those books only which Presbyterians are to be permitted to read? More books will have to be cut off, we assure him, than Miss Sedgwick's works. In the first place, we must place in this Protestant list of denounced works, all the "First Class Books," "National Readers," "Eclectic Readers," &c., &c. used in all tha Schools throughout the country. All of these which we have ever seen, have extracts from Buckminister, Ware, Kirkland, Greenwood, and countless other Unitarian authors. The works of John Milton, John Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Samuel Clarke, Dr. N. Lardner, Bowring, Rammohun Roy, Joanna

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Baillie, Miss Martineau, Blanco White, Mrs. Barbauld, and a vast many others in English literature would have to be added. Dr. Channing's writings would be of course prohibited, especially the essays on Milton, Bonaparte, and Fenelon, because "error is more dangerous in proportion to the indirectness and insidiousness with which it is introduced." The works of Jared Sparks must be added, especially the Lives of Washington and Franklin, because "error, &c." The poetry of Pierpont, and many others, would be swept away by the same unsparing decree. Mr. Dewey's "Old World and New," must not be tolerated for an hour. The North American Review, from the beginning, must be discountenanced. The orations, and speeches, and other writings of Edward Everett, are to be added to the list. We believe that when Mr. Webster made his greatest efforts in Congress, he was a member of the church in Brattle Square. His speeches therefore must follow, since "error is more dangerous," &c. In short, the taint has been so long in New-England—there are so many of the John Adam's, Josiah Quincy's, Fisher Ames', and so forth, who were members of Unitarian Societies, that perhaps the speediest and safest way would be, to extinguish New England literature altogether.

Really, we may congratulate Miss Sedgwick of the good company she has fallen into. We did not know how rich we were, till we began to count up. The Unitarian sect, though small, has it seems, done its share for literature. English literature could hardly bear the loss of such a purgation as the principles of the New York Christian Inteligencer demand. We shall send a copy of this No. of the Messenger, to the editor of that print, praying in return that as soon he gets his Index Expurgatorius made out, he will forward us a copy.

SONNET.

Oft in my dreaming moods, when memory weaves
The many rose and rain-bow tinted hours,
As in a garland of wild summer flowers,
And brings it faintly flagrant, the bright leaves
Fresh as in times long past, my spirit grieves
That life should not be ever thus—a stream
Like the bright changes of some blessed dream,
Flowing in song and music—that receives
No ruffle on its breast—no chilling frost,
And hears no angry strife upon its shores.
Vain grief! or worse than vain. The heart deplores
The losing of a dream that best were lost;
For conscience bids me wake to toil and thought,
Nobler than any joys such dreams e'er bought. C. P. C.

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THE OTHER SIDE.

[THE following communication from our friend W. G. E. we insert with great pleasure, inasmuch as we wish, as often as we can, to act on the principle of letting our readers hear both sides. We must confess, however, that our opinion of the necessity of our previous notices of the Alton transactions, is very little modified by it. The editor of a public journal, we judge, is bound most solemnly to let his voice be heard whenever any great event occurs, involving the happiness, morality, and religion of the land. That voice must be distinct and decisive, or it avails nothing. We never said, and never meant to say, that the wrong was all on one side in this matter. But the great, the terrible evil lay in the mob example. *That* should be first clearly discountenanced, and then we may look at the secondary features of the affair. We believe our friend mistaken in attributing the first shot to Mr. Lovejoy. The legal investigation has shown that the first guns were fired from without.—*Ed.*]

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 15, 1838.

Mr. Editor:—I cannot help thinking that your remarks upon the Lovejoy mob, as it is called, are exceedingly unjust. They are hasty and undiscriminating, and evidently founded upon mistaken information as to facts. You say, that "a man whose mind at such a time, can dwell for a moment on Lovejoy's imprudence or Lovejoy's mistakes; on the folly of abolitionists, or the mischief which abolitionists are doing, shows either that he has a very imperfect idea of the transaction, or a very imperfect notion of right and wrong." This is something new. We used to be taught that the circumstances of a case make a great difference in our judgment concerning it, and that what is murder in one case may be self-defence in another.

You know me too well, I hope, to suppose, that I would justify a mob like that of Alton. Like those of Boston, and Philadelphia, and New York, and Baltimore, and Washington, and St. Louis, and every other city in the United States, it was illegal and wicked. But what I say is this, that whatever we may think of that mob, the blame thereof rests as much upon Mr. Lovejoy and his friends, as upon the most violent of their

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opponents; and as to the consequences of the mob, that the death of Mr. Lovejoy, however much it is to be lamented, rests upon his own head not less than that of him who fired the fatal shot. Mr. Lovejoy has no right to be considered the martyr to a good cause: he was rather the martyr to his own great rashness and his *willingness to take the life of his opponents.* I am well acquainted with the particulars of the affray, having conversed with the Mayor of Alton about it, and can assure you, that nothing was further from the minds of the people of Alton, than to murder Mr. Lovejoy. They wished to destroy his press, and in this deserve to be severely condemned. You cannot condemn them more strongly than I do. But what city shall cast the first stone? Besides, if such a case admits of any palliation, it should be understood, that Mr. L. was a man by no means of a conciliatory character, but one who has always made enemies wherever he has been, by his harshness of feeling, and his unmeasured style of expressing himself. He never seemed satisfied except in the midst of contention.

This is worthy to be considered, when it is remembered how much the American people act by impulse and are apt to identify the cause with the man. But the Alton mob did not intend to injure him, nor to burn the house in which he took refuge. The Mayor informed me, that he has no doubt that he should have succeeded in dispersing them, without their doing any material mischief, had not guns been fired from the building, by which a man was killed. At the time these guns were fired, things had not proceeded to such an extremity as to make the act justifiable. Not a gun had been fired by the mob, and very few of them were armed. It needed only this to excite them to frenzy. It was generally understood that Mr. Lovejoy had fired the shot by which the man was killed, and after this the civil authorities could do nothing. Yet even then, the greater part of the mob only demanded the press to be given up. The resistance from the building continued, and an attempt was made to set the roof on fire. Mr. Lovejoy, with a boldness for which we give him credit, came out of the house three times to fire at the men on the ladder, who were ascending to the top, and the third time was himself killed by a shot fired from the crowd.

This is the true statement. There is reason to believe that Mr. Lovejoy fired the first gun from the house; he certainly did one of the first, and fired twice afterward with intent to kill. One of the newspaper accounts says, that when he was shot, he was endeavoring to extinguish the flames; this is not

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true. He fell with a gun in his hand, which bore marks of having been just discharged. I think these facts ought to be known. The papers throughout the country speak of the affair as if Mr. L. was an unoffending man, and was deliberately murdered. In justice to Alton, let the truth be known. It has not half so much to answer for in this case, as at first appears. The case, as it really stands, is a bad one, but not so bad as it is proclaimed.

One word more, as to your remarks. Can you conceive no good motive for the recommendation, given by the Baptist paper in Alton, to the friends of religion, that they should not suffer their religious meetings to be affected by the unhappy events now under discussion? Are you just in your application of Isaiah's words to them? Was not the course recommended, *for the time*, a wise one? Does a religious teacher gain any thing, or do good, by taking sides in a popular tumult?

I have written more than I intended and must here stop. I am sorry to appear, in the remotest way, as the apologist for mobs. Heaven knows I abhor them. But let something like discriminating justice be done. Yours,

W. G. E.

LINES WRITTEN UPON FINDING THE FEATHER OF A WILD DUCK.

The bright wing of beauty that bore thee aloft,
Poor bird of the stream side, the flood, and the air—
Could it save from the death-shot thy bosom so soft?
Or shield thy lone path from the enemy's snare?

Thus the bright bark of pleasure, with sails all unfurled,
Securely may float upon life's summer sea;
For the beauty, the glitter, the wealth of the world,
Are to us, foolish bird, what thy wing was to thee!

We may rise, on the pinions of hope, in the air;
We may dive in life's current, or float on its wave;
But the foe still pursues us with death-shot and snare,
And our refuge from all, is at last but the grave!

E. P. C.

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AN ESSAY ON MIRACLES.

THERE is one universal remedy for every spiritual disease and moral malady—for every sickness of heart, and sinking of the soul. Faith in Christ is this remedy. It is sad to think it should be so seldom received. Among many things which indicate how rare it is, is the prevailing sentiment at the present time with respect to the *miracles of Jesus.* There is a disposition I think, to shrink from them—to turn to the morality of the Gospel, and pass hastily over its wonderful record. It is frequently said, that miracles are a kind of evidence unsuited to our age. The character of Christ and of his gospel are chiefly dwelt upon in the way of an evidence—and as rarely are the miracles used for purposes of edification, as manifestations of the spiritual power of the Saviour, suited to strengthen a weak soul. It seems to be regarded as the weak side of christianity, attacked by its enemies, and avoided by its friends.

But this desire of avoiding the supernatural part of the gospel narrative, is unwise—for the gospel is a tissue of supernatural records, and these are the very source and fountain of the religious life. *These are written that ye might believe him to be the son of God, and that believing, ye might have life through his name.* It is casting away the gift of God—*for blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed.* The *words* of Jesus, however profound and beautiful they are, yet separated from his *life*, sink down from their high place, despoiled of their peculiar power. He no longer teaches like one having authority, but simply like a scribe of the Jewish school, or the Grecian Porch. Every where, a man's *life* gives authority to his *words*—we listen with reverence to him who has done great things—and the very same opinions affect us differently, when they come from the lips of a Washington and from the pen of an anonymous journalist. In the latter case they are merely speculations, having no inherent weight; in the former they bear the stamp of successful experiment—they have borne fruits. And so the words of Jesus, considered in themselves, are no doubt refreshing and profitable, but if we would drink spiritual life from them we must consider them as flowing from the same soul which commanded the winds and waves, and rebuked the dark tyrant of the tomb. The suggestions which I am about to offer, are therefore intended as aids to those who desire to elevate themselves to a genuine

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faith in christian miracles. They are not meant to exhaust the subject, but rather to open it, and to stimulate to a further study of it. I shall consider FIRST—*the nature* of a miracle: SECOND—*its purpose:* THIRD—the way in which it is to be recieved.

1st. The nature of a miracle—what is it? The common notion of a miracle, I consider unsound and the source of difficulty. A miracle is thought to be an arbitrary interruption of the laws of nature—a lawless phenomenon, springing from the caprice, so to speak, of him who works it, and unconditioned, and solitary. This view of a miracle makes it offensive to our understanding, for the more of insight we gain into the existing universe, the more we see of law. We find God always acting according to laws—we detect principles of harmony where at first all seemed discordant, and all our intellectual effort tends toward the discovery of universal principles, and general rules. (*Note A.*)

If therefore, we consider a miracle to be an interruption of the laws of nature—it is objected that it shows a want of wisdom in the Diety, not to have constructed the universe without the necessity of such interruption. Is he a wise artisan, it is said, who having constructed a machine is obliged to stop it in order to correct and alter its defects and arrangement?

But who gives us this account of a miracle, that it is an arbitrary interruption of the laws of nature? Scripture does not tell us so—it teaches that miracles have their conditions and their laws. For instance, we are taught that *faith* is necessary in him who works, and in those who are the subjects of a miraculous operation. "*Why could not WE cast him out?*" said the Apostles once, when their master had relieved a man from an evil demon. "*Because of your unbelief*"—this was the reason assigned—"*nevertheless* THIS KIND *cometh not out save by prayer and fasting*"—so that some miracles require a different preparation from others. And it is a remarkable fact, that Jesus required faith in those on whom he performed a miracle—"*Believest thou that I can do this?*" or something like it.

The true account of a miracle seems this—that it is a phenomenon in which the powers of nature are neutralised, or overcome by a manifestation of the higher powers of the spiritual world. *The higher powers*—for the powers which we see in operation around differ in rank and intensity. There are the physical and mechanical powers, occupying the lowest rank—the powers of gravitation and cohesion. Above these, is the range of the chemical powers of affinity, for when they come

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in collision the chemical powers conquer. Thus, an acid destroys the power of cohesion in chalk, and the gravitation of particles is overcome; they ascend in liquids, and take their places according to their affinities. Higher still is the region of *organic* powers—the powers of life in plants, animals, man. Blood ascends in opposition to the law of gravitation—acids will not attack the living fibre—the Deltoid muscle in the arm will sustain 1000 lbs. weight when alive, which would be torn asunder by 50 lbs. when dead. And above all these, is the region of spiritual power, or that power which resides in a soul—the power of faith or of will. We see examples of this in martyrs—where bodily pain is conquered and overcome by the spiritual life—a high degree of which is *a miracle*, when it conquers all the natural and physical powers. (*Note B.*)

And if it be objected, that according to this doctrine any body might work a miracle who had faith enough, why then I admit it, and say that Jesus has told us as much—"*If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain remove hence into yonder place, and it shall be done unto ye.*" Such faith however, is the gift of God, and is not to be bought by money, nor obtained by study or labor. Such faith can never come to a man, except the time has come when such a faith is needed. (*Note C.*)

2d. But we must pass to our second head, and ask—what is the purpose and object of a *miracle?*

Can God's spirit be manifested among men for any lower purpose than the creation of the inward life of holiness? It was for our salvation—to give us everlasting life by creating faith, that miracles were performed, and for this purpose alone. We must always look then for a spiritual object in a miracle, and be satisfied with nothing less. Many persons entertain low and unworthy views of the purpose of miracles. Jesus did not produce miracles as a lawyer musters his arguments to convince a doubting auditory of his claims—nor did he heal the sick and raise the dead from a mere compassion for their physical sufferings, or the sorrows of friends—nor did he rebuke the winds and waves, and send his powerful voice through the portals of the tomb to call back the departing spirit, in order to astonish, and amaze, and stupify the senses of a wondering crowd. We must look for a higher object than this, or we shall not find the true one. If we study them one by one, we shall learn that he never sought to amaze or overpower, like a juggler—that his aim was the deep places of the heart and spirit—that he sought to break the chains of sense and earthliness, and help those who wished so to do, to

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look through the darkened glass of this poor body into the realities of an eternal world. Whether he manifested his mighty gifts to the woman of Samaria, the sisters of Lazarus, the Jews in the temple, or the blind beggar in its porch, his object was the same. It was to rescue their souls from the slavery of sense and sin—to give to them one experience, which through all years to come, should be in their memories a well of water welling up into everlasting life. (*Note D.*)

But it may be asked, were not the miracles of Jesus intended to be an evidence of the truth of his religion? No doubt they were, but to whom and how? Not to those who were disposed to doubt, question or cavil; they did not convince such when done before their eyes, they cannot convince such now. God does not mean to *force* any one to believe in christianity against his will, and always can a doubter find objections, he will ever be able to raise cavils. The miracles of Christ were wrought as a gift and legacy to those who were desiring to have their faith in spiritual things strengthened: those who are turned to this earth and world, may go their own way; against their will, God will not give them the rich boon of faith. One condition alone has he made on which he bestows faith; but that condition he adheres to—they must wish for it. "*Wilt* thou be made whole? is the question always asked of us, before the healing word is spoken. (*Note E.*)

And *how* are the miracles to be an evidence to these? Not by the way of a logical argument, addressed to the understanding—a miracle is not addressed to the understanding, but to the whole spiritual nature—to the sentiment of the wonderful, the infinite, the holy—it is to rouse man to a consciousness that he is not all clay and clod—it is to awaken those sleeping interior faculties, which are the germ of his immortality, and connect him with his great home, Eternity.

Jesus, therefore, does not work a miracle, and then turn round to the spectators, and say—"see what I have done—nobody could have done it but by divine help—I therefore have divine help." Eternal life is not based on a foundation of syllogisms. He takes the moment when their souls are in a prepared state, sometimes he prepares them by previous quickening words, and when the spirit has become conscious of its poverty, and is looking up, wishing, hungering, and thirsting after a deeper conviction of holy faith—he speaks the word, and he destroys the cold power and takes off the heavy weight of an earthly nature. He rouses and awakens a sentiment which was sleeping within—a sentiment of the inherent sovereignty of the human spirit, over matter and the laws of matter.

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He gives by one moment, in which the laws of nature are overpowered and neutralised by the laws of the eternal world, a conviction which can never afterwards die, of the reality of that world. The idea of Truth, Duty, Spirit, Infinity, and Everlasting Beauty, are roused—these are

> Truths which wake—to perish never,
> Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
> Can utterly destroy.

An impression like this, once made, may be covered up or hidden, but never effaced or destroyed.

3d. I am naturally brought to my last inquiry—how is a miracle to be received?

And here I lay down the proposition, that to believe in a miracle requires a spiritual mind—a mind having some portion of faith and desiring more. I say this, knowing well that the sseptic may scoff, and many believers think it an unwarrantable admission—but I think reason and scripture equally testify that such is the truth. *To him who hath shall be given*, is the universal rule—*the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, they are spiritually discerned.* Thus speaks scripture, and reason declares that a spiritual fact can only be seen by a spiritual eye. A natural fact is seen by the natural eye. The Sadducees who stood by at the raising of Lazarus saw to be sure, that at the word of Christ the dead man come forth—thus much they perceived with the bodily ear and eye, but the spiritual part they did not and could not perceive. They could not believe it was by a divine power residing in the soul of Jesus, for of souls and divine things of any sort, they knew and believed nothing. They were puzzled, no doubt, to account for it, but must have concluded it a trick of some kind or other.

It is very easy to show, that faith in miracles must rest ultimately on our own spirituality of mind. Suppose in passing through the streets this day, you should see an advertisement, setting forth that a dead man would be brought to life in a certain place, at a particular hour, and that tickets of admission could be procured for a specified sum of money. If you should go there, and see it with your own eyes—see the mouldering corpse revive at the spoken word, would you believe it a miracle? No. Why not? Because you are sure that God would not give the power for the purpose of enriching a man—because the PURPOSE is unworthy the intervention of God.

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Or to vary the case a little, suppose a man whom you knew to be selfish and wicked, should declare himself the prophet of the Almighty, and profess to have the power of miracles—could any amount of testimony convince you of it? Certainly not. Why not? Because you know that God would not lend the aid of his divine power to strengthen the hands of a man whose objects and purposes in life are notoriously evil.

But suppose on the other hand, that a state of society should come upon us, in which iniquity should abound; all purity, and innocence, and virtue, be blighted—every day bring forth some more dreadful instance of enormous crime—the wicked bear rule in every country, and should league to put down religion, truth, and goodness. Suppose that a scene of moral evil should come sweeping like a deluge over the earth, resembling those terrors described by the vision of St. John, when vial after vial is poured forth, and as trumpet after trumpet sounds, a more fearful woe than the last begins. Suppose yourself to be living in such a time—imagine if you can, the breaking of the seals, the pouring out of desolation—the conquering progress of the beast and his armies—the dragon and his host: and then suppose, that in the midst of this darkest night, one should appear in character and spirit like the Son of Man, and declare that God had given him power, and anointed him to make war with Satan and overcome him—to rescue the saints from persecution, and establish once more the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy. Would it seem to you then improbable, incredible? Oh no, the PURPOSE is sufficient. It is fit and to be expected that God would interfere to rescue the human race from the power of sin. You would go to him—you would say, show me some token that you are sent, I wish to believe it, convince me that I may follow you to victory. And EXACTLY THE SAME OUTWARD EVIDENCE, which in the former case you would have *rejected*, you now *accept*, as sufficient proof that "God has anointed him with the Holy Ghost and with power."

See then where we are. It is our idea of the importance of THE PURPOSE for which the miracle is performed, which is the foundation on which rests ultimately our acceptance or rejection of it.

Now what was the purpose of Christ's miracles? It was to save souls from sin, and to give them everlasting life. Who feels the importance of this object? Does the worldly man feel it? Does the sensual man feel it? No. He cannot. Only he who has begun to feel the weight of earthly bondage—only he who has begun to seek for spiritual life—only he

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can feel that the wakening into being, the creation for eternity, of an immortal soul, is worth every effort which God or man may make—is worth the creation or the destruction of an outward world. (*Note F.*)

Let us then strive to walk more in the spirit—to have a closer communion with God, and so we shall perceive the meaning of Christ's saying—"No man can come to me except the father draw him;" and of that other memorable benediction—"Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, for flesh and blood have not revealed this to thee, but my Father in Heaven."

J. F. C.

NOTES.

(*A.*) But not only is it the *result* of all intellectual inquiry to give a conviction of the universality of law. This conviction is also the secret impulse which leads to intellectual inquiry. There is a deep, fundamental law of the mind, which impels it to believe in the permanence of causation. This impels every thinker, consciously or unconsciously, to look for uniformity in variety, unity in diversity, and something permanent in fleeting phenomena. This inborn faith in the coherence of things, has given spring to the researches of Keplers and Newtons. If a miracle then, be an interruption of the laws of nature, it is a violation of the rational instincts of man—the fundamental laws of thought. Then reason and revelation are plainly at war. But if a miracle be not a suspension of any laws of nature, but merely the manifestation of higher supernatural laws, then is there no such variance, and revelation does not come to destroy but to fulfil nature.

(*B.*) This view of the nature of a miracle has lately been advocated with great force and beauty by Mr. Furness, (Remarks on the Four Gospels,) and it appears to us, is unobjectionable. It has however, been considered by some writers, as tending to destroy the supernatural character of a miracle. We regard miracles as proceeding from a power above common nature, but not opposed to nature. Miracles are *natural* in the highest sense. They belong to the great system of things, and work into it as harmoniously as the dawning and close of day connects itself with the wants of plants, animals, and man. And here we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a passage from that excellent and profound little work, "Reed on the growth of the mind."

"The laws of divine operation are perfectly uniform and harmonious; and a miracle is a particular instance of divine power, which, for want of a more interior and extended knowledge of the ways of God, appearing to stand alone, and to have been the result of an unusual exertion of the divine will, creates in the minds of men, what its name implies, a sensation of wonder, That there are miracles in the bible, proves that there are laws of the divine operation, and of the divine government, which are not embraced within the utmost limits of that classification and arrangement, which is the result of natural reason. While therefore, human reason professes to be convinced of the reality of revelation from its miracles, let it humble itself before them. Let it bow itself to the earth, that it

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may be exalted to a more intimate acquaintance with the heavenly strangers. Let it follow the Lord in the regeneration, till the wonderful disappear in the paternal. Miracles are like angels who have sometimes been visible to men, who would much more willingly have introduced them to an acquaintance with the laws and society of Heaven, than have filled them with fear and consternation. *They are insulated examples of laws as boundless as the universe*, and by the manner in which we are affected by them, prove how much we have to learn, and how utterly incompetent we are to judge of the ways of God from that reason which is founded on our own fallacious and limited observation. The resurrection of our Lord must have been a very different miracle to the angels at the sepulchre, from what it was to Mary. They saw it from the other side of the grave, with a knowledge of the nature of that death which they had themselves experienced; she saw an insulated fact, not at all coincident with her views or the subject of which it was an illustration. They saw the use and design of that which had already been accomplished; she saw the sepulchre and the linen clothes lying. *As they gazed intently at the same subject, the veil of heaven was withdrawn, and they beheld each other, face to face.* She was filled with fear; they with love and compassion."

We find in this extract from Sampson Reed, the Swedenborgian philosopher, all the views of Mr. Furness anticipated. If we turn to German theology, we shall find them the orthodox views of miracles, as opposed to those of the neologists. For instance, we read as follows in "Hahn on Christian doctrine," a work recommended by the orthodox in Europe and America.

"Many of our elder theologians held the false opinion, (which is neither taught in scripture, nor is conceivable in itself,) that by the exercise of the divine power in a miracle, *the course of nature was interrupted, or the laws of nature violated.* For example, (he quotes instances from Quenstedt, Buddeus, and Wegschneider.) But even *Augustine*, (Civ. Dei, xxi. 8.) correctly asks, "Quomodo est contra naturam, quod est voluntate Dei, quum voluntas tanti utique creatoris conditæ rei cujuslibet natura sit?" According to the supposed opinion, every miracle supposes another miracle, to restore again the order of things which has been interrupted. And so in fact have the friends of this view actually maintained, (see Plattner, &c.)"

Hahn then goes on to quote with approbation, the view of miracles maintained by *Tieftrunk*, who speaks thus—"Miracles do not disturb nor suspend the laws of nature." "The miraculous does not consist in that which is *against* nature, but that which is *out of* nature." "Neither must one think, that the power producing a miracle acts lawlessly. Every thing must come under law, whether it belongs to that nature which is seen or unseen—only we are unacquainted with the laws of the supernatural nature, &c." *Hahn Glaubens lehre, p.* 24.

So *C. J. Nirtsch*, (*System der Christ, lehre,*) speaks. "Were a miracle a lawless, unnatural, and unintelligible occurrence, the defender of Christianity would have to contend with unconquerable difficulties."

(*C.*) Thus Luther. "It is nevertheless true, that the same power and influence of Christ always remains in Christianity, so, that were it necessary, the same miracles might happen even now." Interpretation of the Gospel for Ascension Day.

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(*D.*) Matt. ix. 6, 22, 29. John ii. 11. v. 14. vii. 27. ix. 35, 36, 37. xi. 26, 40, 42, &c.

(*E*) "Then certain of the Scribes and Pharisees answered saying, Master we would see a sign from thee.

"But he answered and said unto them, An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall be no sign given unto it, &c." (Matt. xii. 38, 39.)

"Some of them said, He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, prince of the devils. (Luke xi. 15.) So John ix. 34. xi. 47, 48.

(*F.*) Hahn (Christ Glaub. p. 27,) thus speaks of the value of miracles as proofs of the Divinity of Revelation.

"They are necessary, in order to show the *divine* character of a religion already recommending itself through its *inward truth and goodness*, and to fix on it the stamp of perfect goodness. But even so their value is conditioned, they are worth nothing in opposition to decidedly holy truth, but only valuable when supporting it."

So *Luther*—"No miracle nor sign must be recieved in opposition to the true doctrine."

So *Chemnitius*—"Miracles are not to be preferred to doctrine."

So *Gerhard*—"Miracles if not connected with truth of doctrine can prove nothing."

So *Brochmaud*—"Two things are required to constitute a true miracle. It must possess truth in action and in object. (*Veritas rei, et veritas finis.*) We mean by truth in action, that it shall be what it seems to be, and that it shall be above the unassisted power of a creature to perform. But truth in object means, that its purpose must be to confirm and support truth."

So *Ammon, Bretschneider, Augusti, &c.*

To this may be added, that our Saviour (Matt. vii. 15--20.) in pointing out the way of distinguishing a true prophet from a false one, does not indicate miracles as the test; but the *fruits*, good or bad, of their doctrine.

If it be said that in other places he appeals to his works as a proof of his mission, (John v. 36. x. 37, 33. Luke vii. 20, 22.) we reply that it was not to his works *simply* as wonderful, but as uniting to their miraculous character a benevolent character and purpose worthy of God. So for instance, (Luke vii. 22.) he speaks of the blind and lame being healed, and the poor having the gospel preached to them, as equal evidences of his mission. It is to be noticed too, that (John vii. 17,) he expressly says, that if any man will do the will of God he shall know the doctrine.

We repeat, that by the coming of Christ the thoughts of many hearts were to be revealed, and their state tested. Those who were waiting for the consolation of Israel, who were looking and hoping for a heavenly guide, came to him "drawn by the Father." Those whose desires were low and purposes selfish, not wishing for more light, did not come to him nor believe in him. For it was not the design of God, and it is not his design now, to *compel* any one to believe in the Saviour.

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UNANIMITY OF FAITH.

In reading our exchange papers, we sometimes meet with wild assertions, and palpable mistakes, which we are tempted to expose. But the following little article which we lately cast our eyes upon, taken from the Religious Magazine, is absolutely so bristling with errors in every part, that we feel compelled to notice a few of them.

"UNANIMITY OF FAITH."

"There is a vague impression in most minds, that the christian world has always been in a state of confusion and dispute, respecting the doctrines of the gospel. But the fact is exactly the reverse. The unanimity which ever has, and does now pervade the christian world, is truly astonishing. That the doctrines now distinctively called Evangelical, have been the prevalent doctrines with the overwhelming majority of christians, from the earliest ages, is as susceptible of proof as any historical truth whatever.

"There are discussions going on, and ever have been, respecting the forms of the church and points of intellectual philosophy. But if there is such a thing as evidence to be derived from the decision of councils, the letters, and the sermons of the early fathers, and the testimony of historians, the fundamental doctrines of christianity have been held undisputed by nine tenths, and I might perhaps say, with more truth, by ninety-nine hundredths of the christian community from the days of the Saviour to the present hour.

"Take this country, for instance, where there is more of the conflict of mind with mind, than in any other portion of the world. According to the most recent statistics, there are in this country about

4,000,000 Baptists,
3,000,000 Methodists,
4,000,000 Congregationalists and Presbyterians,
600,000 Episcopalians,
1,000,005 Lutherans, Dutch Reformed, and Moravians.

"Now with this immense mass of nominal christians, there is no dispute respectiug the character of Christ, the nature of the atonement, the work of the holy spirit, the new birth, and judgment to come—all the fundamental doctrines of the bible. They differ about forms, but as to the real nature of religion there is no dispute.

"On the other hand there are

600,000 Universalists,
180,000 Unitarians.

"We must leave out of the computation, the *Christians*, the Shakers, the Quakers, the Mormonites, the Dunkers, and the Swe-

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denborgians, comprising together about 600,000, for these are about equally divided.

"We have then in this country of bold and unrestrained freedom of thought, ten agreeing as to the essential doctrines of the bible, where we find one who differs. Is not this wonderful uniformity? Particularly when the doctrines of the bible are such, that the gospel says, the natural heart is opposed to them.—*Religious Magaz.*"

1. "There is a vague impression in most minds, that the christian world has always been in a state of confusion and dispute respecting the doctrines of the gospel."

A vague impression! We wish it were so. Unfortunately it is too distinct and clear a conviction to be so called. What are the ecclesiastical histories filled with but accounts of disputes and confusion in regard to doctrines? Was it a "vague impression" which led Paul to say, even in Apostolic days, when writing to the Corinthians, that they were carnal, having among them envying, strife, and division; one saying he was of Paul, and one of Apollos? Or was it a "vague impression" which led him to write the Epistle to the Galatians? Is it a "vague impression" which we have of the disputes about Gnosticism, and Manicheism, and Arianism, and Pelagianism? Is the whole controversy between Catholics and Protestants, but a "vague impression"? And is it but a "vague impression" which we now have of present disputes—for example, of what took place in the last General Assembly between the Old and New School Presbyterians?

2. "*But the fact is exactly the reverse.*" So far from there being even a "vague impression" of dispute, there is no dispute at all among christians about doctrines. If so, the Millenial age has arrived within a few months, and no one has found it out, but this writer in the Religious Magazine. "The unanimity which ever has, and does now pervade the christian church is truly astonishing." About what then, may we respectfully ask, have christians been disputing? What means the rackings, and burnings, and dungeons, of which history speaks, inflicted by all parties on each other for errors of faith? Why were four Synods excommunicated by the last General Assembly? What is to be understood by the disputes between Dr. Beecher and Dr. Wilson, and Mr. Barnes and Mr. Breckenridge? If they are disputing about nothing at all, verily they dispute with too great earnestness.

3. "That the doctrines now distinctively called Evangelical, have been the prevalent doctrines with the overwhelming majority of christians, from the earliest ages, is as susceptible of proof as any historical fact whatever."

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We could not have supposed that a writer, feeling any responsibility for his own character or the influence of what he publishes to the world as truth, could have deliberately written, and sent to the printer, a sentence like the above. It is only necessary to turn over half a dozen pages of any Ecclesiastical history to see its absolute incorrectness. So far from there being evidence of the majority of christians in the early times being believers in the modern doctrines called Evangelical, there is hardly any evidence on the subject as to the first three centuries. And yet this writer asserts that it can be proved as easily as the existence of Napoleon or the battle of Pharsalia! We know that Tertullian in the second century plainly declares that "the ignorant and unlearned, who are always the *greatest part of the body of believers*," did not recieve the Trinity. We know that in the third century Origen complains that "*the multitude of those called christians* did not recieve the Deity of Christ." We know that in the middle of the fourth century, the Arians had the authority in the church throughout the greatest part of the Eastern and Western Empire. In the fifth century, Dr. Mosheim assures us that the doctrines of the Semi-Pelagians (which are not the Evangelical ones) "coincided with the *modes of thinking of the majority of the people*, and no efforts could prevent them from spreading far and wide." And would this writer have us believe that his peculiar doctrines "were recieved by ninety-nine hundredths of the christian community" in those succeeding centuries when the power of Rome was at its height? If so, where was the necessity of the reformation, and what do we mean by the doctrines of the reformation?

These differences are with this writer, only about "forms" and "points of intellectual philosophy." Was then the Arian, and Sabellian, and Pelagian controversies merely about points of intellectual philosophy? Did the Reformation of Luther hinge only upon forms? We pause for a reply.

5. But he comes to America and produces a table of the statistics of religious sects in the United States. We have often wondered at these tables, when we have noticed that by simply adding together the alledged numbers in the different sects, we sometimes get a greater amount than is given in the census of the United States—although professed Infidels, Jews, Slaves, and the "Big Church" of worldlings, is not included. Thus by adding together the numbers here given, we have about 14,000,000. But where are the Catholics? where are the Infidels? where are the millions of slaves on plantations, who never hear the word of God preached? where are

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the millions of those who do not maintain the slightest connection with any religious body? What is the number of these, may be judged from the fact, that in the city of Boston, by a fair calculation, it is supposed that there are 28,000 out of 68,000 Protestants, not connected with any religious society. (Third Semi-annual Report of the Ministry at large, 1835.) If in the city of Boston there are 7-17ths of the inhabitants not connected with any religious society, it might safely be computed, that taking the country at large, including slaves and all other persons, at least one half are in the same predicament. This would leave out of the 16,000,000 of the United States, only 8,000,000 to be divided among the different sects. And yet the above calculation gives us 14,000,000. This shows how prone all sects are, in adding up their numbers, to exaggerate very much the amount.

6. It may be said however, that the relative proportions will continue the same, if we reduce the numbers of each denomination, and there still will remain the proportion of 9 to 1 in favor of Evangelical doctrines, so called. But *how* in favor? Why they are *connected* with societies whose articles countenance these doctrines. But the writer of this paragraph must be very ignorant if he does not know, that one-half at least, of every Evangelical congregation is wholly ignorant of what their articles are—that there are in every society, those who disagree very essentially in opinion from their teachers, and who retain their connection from habit, sympathy, and a thousand other causes, and not because they hold the opinions there taught. Even the church members in Presbyterian and other orthodox churches, are often found when you examine their opinions to be much nearer Unitarianism than Calvinism, though they would probably be shocked at being told of it. They believe that Christ is divine, but not equal to the Father; they believe that there are three distinctions of some sort or other in the Deity, and that is their Trinity; they believe that all men are sinners, and that is their Total Depravity; they believe that Christ has saved us by his life and death, and that is their atonement; they believe that a man must begin to lead a religious life, and pray to God for help, and that is their idea of regeneration. These are the real opinions, we have no doubt, of a large proportion of every body of professors of religion. And these are certainly not Calvinistic, but Unitarian.

7. But in these churches, says this writer, "there is no dispute respecting the character of Christ, the nature of atonement, the work of the Holy Spirit, the new birth, and judg-

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ment to come." *No dispute?* This writer may perhaps choose to think that there is no essential difference between those who are disputing, but how can he assert that there is "*no dispute*"? Can we open a religious newspaper or periodical, and *not* find a disputatious article with respect to some of these points? Has there been a week during the last eight or ten years, (to go no further back) in which the Old and New School in the Presbyterian church, have not been disputing in their newspapers and elsewhere, about the nature of the atonement, the work of the Holy Spirit, and the new birth? Are not the Baptist's divided against themselves on these subjects, a very large proportion holding with Mr. Campbell, and the others accusing them of denying the work of the Holy Spirit entirely. This writer is so unfortunate as to have selected the very doctrines which have been most disputed, and are now most disputed, of which to assert that there is no dispute about them.

8. After having thus arranged his facts to suit himself, he says with admiration—"Is not this wonderful uniformity? Particularly when the doctrines of the Bible are such, that the Gospel says the natural heart is opposed to them." If the Gospel *did* say this, and if it was true that nine-tenths of all christians, (nominal, impenitent, and unconverted ones being included) did yet agree to them, it would be indeed strange—as strange as an effect without a cause. But where does he find this assertion in the Gospel, that the natural heart is opposed to the doctrines of the Bible? The only passage which sounds at all like it, is where Paul says, that "the natural man recieveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14.) But this text will not answer for him, for he has been asserting that there are ten or twelve millions of nominal, impenitent and unconverted christians, natural men all, who both can and do recieve evangelical doctrines. Either these doctrines, therefore, are not "the things of the Spirit of God," or his whole argument falls to the ground. We leave him to extricate himself from this dilemma.

The writer of the above paragraph probably set himself down to pen it with excellent intentions. He no doubt wished to show those who objected to christianity on account of the disputes among christians, that these disputes were not so great as they are commonly supposed. But this is an entirely mistaken mode of answering such cavils. It is daubing the breach with untempered mortar, and saying Peace when there is no peace. It confounds unanimity of faith with unanimity of opinion. The latter is neither possible nor desirable, and it

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is no objection to christianity that it does not exist. Where there is freedom of thought, men's speculative opinions will differ. But as to the great facts of christianity, which are the true objects of *faith*, which were preached by the Apostles in early days, there has always been unanimity, and is now. Of the facts asserted in the Apostle's creed, we may say in truth, there is and has been no dispute. No sect professing christianity would deny one of them. These facts are the true basis of christian faith, or else the Apostle mistook when he said, that "If thou confess with thy lips the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God has raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Neither is there any dispute as to the great practical truths flowing out from this faith. All believe in human sinfulness, and the necessity of a change of heart and life—all believe in the necessity of penitence, humility, love to God, and love to man. It is on speculative points that men differ, on points of theology, not points of religion.

ION—A TRAGEDY.—*By Sergeant Talfourd.*

BY S. G. BULFINCH.

[It is rather late to notice Ion, but our readers may lay the blame to us, and not to Mr. Bulfinch, as his article has been several months in our hands.—*Ed.*]

In what consists the charm of the true, noble, old Greek tragedy? It is encumbered with faults, and those striking enough it would seem, to destroy all interest on the part of the spectator or the reader. Œdipus, while the pestilence is raging through the city over which he reigns, comes to the gate of his palace, and with marvellous simplicity, enquires of the priests whom he finds there, what is the matter. The nurse of Medea comes forth into the public square, and in a long soliloquy with no conceivable object, rehearses for the instruction of the audience, the whole history of her mistresses' family. And the chorus—how inartificial is the arrangement of this. The most important secrets of state are communicated and discussed, in the presence of a circle of priests or women. Jocasta and Polynices meet and mingle the tears of a long separated son and mother, for the edification of a crowd of

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Phœnician handmaids. And yet, with all its faults, there is, even at this distance of time, a spirit living in the Grecian Tragedy, which claims the reverence of us moderns, as it might be claimed by some gigantic building of elder days, with whose rude magnificence our refined taste in vain attempts to compete.

One source of this charm is the idea of destiny, which is throughout, not only Grecian Tragedy, but Grecian poetry in general, the pervading power. The ancient Poets attained a conception of unseen things far more sublime, and far more true, than that which was embodied in the Gods of Olympus. They perceived the great mystery of nature, the presence of a Providence, a superior will controlling the affairs of men, working out its own designs, not merely in opposition to human efforts, but through the means of those very efforts which are intended to counteract it. They understood this great truth but imperfectly, they saw not that infinite goodness was the ruling power. Yet the fate which, in their conceptions, ruled over gods as well as men, was no blind principle. It had its own principles of retributive justice, and these involving descendants in the punishment of their parents' sins, corresponded better with the experience we have of the true Providence, and with the natural impulses of man, than with the strict equity which requires that the guilty person alone shall suffer for his own guilt.

In Sergeant Talfourd's "Ion" we have the idea of destiny, the leading principle of the ancient Poets, again before us, giving its tragic interest to one of the noblest, and most highly finished poems which have for many years appeared. The work is on the Grecian model, but that model has not been followed with blind servility, in its faults as well as in it excellencies. The chorus, which if we must not call it the grand defect of the ancient drama, is at least a portion of it which has proved utterly unmanageable in the hands of modern writers, has been wisely dispensed with. The subject is Grecian, and the connecting incidents are in part adapted from the Ion of Euripedes, and the Œdipus of Sophocles. As in the former, the hero is named Ion, and first appears as a foundling, engaged in the service of Apollo's temple. As in the latter, there is a pestilence occasioned by the wrath of the gods—an oracle denouncing wo—a discovery of the hero's royal birth under such circumstances as to be an announcement of evil instead of joy. But these arrangements, this machinery of the poem, is borrowed only as Shakspeare borrowed, with a power which forbears to exert its strength in new creations,

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because that strength is unquestionable. The poem, in all that is vital to it, is original. The character of Ion is original. Pure, lofty, humane, self-devoted; one of those characters which seem, in their calm and sinless beauty, the most unfit for any great occassion, until some great occasion calls them forth, and shows that purity is strength. Ion is inspired by a lofty purpose; but his inspiration is as lofty as it is profound. In this alone, it has appeared to us, the poem fails to be Grecian, that the morality of Ion's principles is beyond the range of Grecian fancy. His character is such as could be formed on no precepts less pure, less self-sacrificing, than those of christianity. Such a fault we can indeed readily forgive; but it produces an inconsistency. The ministry to which Ion is called is one of blood; we could well endure this, and admire him as a Grecian hero, had his spirit been less pure—had a thrill of even the loftiest ambition shown that he was of aught akin to common mould; but as it is, Ion is made too compassionate for tyrannicide, too nobly devoted for the inferior self-devotion of suicide.

We do not suppose that others will coincide with us in this criticism. But let us pass to an outline of the drama. The royal race of Argos have incurred the anger of the Gods; or, to refer the judgment to that higher power to whose acknowledged existence we have already adverted; the decree of Fate, inexorable, incomprehensible, but not unjust, has gone forth against them. It is uttered in awful tones at the birth of Adrastus.

> "Wo unto thee babe!
> Against the life which now begins shall life
> Lighted from thence be armed, and, both soon quenched,
> End this great line in sorrow." *p.* 1.

Adrastus, though a prince, feels the blighting influence of the prediction. He perceives himself regarded by all as one devoted to misery, and therefore to be abhorred. He wanders far away from parental and from general injustice. He loves, and under a feigned name, enjoys in obscurity the bliss of wedded love. But he is sought out. His child is wrested from him, and as he supposes, destroyed. The mother dies; and Adrastus is fitted by his misfortunes, to be what he appears in the Drama, the proud opposer of the Gods, and the stern, though not all unfeeling tyrant of men.

These events have occured before the period at which the play commences. In the beginning of the tragedy, we find the sages of Argos, who are enjoying unwillingly the refuge

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afforded them by the temple of Apollo, from the pestilence which rages through the city. Medon, the priest, detains them there, reluctant, but yielding. One inmate of the temple alone, is permitted to pass and repass between the city and his home. This is Ion, the foundling.

While the pestilence is devastating Argos, Adrastus, its king, whose crimes are supposed to have brought this curse upon his people, withdraws into his palace, and surrounded by mercenary guards, spends the hours in revelry, refusing all solicitation to hold council with his sages for the public good. He has even threatened to put to death the next messenger who shall bring to him such a proposal. Ion, for the public good, incurs the danger; and perseveres in delivering his message, though warned first by the attendants, and afterwards in compassion by Adrastus himself. The undaunted youth has undertaken his task, confident that the despot still has human feelings, and trusting that he may be able to call them forth. He appeals to him as a son, a brother, a friend—still the king remains unmoved and stern. At length he tries another chord, and succeeds.

The king pours forth to the youth whose voice had reminded him of the past, the tale of his dark fate, his wrongs, and of his passions. The messenger departs, unharmed, and successful. The king has consented once more to meet his sages.

Clemanthe, the daughter of Medon, has discovered that she loves her foster-brother with other than a sister's love, when he went forth to such imminent peril. She now awaits the tidings of his fate in motionless silence. She seems to hear no word, to heed no token, till at length her ear catches the sound of her lovers tread approaching, long before it is perceptible to others. The sages, at Ion's intelligence, meet the king. They remonstrate with him on those reckless banquetings which seem to defy heaven; but they remonstrate in vain. He knows himself fated, and resolves to meet his ruin with pride, and to fall in grandeur, though it shall cost the lives of thousands. A tumult is heard without, and Phocion, the son of the priest Medon, enters the assembly. He has brought the answer of the oracle to the enquiries of the king and people.

> "Argos ne'er shall find release,
> 'Till her monarch's race shall cease."

He delivers the message with insulting exultation—is seized by the guards, but released by Adrastus, at Ion's intercession. But the king repels the prayer of Ion, that he would yield to the advice of the sages, and humble himself before the Gods.

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The assembly is broken up; a few youths remain, and resolve to deliver their country in the way indicated by the oracle. Phocion is impelled by the love of freedom, Ctesiphon by the desire of vengeance for a personal wrong.

Ion's reflections are loftier than either. The conspirators assemble in the wood, where Ion was first found in infancy, and where he has now retired to meditate.

The appointed slayer is enabled by the conspirators to make his way to the chamber of the king. He awakens him, and Adrastus, recognising in him the minister of Jove, submits his bosom to the knife, when Medon, who has in the interval recieved the information of Ion's birth, and has heard Clemanthe's suspicions of his present awful errand, interrupts him, and prevents the parricide; for, as the reader must have anticipated, Ion is the long lost son of Adrastus. But the father and child have little time for mutual forgiveness and caresses. The conspirators burst upon them; Adrastus falls by the hand of Ctesiphon, and dies, blessing his recovered son, from whom he has exacted a promise of assuming his paternal crown.

But Ion feels that his task is not yet ended. The oracle has denounced not only Adrastus but his race; and though his own accession is hailed with transport, the pestilence continues. He knows that his own death alone can terminate it. He gives orders for his own immediate consecration as sovereign. Phocion, his bosom friend, urged by the vindictive Ctesiphon to the fulfilment of their vow, attempts to assasinate Ion. Here beams forth the beauty of the hero's character. To forgive Phocion might be enough for ordinary magnanimity. Ion endeavors to reconcile him with himself. The whole beautiful scene we must pass over,

> "The pathway of his duty lies in sunlight;"

but his own feelings of heroic self-devotion must for a while be unexpressed, and he must endure the congratulations of friends, and the care of appointing ceremonies which will never take place. And these come upon him at the moment which he would give, in conversation with his friend, to the thought of her he loves.

The parting from Clemanthe follows; and Ion strives to break the shock that she must endure, by leading her to fancy him estranged; he is but half successful. How noble is his allusion to the best hope afforded to us by that faith, some of whose loftiest features gleam forth through the classic drapery of this remarkable production.

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There remains but the consummation. Ion is enthroned; dismisses the armed bands who had formed the guard of Adrastus; obliges the wondering people to swear, that in case of his own death without issue, they will govern themselves as a republic; commits provisional authority to Agenor; and approaching the altar, commends himself to the eternal powers as a sacrifice to his couutry, and stabs himself. Clemanthe rushes to support him, and her dying lover acknowledges that his attempted kind deception was unworthy of them both. The sacrifice has not been made in vain.

Such is this noble poem. If we can find out any fault, it is the noble inconsistency we have already referred to; an inconsistency only in this, that it is not enough coldly classic, that there is something in Ion far beyond what Greece ever fancied of moral beauty, and that the intended slaughter of Adrastus, and the final suicide of Ion, more consistent with the Grecian spirit, appear in painful contrast to this higher portion.

LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.

In former days, as many of our readers are aware, money was left in trust by Lady Hewley, for the use of certain Presbyterian churches in England. In the progress of time, these societies become Unitarian in sentiment, though still retaining the Presbyterian form of church government. Whereupon, certain Independent societies thought that they might get possession of this money, on the ground of the churches holding a different faith from that of the donor. After a long and tedious suit, it was decided by Lord Lyndhurst, in February, 1835, in favor of these Independent petitioners. On *theological* grounds he formed his judgment, that is to say, he decided that the Unitarian faith was essentially different from that of Lady Hewley, and therefore she could not have intended the funds to be applied to their use. We were somewhat surprised at this decision, as it seemed to us to be introducing a new feature into legal judgments, and making it necessary for the judge to assume authority to determine the great theological questions—"What are essential doctrines in christianity?" "Where does an unessential difference run into an essential one?" &c. And accordingly we find that he is already called on to decide, in this same case, some farther theological minutiæ. The history of the matter is rather amusing.

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No sooner had the orthodox Independents, who were the only orthodoxists living in the neighborhood, ejected the Unitarian Trustees, by virtue of this decision of the Lord Chancellor, than they prepared quietly to take possession of the spoils. Bnt their ardent hopes were destined to be somewhat damped. The spoils of war were not destined wholly to enure to them, (as Mr. Calhoun would phrase it.) It seems that in some remote part of England there had been lying perdue a little sect of people as orthodox as they, yes, even more so—and better than that, Presbyterians in their form of church government, which they were not. These thought they had as good or better a right to the spoils than the Independents, and therefore petitioned the Lord Chancellor Cottenham, to be permitted to take part in the nomination of trustees. The Independents made a vigorous resistance, and declared on oath, that they were Presbyterians, in every just sense of the word, although Independents. But their case soon began to look quite disagreeably. Even if they were Presbyterians, there was no reason why they should monopolize these trusts, when there were other Presbyterians as good as they, who wanted some share in the matter. And although the Rev. J. Pye Smith, took oath that "the term Presbyterian is in a fair, just, and honorable sense, capable of being applied to the majority of English Congregationalists," it was very hard to show that one form of church government was exactly the same as another. Besides this, it soon was urged that these Independents were almost as heretical, after all, as the Unitarians. Their confession of faith, it was shown, was very indefinite. It even left out, dreadful to say, the word *consubstantial*, in describing the union of Christ with the Father, and might be signed by a Unitarian of Dr. S. Clarke's school. Moreover, it contained nothing about the imputation of Adam's sin, and there was great reason to believe that the Independents did not believe this doctrine. All this was urged with great solemnity and force by the orthodox Presbyterians.

The Chancellor was evidently in an awkward predicament. He had just ejected Unitarian trustees for not being orthodox, and now he is called upon to decide a new case of orthodoxy. Is the imputation of Adam's sin an essential doctrine, or not? The Lord Chancellor is surely getting into deep water where there is no standing. "The question of the orthodoxy of the Independent creed was evaded," so we are told, "and the Independent trustees agreed to sign the Westminster Confession of Faith."

"They agreed to sign it," to the astonishment of every one.

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For in so doing, they turned a theological somerset, fully equal to any like feat of political agility of modern times.

"In these eventful times," says the London Christian Observer, a work conducted by orthodox Church of England men, "In these eventful times we have witnessed some extraordinary shiftings; but this sudden Independent tergiversation has struck us as perhaps the most extraordinary of all. We cannot forget that the very men who all at once were so ready to subscribe to the Westminster Confession, had, till the critical moment when their connexion with the Hewley endowments seemed to be endangered, zealously proclaimed their antipathy to the old Presbyterian doctrine of subscription. Nor can we forget that the Independent "Declaration of Faith" of 1833, is still unrepealed—a Declaration, in which these bright exemplars of consistency, and other Independent Unionists, most incongruously asseverate their "protestation against subscription to any human formularies;" their "disapproval of the imposition of any human standard, whether of faith or of discipline;" and that "human counsels, canons, and creeds, possess no authority over the faith and practice of christians." See the "Declaration of the Faith, &c. of the Congregational or Independent Dissenters, as adopted at the third General Meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, May 7th, 8th, and 10th, 1833." pp. 4 and 10.

We have told this *histoirette* chiefly for the sake of a few reflections which it suggests.

First. How idle it is for any men to attempt to bind by legacies, the opinions of succeeding ages. As surely as the snake must cast his skin from year to year, so must men alter their modes of thinking and expression, from age to age. Many fondly hope to anchor their own opinions in the stream of time by fastening them to their money bags. But the result is to make either formalists or hypocrites. Those who, for the sake of the money, profess the opinions, either hold them as mere forms with no conviction at all beneath them, or use them as cloaks to cover up quite different ones. When will men have faith enough in their own convictions, to put a generous confidence in the power of truth, and leave the minds of those who shall come after them, free to find it? We hear in the present day of churches and colleges which are pledged for all time, by those who build and endow them, to the maintenance of certain specific creeds or forms. The worst instance which we have lately heard of this narrow bigotry, was in the case of a gentleman in Massachusetts, who in his will, offered a legacy to a church in the town where he lived, which

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held a different faith from his own, on condition that it would adopt his opinions. The will further specified, that in case the society should refuse the legacy on these terms, it should be put into the hands of trustees, to be offered to them again at the end of ten years, on the same conditions. He thus contrived to insult by the same action, their convictions, his own opinions, and christianity; by showing that he considered them all marketable articles—to be sold like fish or broad-cloth—that the gift of God could be bought with money, and that bank stock was a means of grace. The pride of purse never showed itself, we think, in a more extraordinary manner.

Second. How much better it is to relinquish at once the use of all advantages which cannot be held without a disguise of real convictions! How much more enviable is the position now occupied by the English Unitarians than that of the Independents. It never occurred to the former body to conceal their opinions for the sake of retaining their funds. They migh perhaps have made an argument sufficiently subtle to puzzle the theological acumen of the Lord Chancellor, which seems not very great. They might have argued, like Dr. J. P. Smith, that "in a fair just, and honorable sense," they might be considered as believing the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, &c. just as much as Lady Hewley did. But they scorned such subterfuge. They relinquished at once their rich endowments, though many of their preachers were thus deprived of support, and left dependant on the aids of friendship and brotherly sympathy. Not to retain old privileges, not to avoid want and poverty, would they trifle with their convictions. But the Independents, for the sake of grasping funds, on which they had fixed a covetous eye, were willing to say and unsay any thing. They subscribe a creed which they had all along denounced and ridiculed.

Third. How uncomfortable a position does the Lord Chancellor occupy, who, stepping out of his sphere, undertook to limit the progress of *opinions*, and to say to the searching intellect of man, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther." He probably can find no sect in England, at the present day, who hold the opinions considered essential by Lady Hewley. We feel confident that this decision will have to be reversed. Lord Lyndhurst's conservatism in this instance betrayed him. The principle, that a change of opinion in the holders, invalidates bequests made to religious bodies, involves consequences of a very serious character. There is probably no religious body, which has held property for a hundred years, which has not varied very much from the opinions usual in the time of

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the donors. Who shall draw the line, and decide exactly where the change shall invalidate the right of property?

CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *First Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the First Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board. Boston, Mass.* 1838.

By the kindness of the Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Mass. Board of Education, we have recieved the above valuable state document. This Board of Education was created by an Act of the Massachusetts Legislature, approved April 20th, 1837. It consists of some of the most eminent men in the state, Gov. Everett being the chairman. Hon. Horace Mann, for many years President of the Senate, was chosen Secretary, with a salary of one thousand dollars, it being understood that he was to devote himself exclusively to the duties of the office. The duties of the Board are to lay before the Legislature annually, an abstract of the school returns, and to make a report of their doings. The duties of the Secretary are to collect information with respect to the condition of common schools, and to diffuse information as to the best means of conducting them through the State. During the last year, conventions have been held in every county through the Commonwealth, of the friends of Education, delegated from the several towns. These conventions have been addressed by the Secretary with the happiest effects. A new interest has already been excited in the cause of Common School Education. The Board offer a few remarks on the construction of school houses; the duties of school committee men, (whom they propose should be remunerated;) the education of teachers, (for which they hope that an institution will be founded;) district school libraries; and school books.

Mr. Mann's Report is very able and interesting. We can but glance at its contents. He gives as the sources of his information, the representations made at the couuty conventions,

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letters from the school committees, and his own observations in his travels through the state. He remarks—

"It would be depriving many persons of a most honorable tribute to which they are *completely* entitled; and it would withhold from the friends of the sacred cause of education one of the highest satisfactions, did I omit to declare, that, neither at the conventions, which have been held in the several counties, nor in my intercourse or correspondence with any one, has there been infused into this cause the slightest ingredient of partizan politics. In regard to this great subject, all have reverted to their natural relations as fellow-men; discarding strifes about objects which are temporary, for interests which are enduring. In a spirit of harmony and unity, having brought the facts of individual experience and observation into common stock, they have regarded them as a fund, from which the wisest results were to be wrought out by the aid of common counsels.

"The object of the Common School system of Massachusetts, was to give to every child in the Commonwealth, a free, straight, solid path-way, by which he could walk directly up from the ignorance of an infant to a knowledge of the primary duties of a man; and could acquire a power and an invincible will to discharge them. Have our children such a way? Are they walking in it? Why do so many, who enter it, falter therein? What can be done to reclaim them? What can be done to rescue faculties, powers, divine endowments, graciously designed for individual and social good, from being perverted to individual and social calamity? These are the questions of deep and intense interest, which I have proposed to myself, and upon which I have sought for information and counsel."

In alluding to school houses, he makes the following observation which is worth attending to.

"In populous places, there is a temptation to build too few, and to compact too many scholars into one house; while towns sparsely populated are beset with the opposite temptation, of making too minute a subdivision of their territory into districts; and thus, in attempting to accommodate all with a school house near by, the accommodation itself is substantially destroyed. In many cases, this pursuit of the incident works a forfeiture of the principal. A school house is erected near by, but it is at the expense of having a school in it, so short, as to be of but little value."

He thus speaks of the duties of school-committe men.

"Although it is not always in the power of school committees to introduce into the schools devoted and accomplished teachers; yet it is in their power, and it is a most responsible and solemn part of their duty, not to inflict upon the children of a whole district the

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calamity of an ignorant, ill-tempered, or profane teacher. It is no trivial arbitrament to decide whether a school shall be a blessing or a nuisance, and therefore the question of a teacher's fitness is not to be guessed at, but solemnly pondered. If the husbandman by any effort of body or of mind, by toil or supplication, could foredoom and predestinate what sort of seasons should spread mildew and barrenness over his fields and leave him empty granaries, or, what should make his pastures luxuriant and heap his garners; he surely would not be content with conjecture, with superficial and scanty inquiry or with hasty decisions. And yet what the seasons are to the fields and crops of the farmer, the teacher is to the children of the school. Nay, more; he is season and cultivation also. No part, therefore, of the examination of applicants for schools is form. It is all substance."

The following important remarks refer to school books.

"Another duty of the town committee is that of directing what books shall be used in the schools. There is a public evil of great magnitude in the multiplicity and diversity of elementary books. They crowd the market and infest the schools. One would suppose there might be uniformity in rudiments at least; yet the greatest variety prevails. Some books claim superiority because they make learning easy, and others, because they make it difficult. All decry their predecessors, or profess to have discovered new and better modes of teaching. By a change of books a child is often obliged to unlearn what he had laboriously acquired before. In many important particulars, the pronunciation the orthography and the syntax of our language changes, according to the authority consulted. Truth and philosophy, in regard to teaching, assume so many shapes, that common minds begin to doubt, whether there be truth or philosophy under any. The advantages of cheapness, resulting from improvements in the art of printing, are intercepted from the public to whom they rightfully belong, and divided among compilers. Over this, as an expensive public mischief, as a general discouragement to learning, and as a misfortune of the Commonwealth, town committees have no control. But it is still in their power, and it is an important and substantial part of their duty, as enjoined by law, "to direct what books shall be used in the several schools" in their respective towns. When the committee fail in directing what books shall be used, a way is opened for the introduction of books which are expressly prohibited by law, as "calculated to favor the tenets of particular sects of christians." Under such omission, also, the school house may cease to be neutral ground between those different portions of society, now so vehemently contending against each other on a variety of questions of social and national duty. Instances of both kinds have occurred, and were, under such circumstances, to be expected; because it is the nature of extreme views

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to make all other truths bow down before the idolized truth. But the liability and the temptation should be cut off. Would the disciple of hostile doctrines look forward, and foresee to what results a breach of the truce in regard to the school-room must infalliby lead, it seems scarcely credible, that each should not agree, in good faith, to refrain from every attempt to pre-occupy the minds of school children with his side of vexed and complicated questions, whether of state or theology; and that all should not concur, in regard to an evil so self-propagating and ruinous, in enforcing measures, which would bar out the possibility of its occurrence."

The importance of visiting schools is thus commented on.

"Another important duty enjoined upon school committees is the visitation of the schools. Such visitations may be a moral incitement to the scholars of great efficacy. Advice, encouragement, affectionate persuasion, coming from such of their townsmen as the children have been accustomed to regard with respect or veneration, will sink deep and remain long in their hearts. Wise counsel from acknowledged superiors makes a deep impress. It comes with the momentum of a heavy body, falling from a great height. The same counsel, if the same could be had, from men, whom the children hold in no respect or esteem, might be remembered only to be ridiculed. The visitations of the committee break in upon the monotony of the school. They spur the slothful and reward the emulous and aspiring. To suppose, that the children in a school will ever feel a keen, impulsive interest in learning, while parents and neighbors are disregardful of it, is to suppose the children to be wiser than the men. The stimulus of acting under the public eye, though an inferior motive, is still an allowable one, amongst adults. To the mind of the sworn officer, is it not more present than his oath? Do not much of the uprightness and thoroughness brought to the discharge of public duties, depend upon their being performed under public inspection? And why, in regard to children, may we not avail ourselves of this innate sentiment as an auxiliary in the attainment of knowledge; always holding it subordinate to the supreme sentiment of duty? I have heard hundreds of teachers, with one voice, attest its utility. Such visitations by the committee, are not less useful to teachers than to pupils. While all due respect should be accorded to teachers—and certainly no class in the community are more deserving both of emolument and of social consideration, than they—yet, as our school system is now administered, we are not authorised to anticipate any more fidelity and strenuousness in the fulfilment of duty from them, than from the same number of persons engaged in any reputable employment. This state employs, annually, in the common schools, more than three thousand teachers, at an expense of more than *four hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars*, raised by direct taxation. But they

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have not one-thousandth part the supervision which watches the same number of persons, having the care of cattle or spindles or of the retail of shop goods. Who would retain his reputation, not for prudence, but for sanity, if he employed men on his farm or in his factory, or clerks in his counting room, month after month, without oversight and even without inquiry? In regard to what other service, are we so indifferent, where the remuneration swells to such an aggregate?"

As the State of Kentucky is about establishing a system of common schools, such topics as those above discussed are peculiarly interesting. We must pass by at present, the remainder of the Report, hoping to notice again this exceedingly valuable document. We add however, a selection of a few of the facts and brief remarks which it contains.

With all the defects of the present school system in Massachusetts, the Secretary considers its advantages vastly to preponderate.

In two-thirds of the towns in Massachusetts, the law directing every teacher to obtain a certificate of qualifications from the school committee before opening the school, is neglected,

In about an hundred towns the committee neglect directing what books shall be used in the school, as required by law.

The law requires that when children are not provided with books by their parents, they shall be supplied by the town. But this has been neglected in about forty towns.

The whole number of children in 294 towns in Massachusetts between *four* and sixteen, are	177,053.
Those who attend private schools, about	12,000.
Whole number of all ages attending school in winter,	141,837.
Do. do. in summer,	122,889.
Average attendance in winter,	111,520.
Average attendance in summer,	94,956.

It is made by law the duty of the school committee to visit the schools from time to time. This is attended to only in fifty or sixty towns out of three hundred and five.

The school committees recieve compensation for their services and expenses only in about one-fifth part of the towns. and in these only about a quarter of the lowest price of day labor.

We see from these facts, the tendency of every school system, however excellent in itself, to run down and *flatten*, (as

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the chorister's say) except it is constantly watched. In some towns in Massachusetts no improvement has taken place for two hundred years.

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2. *A Sermon delivered at the ordination of the Rev. John Parkman, to the Pastoral care of the Third Congregational Church, Greenfield, Mass. By Francis Parkman, D. D., Minister of the New North Church, Boston.*

This sermon treats of the spirit of the christian ministry, and the condition of the times in relation to it. It laments, very justly, the feeble and fluctuating state of many religious societies in New England, where divisions have crept in. It also warns us against an undue love of excitement in religious matters. It then goes on to speak of the peculiar duties of the christian ministry, at the present times.

The sermon is an excellent one, and contains much wholesome admonition. And yet, we might not have thought it necessary in discoursing to Unitarians, to exhort them against multiplying too much the occasional services of religion. We are not particularly acquainted with the state of things in Franklin county, but in our own experience we have never found the conference, or evening lecture, so crowded as to endanger the interests of the sabbath. There are occasions, we imagine, in which "it is well" to saddle our ass, and go to Mt. Carmel, though it be "neither new moon, nor sabbath." It is well to have some place where the Pastor may meet those of his flock whose minds are more than usually interested in religious subjects, and speak to them in a more easy and direct manner than is consonant with the services of the sabbath. It is well also, that there should be some meeting, call it a teachers' meeting, a bible class, an inquiry meeting, or what you will, where the anxious and truth-seeking mind may have its difficulties answered, its doubts removed, and where heart may answer heart, as in water face answers face. It seems to us, that in our denomination, we have too few rather than too many such meetings. We think the interest of the sabbath exercises would be increased, rather than diminished, by such occasional meetings.

In fact, we suppose we have not much of that attachment to the good old ways, and dread of innovation, which possesses many of our brethren. We see no great harm in an evening lecture, though the church may never before have had a candle

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stamp in it. Neither do we dread that men will think too much about religion, or become too original in their views of christianity. It is so much easier to care for none of these things, to slide along the good old path, to repeat by rote old saws of theology and morality, instead of striving to see with our own eyes, hear with our own ears, and understand with our own hearts—that we are ever more afraid of drowsiness, than of too great earnestness of feeling or thought.

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3. *A view of American Unitarian Missions; with thoughts on the Missionary Cause, and the interest of Unitarians in it. By A. C. Patterson.*

We are glad to see that our friend Patterson, when he left Buffalo, was taken from us only in presence, not in heart. We are truly delighted with the appearance of this little tract, and though we have not had time to peruse it, we cannot but express our gratitude to God, that the time has come in which as Unitarians we can speak of missions without the apprehension of displeasing our readers. Within a few years a wide and deepening interest has been taken in the subject by Unitarians, and though as yet we have hardly done any thing as a body, yet there is every evidence that we shall soon put our hand to this plough with energy and faith. The following table contains as nearly as was possible an estimate of the past expenditures for missions in our denomination.

Evangelical Missionary Society,	$18,924
American Unitarian Association,	7,511
Missions in India,	1,075
Ministry at large in Boston,	13,450
" " " New York,	7,800
Warren Street Chapel,	1,600
Plymouth, Kingston, and Duxbury Association,	450
	$50,810

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4. *Discourse occasioned by the recent Duel in Washington. By Henry Ware, Jr. Delivered in the Chapel of Harvard University.*

The late sad affair at Washington has called out a general expression of grief, shame and indignation, which shows that there is a moral feeling left in the community which will some-

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times rebuke even those whom the proud code of honor endeavors to shield. In our own city, which Mr. Graves represents in Congress, and where he is remarkably popular as a man and politician, having been elected to the present Congress without opposition from the administration party, and against a popular candidate of his own politics; even here, we have found no one to justify this unhappy transaction. We do not mean to say that Mr. Graves is thought more to blame than the others who were concerned in this matter, but the whole transaction is of too murderous a nature to be defended or excused even by personal and political friends.

Mr. Ware's sermon is on the law of honor, and the text is happily chosen from Proverbs, xx. 3. "It is an honor for a man to cease from strife." The sermon itself, like every thing from the same source is full of plain, direct appeals to the understanding, the heart, and the conscience; calculated to engage the attention, interest the feelings, and leave behind a deep and solemn impression. Happy are the young men who sit under such preaching. Especially happy if they rightly use this privilege.

☞We have recieved the following pamphlets besides those already noticed, which we have no room to attend to at present. Some or all shall be noticed in our next.

1. Greenwood's sermon at the ordination of Rev. J. T. Sargent. 2. Memorial of the Ohio A. S. Society. 3. Proceedings of a Clerical Convention in Worcester, Mass. 4. Brook's lecture on Teachers' Seminaries. 5. An account of Dummer Academy. 6. Party Spirit. An address by John H. Harney, at South Hanover, Ia. 7. Address on Moral Education. By A. Wylie, D. D., Ia. 8. Account of the Collegiate Institute, Louisville Ky. 9. Danger and Duty of the Young. A sermon preached to the Senior Class of the Indiana College. By A. Wylie, D. D. 10. Address by Elisha W. Baldwin, President of Wabash College. 11. Reports on Brunswick, Georgia. 12. Measures of Revivalists. A sermon by C. A. Farley, Alton. 13. Passage of Time. A sermon by C. A. Farley, Alton. 14. Address before the Ohio Historical Society. By Timothy Walker.

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MONTHLY RECORD

FOR MARCH, 1838.

WESTERN MESSENGER.—Our subscription list has been filling up gradually within the last two months, and we suppose we have now as many subscribers as ever. We feel grateful to the friends who have exerted themselves in our behalf. We recommence our work with new spirit, having learned that we have a few friends who are in earnest in its support. To show the interest taken in it, we shall venture to give extracts from a few of the letters which we have recieved.

Buffalo, N. Y.—"I hope it will not be necessary to discontinue the Messenger. It is an important, very important auxiliary in our western cause. We cannot spare it, and must not, and shall we say, *will* not. I will continue to do all I can for it.

"We are gradually gaining strength in Buffalo, in number, respectability, influence, and I hope above all in virtue and piety. Sometimes our church is full. But our audience is variable. Our pews are all either sold or let, except seven or eight under the gallery."

G——, Mass.—"Mr. P—— when in Boston handed your agent, Mr. Smith, the names and subscriptions of three or four new subscribers. I now send another. * * * * The Messenger *must not be permitted to stop.* I am satisfied that it is as well adapted to do good at the East as in the West. The idea of liberal christianity has been slipping out of the minds of the eastern Unitarians through lapse of time; they lay stress on the casual features and external forms of their faith too much, while they half forget the high principles of mutual freedom and individual independence which it was the principal mission of the first Unitarians to defend. Your position as pioneers compels you to rely on the developement and illustration of these great principles daily, hourly; to take pride, as Milton has nobly said, in being "the solitary advocate of discountenanced truths;" to identify yourselves with the movement party, who supply the principles and the watchwords under which nations finally rally. Let me tell you, that in this public-opinion-ridden section of the country, a publication of this kind is as much needed, and probably more, than at the West. Look at some of our periodicals—what learning! but what twaddling! Milk for men—seems to be the theory of our modern Rabbis."

Cincinnati, Jan. 23.—"I am sorry to see you are in danger of coming to a stand from a want of subscribers, but such seems to be the fate of Western Periodicals; if you do, you must change your name, call it the Kentucky Roarer, or something of the sort, and names enough will crowd your list."

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A list of sixteen new subscribers accompanied the following letter from Mobile. We wish our brother H. W. Bellows joy of his prospects.

MOBILE, Ala., 8th Feb., 1838.

"*My Dear Sir:*—You will be interested to learn what fruit the ground you broke here two years ago is producing. You were so were so well followed up by our western brethren, that I have only entered into your labors, and am reaping pleasantly what was sown with so much pains. I have been here three months, and 'till the last three sabbaths, preached only one service a day. I found the people disappointed and discouraged that Mr. Peabody did not return. He had won all hearts—had conciliated our brethren of other denominations, and was fast building up a large society. I was at first very much disheartened by our prospects. The society was largely in debt—without organization—its members groaning under the pressure—scattered by the long intermission of services, and dispirited by the youth and inexperience of their new minister. But our views had been too fully presented, and too gratefully recieved, to fail of continued attention and interest. You will sympathize with my joy and gratitude for the success which has crowned my humble labors. The congregation has doubled since I arrived. I should guess that those who consider themselves as belonging to our society were about one hundred and fifty persons. The only fair sabbath evening since our night service began, nearly filled our church. I cannot doubt that before the end of the season we shall have as many hearers as we can seat. We have sold pews enough to remove all anxiety about the debt of the society, and shall probably be able to rent a good part of the remainder. We have purchased a small organ, chandelier and stoves, a gross of Greenwood's Hymns, and now enjoy all the comforts of a well ordered church. If you will compare our present condition, with the forlorn and unpromising state of things when you were here, you will never despair of success in any good cause—a feeling, however, from which *you* do not need *this* encouragement to protect you. I regret now extremely that I did not recieve ordination before I left the north. A regularly organized church would give stability to our society. I think I shall try to prepare the way for this to take place at the very commencement of the next season.

"We feel that we belong to the "Western Unitarian Association." We sympathize closely with you. You have all contributed to our nurture, and now that we can speak for ourselves, we thank you, and ask your fellowship.

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I am deeply interested in the Messenger, and have endeavored to direct the attention of the people to it. I pray you not to think of relinquishing it. I should rather myself devote a month in every year to soliciting subscriptions for it, than see it decline. Wherever I go, trust me I shall do what I can to make it known, which is the best service that can be done for it. I am confident that if our clergy would each exert themselves but a little to gain subscribers, your list might be full."

The following is from a friend in Grayville, Illinois.

"Enclosed is my annual subscription for the Western Messenger. I intended to have sent it sooner, but circumstances hindered me. I hope however, you will recieve it early enough to add my mite of encouragement to you to persevere in publishing the Messenger; I hope and trust that it will be one among many, ay, even so many as to cause you almost to overlook it. I generally read the Messenger with a great deal of pleasure, but in the last there was a paragraph which gave me much pain; I allude to your statement of the difficulties which at present attend the publication on account of the number of subscriptions falling off. Truly, the soundness of the principles of those who have professed themselves friends to the cause, are in the present trying times brought to a pretty severe test, many perhaps may shrink from it, but you will gain something in knowing upon what support you may hereafter with certainty calculate. If it should not be such as to enable you to continue the Messenger in its present form, let us have it in one whose cheapness will be commensurate with circumstances. Let it come in any shape, and however much it may be curtailed as to matter, if it comes imbued with the spirit which has characterised it hitherto, I shall gladly greet its appearance."

The most encouraging notices however, are those which we have received from some gentlemen, standing high in other denominations, whose generous helpfulness is an honorable evidence of the existence of true liberality in every sect of Christendom. They need not our thanks; but we should be ungrateful to God, did we not offer our thanksgivings to Him, for every evidence that the age of exclusiveness is passing by. May His kingdom of peace and love speedily prevail through our land. Amen.

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Kentucky Historical Society. By an act of the last session of the Legislature, a number of gentlemen were incorporated as a Society under the above name. The Cabinet and Library are to be kept in Louisville. At a late meeting the following gentlemen were elected officers. Hon. John Rowan, President. Hons. Judge Bibb, and Judge Pirtle, Vice Presidents. Wilkins Tannehill, Recording Sec'y. Leonard Bliss, Jr., Corresponding Secretary. George Keats, Treasurer. Dr. Ed. Jarvis, Librarian.

All friends to the objects of this society, are respectfully invited to send any books, papers, and curiosities connected with the history of Kentucky, which they are willing to loan or give, to the Librarian at Louisville. And the Corresponding Secretary would be glad to recieve biographical or historical information connected with the achievements of the early settlers.

Temperance Society.—An effort is now making to resuscitate the Louisville Temperance Society. The pledge adopted is the total abstinence one. It was proposed, for the sake of uniting all temperance men in the effort, to have a double pledge, one relating to distilled spirits, and the other including all intoxicating liquors, and allow the person signing either to become a member of the society. This plan however, was rejected. We were sorry for it, for in the present state of the temperance cause in Louisville, we thought it a good plan.

Revivals in Louisville.—Most of the societies in this city have manifested an increased interest in religion during the last few months, and many members have been added to the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist churches. We rejoice in their prosperity, and pray that they may give diligence to make their calling and election sure.

Exchange Papers.—The Family Magazine is published in New York, every month, in parts of 40 pages, at $1 50 per annum. It is one of the cheapest and best works in the land. The number before us contains twenty-six handsome wood cuts, and articles of every variety of useful information. Those who wish to procure an exceedingly entertaining and instructive work, especially adapted for the children of a family, had better send their names to Redfield & Lindsay, New York.

Southern Rose.—This is a little periodical edited by Mrs. Gilman, Charleston, S. C. It is composed almost wholly of original matter, and of the best sort. Some of Mrs. Gil-

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man's sketches and tales are equal to any thing of the kind in our literature.

New Haven Christian Spectator.—The February number of this excellent periodical is as rich as usual. It is one of the best religious periodicals in the country. We notice, however, in the publisher's advertisement one mistake. He says that "the Christian Spectator actually contains, by estimate of the size and number of pages, at least *ninety or one hundred pages* more of printed matter than any other Religious Quarterly, for three dollars a year." This may be true with one exception. The Western Messenger is of the same size, and is published at three dollars a year. It contains 864 pages, while the Spectator contains only 768. The Western Messenger has also about a quarter of its contents in smaller type than the Spectator, thus making a larger amount of composition, and containing actually 96 pages more in the year. So if the Spectator is a cheap work, ours is cheaper.

The Hesperian.—To be edited by W. D. Gallagher, and Otway Curry.

We see our indefatigable friend Gallagher, intends issuing the first No. of a publication with the above title, in Columbus, Ohio, the first day of the present month. We wish him all success—he certainly deserves it if perseverance be a virtue.

It will be a handsome Magazine, containing 80 or 90 pages octavo, making 2 vols., five hundred pages each a year. Subscription price, five dollars.

In considering the many attempts and failures of works devoted to general literature, in all parts of the U. States, but especially in the West, it has sometimes occurred to us to ask, whether they might not have come too soon. Our people, perhaps, have as yet no literature because they have nothing to say. They are busy living, doing, growing. The age of reflection and imaginative reproduction has not yet arrived. The present moment is all romance—why trouble the past? Why explore the future? All great works ripen best in silence. The seed swells and bursts under ground, in darkness. A great nation is in the germ here. It is thursting down its roots into very solid soil, it is piercing the sod with its cleft head, it will soon be in the air and light of day. When we get a national character, then we shall have a national literature. If we are roses, we shall blow in time. In the meantime if any man has any thing to say or sing, let him say it; but let us not feel sad because the fruit tree is not covered with blossoms the first year.

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We are glad to see that our friend Gallagher does not fall into the melancholy habit which besets certain eastern writers, of lamenting that native genius is neglected, that modest worth, poetic fire, &c. is overlooked. They spin out some lack-a-daisical verses, and because they are not read they fancy the world is going to wreck. Theirs are the Atlantean shoulders which support the sky of song. A national literature would come crashing down to nothing, did not they—true patriots—keep it up, by their monthlies and quarterlies, their sonnets and madrigals. But did it ever occur to these wailers over neglected merit, that the reason why they are neglected may be that what they write is not worth reading? Because the thing is written and printed, does it follow that it must be good, and that a grateful country should rise up to embrace its author?

Not thus complains W. D. Gallagher—or if he ever does it, very rarely. With great spirit and taste, he writes and publishes his pretty poems and talented articles, and finds reward enough in the pleasure which his own thoughts afford him. So let him continue to do. And may increasing numbers of readers accompany him, (and the number is not small now,) till the great West, having felled its forests, dug its canals, built its cities, laid its rail-roads, and changed a wilderness into a garden, can find time to sit down quietly and enjoy literature, philosophy, and poetry.

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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

Vol. V. MAY, 1838. No. 2.

PEACE.

BY G. W. HOSMER. — *Buffalo, N. Y.*

THE history of christendom is in strange discord with the spirit of christianity. Bloody crusaders with deadly weapons in their hands, have thronged around the tomb of the Prince of Peace; differing disciples have endeavored to enforce their peculiar opinions by the spear and the bayonet; and christian nations have drenched many a battle field with the blood of each other. Great truths, like seed scattered upon the earth, are sometimes buried for ages. No one can doubt that Christ offered to men the grand principle of peace; it lay wrapped up in his idea of the brotherhood of man, and it was inculcated when he taught that men should love their neighbor as themselves. He preached peace by the parable of the good Samaritan, by the injunction not to render evil for evil; indeed the whole life of the Saviour was a moving persuasive to peace; and even now, though more than eighteen centuries have passed away, furnishing opportuities for the mind to receive the teachings of the Saviour, only a few individuals have grasped the idea of peace, and caught glimpses of the blessings with which it is fraught; and of these few not near all have faith enough to believe that the blessings which appear so rich in vision, will ever be realized. Many excellent men think with the elder President Adams, that "war is as inevitable as earthquakes, famines, and pestilence." At all events we will hope that this opinion is not sound.

We speak with more than usual interest upon this subject, because we have recently had some slight experience of the evils of war. A bloody tragedy has been acted near us, and for several weeks our citizens have been thrown into an unhealthy excitement; ordinary business was neglected, and the

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air was full of the rumors of massacres and of war: the spirits of many were inflamed—angry feelings and violent passions were roused, and men who had for years dwelt together in amity, regarded each other with hard suspicion. But these are merely *beginnings* of the evils of war. If mankind were not rendered insensible by vicious usages, the horrors of such a battlefield as that of Waterloo, would be enough to banish war from the face of the civilized earth. Dismiss the thought of the pomp and circumstance of mortal action, and look upon the field all gory with human blood, the loathsome heaps of the slain, and the mangled bodies of dying sufferers, who are breathing out their life: Oh, look and listen, man of sensibility, believer in the righteous and merciful providence of God, and can you acquiesce in the comfortless thought that war is as necessary as earthquakes, famines, and pestilences? These may be attended with salutary moral effects, they teach man his weakness and dependance: but war leads after it a train of unmitigated evils—it kindles fierce passions, it destroys life, and fills the earth "with widows and with orphans." War owes its existence to the will of man, and therefore bears no true analogy to earthquakes, famines, and pestilences.

War is a monstrous outrage upon humanity, and why should it be deemed necessary? Says one, "because wars *have been* nearly continuous ever since the birth of our race." But must that always be, which has been? It was once the universal custom in Hindoostan for the widow to commit herself to the flames which consumed the body of her deceased husband, and mothers at certain seasons cast their infants into the Ganges; a strong superstition, together with an immemorial custom, seemed to compel these barbarous usages; but now they have nearly ceased. The spell of superstition has been broken—the public sentiment has been changed, and the *seeming* necessity of such unnatural sacrifices is removed.

Again it is contended, that "war is necessary from the very nature of man." Within less than 190 years the learned christians of New England, regarded the liberty of conscience or toleration, as the first-born of abominations; and were of the opinion, that to destroy the bodies of these wolves, who propagate erroneous opinions, is not frustrating the end of Christ's coming, which was to save souls but directly advancing it. While such was the popular sentiment, there was a necessity of hanging or burning men for their conscientious opinions; and the best of men were as liable to suffer as the worst. But in our times that liberty of conscience which our ancestors regarded with so much horror, is acknowledged in

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our civil institutions as one of the essential and inalienable rights of men. Of course there is now no necessity of destroying the bodies of men on account of their religious opinions. Such scenes as were formerly witnessed in New England, if now repeated there or any where else in this country, would fill every mind with indignation and horror. A similar change in public sentiment, and in the constitution and laws of the country, would render war, with all its bewildering splendor, an object of general abhorrence. Public opinion, custom, and habit, always create a kind of necessity in their favor.

There are many obstacles in the way of general peace; misdirected education, accumulated prejudices, enormous expenditures which in every influential country are devoted to military objects, vast numbers of men who imagine that their interest or their fame must rise or fall with the popularity of war, a kind of spurious partial philanthropy, miscalled patriotism, and an inadequate appreciation of the natural alliances of humanity. All these obstacles do indeed constitute a formidable array, and years, perhaps centuries, will elapse before they can be removed: but that they will be removed we cherish a fervent hope. We believe that the day will come, when "the nations will beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn war no more." Christianity is advancing, it *must* advance; and as its influence gradually settles down amidst the springs of human action, it will, most assuredly, banish the spirit of war. Duelling is the elementary principle of war, and there can be no doubt that the practice is diminishing; christianity is causing men to think more rationally, as well as more morally, concerning this monstrous relic of barbarism.

And the history of war shows that a benignant influence has already subdued that tiger fierceness which was displayed upon the ancient battle fields. Men could not now be brought into the close and brutal combat which was once the only mode of warfare. War is now regarded very differently from what it was in ancient times; then it was the employment and pastime of the kings, now it is becoming their strange work; and if justified at all, it is justified as an inevitable evil. Wars are certainly becoming less frequent, and the modes of warfare less barbarous. Richard "of the lion heart," would look with disdain upon the kings of these days, who never slept upon the tented field; and he would pour out the vials of his contempt upon modern warriors, who have contrived so many means to fight their enemies from distant positions. Richard would have deemed his manhood disgraced by killing men with fire arms from behind a breastwork.

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Yes, the spirit of war is becoming milder, men are putting off the brute and savage. Fighting, carnage, and bloodshed, are no longer regarded as a pastime. Human ambition has selected other objects than those of war; and the resources of nations are wanted for the accomplishment of more useful purposes. And more than all, men are learning to appreciate the life and rights of individuals. Christianity is creating a sense of justice to forbid the sacrifice of thousands of men to redress every little want of national courtesy, or to settle the direction of a boundary line. Rulers are learning the great lesson, that subjects are men, not senseless, thoughtless machines. The days are coming when despots will tremble in their palaces: the human *pieces* upon their political chess-board will dare to question their authority to spill *their* blood to gratify the whims of imperial ambition. The great tendencies in the moral world are towards peace. Every thing which increases the general intelligence, which fosters a just taste, and which diffuses a proper self respect, diminishes the number of those who are ready, with or without cause, to follow a drum and fife to a field of human slaughter. Every thing which quickens the progress of christianity promotes peace. Alexander of Russia, declared, in a letter to the London Peace Society, that "war must give way whenever christianity maintains a solid seat in the heart of man." He *apprehended* the truth, and it is to be hoped that his successors will *receive* it, and *act* upon it. Russia must mingle more of justice and moderation with her measures, before she can safely dismiss any part of the standing army of 686,000. Peace cannot dwell with oppression, except by forcible restraint.

Perhaps those who suppose that the old ways must last forever, will ask how national differences are to be settled. We answer—much in the same manner that individuals settle their differences. Why is there any more necessity that nations should destroy each other as a preparation for the settlement of dispute, than that neighbors who have disagreed should bruise each other as a preparative to an equitable arbitration or a law suit? I believe that a council of nations might be established and maintained. It is a great misfortune to the world, that Henry IV. of France, did not live long enough to try his great experiment for settling Europe on the basis of perpetual peace. His minister, the Duke of Sully, has given the details of his plan; his measures were comprehensive, and Sully and other wise politicians, considered them sound; and had he lived three years longer, and had Elizabeth of England lived to lend him her aid, for that time, he might have

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established a new claim, to be called Henry the Great. It is a remarkable fact, that at the peace of Westphalia, which France and Sweden concluded with the house of Austria, about forty years after the death of Henry, several of the great principles of his plan were adopted; power was balanced, and religion established, very nearly as he had proposed; and this treaty formed the basis of the political system of Europe for nearly two centuries. Had Henry lived to establish the whole system of his principles, he *might* have prevented the sacrifice of millions of human lives. A Congress of the nations was a prominent feature in the "Great Scheme." It may be owing to my inexperience in political affairs, but I can perceive nothing which is chimerical or impracticable in such a Congress. There have been two great national conventions at Aix la Chapelle; there can be others; and why not a perpetual convention? Such a convention might be endued with ample authority to arrange affairs, and settle international differences. Certainly it would be better to appeal to such a tribunal, and abide its decisions, than to appeal to arms, and await the casualities of war. Indeed any thing is better than to slaughter human beings.

It is the duty of every christian man to use all his influence against war. What if war has been the employment of mankind in ages past: must we therefore acquiesce in its destruction and atrocities? Christ was a reformer; he had faith in the improveableness of man's nature and condition, and faith in the power of his religion to effect the work: but we are a faithless generation; "because evils have been they must remain." We are disciples of the Prince of Peace, and yet many talk of war with hardly less satisfaction than do the disciples of the warrior Mohammed.

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THE PARTING WORD.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

I must leave thee, lady sweet,
Months shall waste before we meet,
Winds are fair and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed,
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark,
Through thy tears, O lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet,
When the morning star shall rise
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes,
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well that wild despair
Dims thine eyes, and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;
In the first month's second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh,
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
'Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last
Bolted in thy chamber fast,
Many a youth shall fume and pout
"Hang the girl, she's always out:"
While the second week goes round
Vainly shall they ring and pound;

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When the third week shall begin,
" Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flocks with smile and song,
But thy lips unweaned as yet,
Lisp—" Oh how can I forget!"
Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive,
Eve was duped, and Helen kissed,
How, oh how can you resist?

First be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man:
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale.
Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
Shorter ell than mercers clip,
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes,
All the hemp that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers,
Would you prove them quite sincere
Tie the rope beneath their ear,
Ask each Romeo if he'll fall—
Half a pound would hang them all.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
Thou must melt or they shall die:
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies;
Let them die, and welcome, too.
Pray, what better could they do?

Fare thee well, if years efface
From thy heart love's burning trace,

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Keep, oh keep that hallowed seat
From the tread of vulgar feet;
If the blue lips of the sea,
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Sealed how often, Love, as now.

ABOUT PREACHING.

A good sermon should not be addressed entirely to the understanding, the fancy, the heart, the conscience, but to all. It should make the subject *plain* to the understanding, *convincing* to the reason, *exciting* to the imagination, *interesting* to the heart, *searching* to the conscience.

A good sermon should not contain too many thoughts. A single idea is generally enough, if properly illustrated and applied. It should have unity. It should revolve round a centre, yet never go twice round the same track. It should leave a single and distinct impression.

The best sermons do the most good, but are not the most applauded. Most people are so one-sided that they cannot appreciate what is addressed to the whole man. Logicians go away charmed with the clear, cold, argumentative discourse, and praise it to the skies; but even they are not much benefited by it. Sentimentalists adore the man who can make them weep; but they might often as well have wept over a novel. Those of a poetic turn admire the imaginative discourse, which deals only in stars, flowers and lightning; but too frequently it is a sweet song of one who has a pleasant voice. And there is a class who like no sermon which is not made up of blows aimed at the sinner's conscience. And yet there may be a mistake here. For appeals to the conscience, not backed by argument and affection, are apt to be resisted by three-fourths of an assembly. Every man's conscience is his castle; let no one enter save by the "Open Sesame" of truth.

We hear much of practical and doctrinal sermons. It seems to me that every sermon should be both doctrinal and practical. I would not give much for a dry harrangue on morals, anatomizing some duty, and giving no high motive, no solemn

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and thrilling truths to urge to its performance. Nor do I like more, an abstract treatise upon the Atonement or Total Depravity, such as we often hear, which has no more to do with daily life than has the theory of a rainbow. Every thing should spring from life and return to life again, but mount meantime the highest heaven of pure and everlasting truth. Thus preached the Apostles, thus the Saviour.

Much depends upon the delivery. Many men preach as if they do not believe what they are saying. I often go into a church, and am much interested, till some unlucky tone shows me that the preacher himself does not believe (at the time,) what he is preaching. Therefore I should suppose that when any man takes his sermon into his pulpit in his head or in his hand, he would always earnestly pray that God would also put it in his heart, that the scripture may be fulfilled which says, "That which is *with* you, shall be *in* you."

For myself, I like a conversational style of delivery. Away with form and stiffness when reasoning on themes like these! Away with all barriers which may divide heart from heart! Why not talk to a congregation from a pulpit, as you would talk to a multitude in the street, if suddenly called to address them. Let them not hide themselves from the force of truth under the notion that you are doing something professional—going through a necessary ceremony, which it is necessary and proper for them to listen to, and criticise. Lay aside all stiff proprieties, all artificial tones, and let your manner be modified only by the natural influences of place and occasion. I should distrust the depths of my religious convictions, if they had to be propped up by an artificial manner of expression.

> "For of the soul the body form doth take,
> For soul *is* form, and doth the body make."

It is well for a preacher when preparing his discourses, always to keep in mind what are the ends of all preaching. The object of preaching is to produce faith—faith in things unseen. If the congregation when they leave the church have more faith in unseen things than when they entered it, they have been advantaged. If God, eternity, responsibility, judgment, appear more real to them—if Christ and his gospel, mercy, reconciliation, love, have come up from the region of words into the region of things—then the time has not been misemployed, and on the great day of account the man of God will not be called to weep over that sabbath as a wasted talent.

J. F. C.

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THE TRANSFIGURATION.—A SERMON.

BY F. H. HEDGE. — *Bangor, Me.*

Matthew, xvii. 12.

"AND after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them, and his face did shine as the sun and his garments were white as the light."

The transfiguration of Christ is to be regarded rather as an event in the lives of the disciples who witnessed it, than as an event in the life of the Saviour himself. It was an effect produced on their minds, and not any thing which essentially affected his condition. He needed no such outward sign to assure him of that divine nature to which his own consciousness bore unceasing testimony far stronger than any outward sign could supply; but it was necessary that their minds should be quickened and elevated beyond the ordinary reach of human vision and human experience, in order that they might fully apprehend the glorious character and the glorious destiny of their master. Therefore, though this miracle considered in itself, i. e. as a preternatural occurrence, and viewed both in respect to the evidence upon which it rests and the inferences of divine power, and a divine purpose which it warrants, stands on precisely the same ground as the other miracles; yet, it has, when viewed more nearly, an aspect peculiar to itself. It appears then not as a miracle wrought upon Jesus, but as a miracle wrought upon those three who were with Jesus in the mount as witnesses of his glory. I do not mean that the change which is described as having taken place in the person of the Saviour was not an actual occurrence, that the phenomenon had no existence except in the minds of the spectators, but that the phenomenon is chiefly important when considered in reference to them—it was what passed in their vision rather than what passed in the person of Jesus with which we are concerned.

Considered in this point of view the transfiguration is an event not wholly unparalleled in human experience. Something similar in kind, though different in mode and degree, has occurred to most, perhaps to all of us. Has it never occurred to you, that a friend whom you have long known, and

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loved, and revered, has at some moment of deeper emotion and more intimate communion, appeared to you in new manifestations, shining with a glory which he had never yet exhibited, which you had never conceived him capable of exhibiting—his whole nature exalted, every faculty ennobled, every affection more intense, every virtue more refined, every word more quickened and quickening, until you imagined the very fashion of his countenance to be altered, and could almost persuade yourself that you stood in the presence of a superior being? For so it is in all our intercourse in this world; even with those of our most intimate acquaintance, we can never acquire that perfect intimacy which belongs to a more perfect state. We can never see and know them as they are. We are divided from them by an impenetrable veil of flesh, and only at rare intervals and favorable moments are we permitted to catch a glimpse of the spirit that dwells within. But not to insist on this personal transfiguration, there is another phenomenon in human experience to which the occurrence related in the gospel more nearly corresponds. There are moments in the life of every reflective mind when all things appear to us in a new and clearer light, when the whole scheme and every purpose of our being is made plain. The feature is unrolled before us like a chart, in which our own destiny, traced in lines of light, beckons us on beyond the kingdoms of the world. The truths which are to guide, the works which are to occupy, the trials which are to perfect, the harvests which are to crown us, are all comprehended in a single glance; the visible world around us, the invisible world around that, and God who is around all are brought nearer to us—we feel that they are of us and we of them—parts of the same whole. We are made sensible of the mysterious affinity, the more than affinity, the perfect oneness which binds us to the universe and its author, and are dissolved together with them in conscious union. All that christianity unfolds is then transfigured before us, and this transfiguration is of Christ, for it is only by and through him who is the informing word that such visions are vouchsafed to us. It is only at particular seasons and under particular circumstances, that this elevation of the soul can take place. They must be seasons of deep and intense excitement, supposing and requiring an unusual activity of thought and feeling. It was on a *mountain* apart that the disciples were gathered when they beheld the altered countenance of the Saviour. It is only when raised above the ordinary level of human life and human converse, that we can participate in like revelations.

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Not every excitement, however, can bring Christ, or the objects of Christianity transfigured before us. There is an excitement of the brain—there are moments of mental exaltation, in which the intellect is roused to higher efforts of creative power, and the understanding converses with the problems of science and the speculations of philosophy, as with familiar things—when imagination wanders amid shapes and deeds which eye hath not seen, ear heard, or the heart of man conceived—when fancy gathers into living pictures, and traces on airy tablets the colors and the forms of an ideal world. In such moments there is a glory and a joy, but it is of the earth, and Christ is not there.

Again, there is an excitement of the heart: there are moments of rapturous emotion, when the whole frame is tremulous with deep feeling, and every pulse bounds with sensations which cannot be uttered, when affection is kindled into burning passion and every generous sentiment pants to express itself in generous action. This is a noble fervor but this is also earthly, and Christ is not there. And there is also a moral enthusiasm, more noble still; that virtuous passion kindled by the sight of earthly wrongs and earthly woes, under the influence of which a generous nature gives itself up to ceaseless toil and ceaseless sacrifice in the behalf of suffering humanity. Yet, even in this—though there is less in it of earth than of heaven—even in this the full glories of Christ are not apparent.

That state of being which alone can bring Christ transfigured before us, is a general elevation of the whole spirit, differing from those partial excitements I have described, as the excitement of perfect health differs from the tumult of the senses when inflamed with wine. It is no turbulent emotion—no fever of the blood—no unnatural heat. It has nothing of the whirlwind or the tempest, but that repose which belongs alike to nature and to mind in their most healthy moods—the calmness of the sunshine—the tranquility of intense contemplation. The spirit absorbed in rapturous vision broods over the deep things of God—freed from the flesh it wanders unconfined in its native element. Earth's thousand voices are hushed and Christ is present in transfigured beauty. The great objects of his kingdom pass before us, no longer dim with earthly mists, but radiant with that pure light which flows directly from him the great Sun of Spirits.

Again, it is evident that the season of transfiguration must be a season of retirement. Not in the crowded assembly, not in the deafening tumult of social intercourse, can the soul attain that force and clearness which lift us above the visible

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world, and bring us into communion with spiritual things. Three only of Christ's disciples—his most intimate companions—were made witnesses of his glory. It is only in private communion with those who are nearest to us in spiritual affinity, or in more private communion with that spirit who is nearer to us than any finite spirit can be—it is only at such moments that we can participate in the moral elevation I am describing. In addition to these requisitions there is required, moreover, a certain degree of moral purity, without which no converse with spiritual things is possible. Only the pure in heart, we are told can see God, and only they can see the things which pertain to the kingdom of God.

Such then are the conditions under which Christ may become transfigured to any one of us. It has already been hinted in what this transfiguration consists—in a nearer and clearer presentation of the great objects of christianity. Foremost and chief among these objects are the facts of our religion. I mean those central and eternal facts which constitute the life of the christian scheme and the essence of all christian instruction—the existence of God, of a moral law, and an immortal state. It is not that these truths are never present to our minds, or are never understood in our ordinary moods. We do perceive them and know what they mean. We neither deny them with our lips nor doubt them in our hearts, but we have not that stirring sense, that living conviction of their reality, that full appreciation of their truth, which is given us in these more favored moments. They appear like the objects of nature, when seen under a clouded sky. They are visible enough—every outline is perfectly distinct—every hue is fully defined, but all is cold and dull, wanting that perfect illumination which gives not only light, but freshness and splendor and the glow of life to all that it touches. What these objects are when the sun again smiles upon them, such are the truths of religion when transfigured to us in a season of spiritual illumination. They seem to be new revealed—they have all the freshness which belongs to a new revelation. If before they were visible, now they are radiant and beaming with that divine intelligence from which they spring. If before they were familiar, now they are identified with our very being. If before they were intelligible, now they are become objects of consciousness; and whereas, before we saw them in the reflected light of our own understandings, we now see them, as it were, in the mind of God—their reality and their dread import are brought home to us with a vividness which makes us feel that they are the only realities which deserve the attention

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of an immortal being, and that this world has nothing else worth striving for or living for.

Again, the transfiguration of Christ consists in a clearer exhibition of our duties, and a more powerful incitement to the faithful discharge of them. It is with our duties as we have just seen it to be with the truths of religion. We know that we are moral beings, that we have moral obligations—we know what we owe, and to whom. But what avails this knowledge, nay more, what avails it that we confess to ourselves that our only happiness lies in the faithful discharge of these obligations? This belief is compatible, and is often known to co-exist with an almost total indifference to the great principles and the tremendous fact which it implies. Nothing in human nature is more wonderful than our capacity of disregarding that which most nearly concerns us, the things most essential to our happiness in time and eternity. It would seem incredible if it were not a matter of constant experience. If something similar were told us of the inhabitants of some distant land—if it were told us that there were countries where men are accustomed to build houses costly and laborious as if to endure forever, in such situations that they were annually swept away, when a different location, requiring no greater trouble, would ensure them permanence, we should count it fable; and yet the same thing is true of ourselves. A perception of our obligations and of the connection which exists between duty and happiness, is not sufficient, we need that conviction which no reasoning can create, that stimulus which no argument can supply. Such a conviction and such a stimulus are given us in those moments of spiritual exaltation, when our duties are not only exhibited to us, but exhibited in transfigured form, so that they no longer seem wearisome and painful but easy and pleasant—not only leading to happiness, but constituting happiness, the only happiness which seems to be worth pursuing. The way of righteousness is then revealed to us anew as the way of life and the path of peace—we are made to hunger and to thirst for it as the highest good, as an infinite good—sufficient for the life that now is and for every period of our being.

Lastly, Christ is transfigured to us in our destiny. There are moments when that destiny is overcast, when the future has no charm for our imagination and no consolations for our hearts. There are moments when the whole scheme of life seems inextricably involved, and every purpose of our being is wrapped in thick darkness. The present is an intolerable burden and the future an undefined looking for of disappointment and woe. We wish not to live, and the thought of living

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forever fills us with loathing and dread, our hearts shrink with dismay from the awful responsibility of life, we are ready to fold our hands in despair, and to wish that we had never been born. Again there are moments gloriously contrasting with these seasons of gloom—bright moments of hope and rapturous expectation, when the cloud has passed away from our destiny, and not only so, but visions are vouchsafed to us—visions of blessedness to come, which raise us as far above the ordinary level of human joys as those seasons had depressed us. The future and all that awaits us throughout its whole immeasurable extent, our earthly and our immortal destination is exhibited in fresh and glowing colors, drawn from our relations to God and eternity. Life is presented to us more in that softened light which a pure faith can shed around all that God has willed, and the soul which we had thought almost to have lost in sin and sorrow is given us anew from the hands of our redeemer—an inestimable dower—a priceless gem inlaid with heavenly hopes and studded thick with the signs and tokens of everlasting promise. We feel that simply to be, is happiness enough; that in giving us existence God had given every thing which we could desire or need.

These then are the elements which make up that spiritual transfiguration of which, like the favored disciples of old, we are sometimes permitted to partake in the course of our earthly service. The great central truths of religion, which are Christ himself speaking to us from his invisible kingdom, and with him Moses and Elias—the law of duty, and prophecies of glory and immortality—all combine to form one radiant image, one undevided impression—all unite to illustrate the glory of God and the destiny of man. These are points in our pilgrimage when we feel with the Apostles that it is good to be there, and we would fain build tabernacles to fix and perpetuate the fleeting visions which have there ministered to us. This may not be. These visions are fleeting as they are rare—lent but for a moment to warm and to cheer us; yet, if we seek to avail ourselves of the new life and renovated vigor with which they have inspired us, if we link with them resolutions of holy living and purposes of unceasing progress, which shall stand by us, and work with us in every trial, these moments will not have visited us in vain. The glory may pass away, the cloud may again overshadow us, but out of the cloud we shall hear the voice of God, still reminding us of the heavenly vision and saying, "This is my Beloved Son, hear ye him."

Christian! if ever you have been thus visited, if ever you

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have been carried up to the mount of vision, if ever Christ has been transfigured before you, if ever you have gazed upon that face shining as the sun, and that form clothed in garments white as the light, let it not be said that you have come down unaltered and unstrengthened in purpose or in deed. Forget not the excellent glory which was shown you in that high and holy place. Remember the things which you saw, and the voice which you heard. Let them be for a sign and for a covenant between your soul and God—a pledge of his love, an earnest of his kingdom, and an unfading memorial of the high calling with which he has called you.

JESUS PRAYED.

As the doctrine of the Divine Unity is written as with a sunbeam on almost every page of the sacred scriptures, it appears, at first view, surprising that in the nineteenth century, when these scriptures are so much read, we should have to contend with a doctrine such as that of the Trinity, which, when not reduced to a term totally devoid of meaning, is a direct infringement of the doctrine of the Divine Unity. But when we look more closely at this matter, and inquire into the causes of it, much of our surprise vanishes. St. Paul represents somewhere (*a*) the Jews, as having a veil cast over their understanding, which prevented them from comprehending the scriptures. Now the pains which are taken to instil into the minds of children, a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, and to persuade them that their eternal salvation depends on a perseverance in that belief, throws a veil over their mental vision, by which, through their whole lives, the most obvious truths of scripture remain hidden from them.

I can in no other way account for the fact, that very intelligent men, who read the scriptures daily, should so often overlook the plainest and most obvious meaning of a passage.

Thus one of this class of men cited to me one day, John v. 26, "For as the Father has life in himself, so has he given to the Son to have life in himself," in proof of the *self-existence*

(*a*) 2d Cor. iii. 14.

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of Christ: and another cited Matt. xxviii. 18, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," in proof of Christ's being the omnipotent God. The first overlooked, that in this passage the question is not respecting *self-existence*, but relates solely to the power of conferring or restoring life to others; and both had entirely overlooked the express declaration of our Saviour, that the power of which he speaks *was given to him*, or they had not reflected upon the obvious inference, that a being, who thus acted by *derived* power, could not possibly be the supreme God. But it is not of these passages that I intend to speak.

We read in sundry places in scripture, that our Saviour prayed for himself and others. Thus we read, Luke vi. 12, "He (Jesus,) went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." Luke xxii. 32, "But I have prayed for thee." Luke xxiii. 34, "Then said Jesus Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Luke xxiii. 46, "Father into thy hand I commend my spirit."

Now, if it were not for the blinding effects of preconceived systems, all would feel, that these passages are conclusive evidence, that the being who uttered these prayers was a subordinate and dependent one. Let me ask: What is prayer? Is it not the appeal of one being to another for assistance? Prayer arises from a feeling of wants which we cannot ourselves supply, and is an appeal to the benevolence of God to supply those wants. Prayer therefore is, and can only be, the act of a finite dependent being. Can the Almighty have wants, or can Omnipotence want the means of effecting its own purposes? To whom can He appeal for assistance? But Jesus prayed. Jesus had therefore wants which he could not himself supply. Jesus prayed for Peter. He felt therefore, that it was not in his power to grant himself to Peter, that assistance of which he stood in need. Jesus prays that his murderers may be forgiven. But why pray to obtain for them that forgiveness from his Father, if he himself could have granted it to them, being the supreme God?

Trinatarians are sensible, that from the fact that our Saviour prayed, there arises a very strong objection to the doctrine of his supreme divinity, and hence they have endeavored to do away this objection by two contradictory assumptions. Some of them say, that he merely prayed to set an example to his disciples and to us; while others maintain, that being both God and man, it was only as man that he prayed.

As to the first of these assertions, it might perhaps be enough in order to refute it, to refer to the fact, that Jesus prayed

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when alone, and when therefore his example could not operate on his disciples. But this assertion involves a matter of deeper moment. If it has any meaning, it imports that our Saviour did not actually pray, but merely assumed the outward appearance of praying; that his devotional acts were not the elevation of the soul to God, but like those of the Pharisees, made to be seen of men. A shudder comes over me while I thus analyze this assertion. Surely those who made it have never felt their hearts melt, and their tears flow, at the moral sublimity of the prayer on the cross—"Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

As to the second assertion, that has nothing in it revolting to our feelings, but it rests on one impossibility, and it involves another. It rests on the supposition, that two perfectly distinct intelligent beings, the one the supreme God, and the other a feeble man, have been so united as to form but one person, one being, while yet the God ceases not to be God, nor the man man. The impossibility involved in this assertion is, that an intelligent being should perform an act in which one part of his intellectual nature should participate, and another part not. Besides, if it was only the human nature of our Saviour that prayed, and not his divine nature, we might have expected that the prayers of the former would uniformly have been directed to that person of the Trinity with which it was so intimately connected. But they never were so. On the contrary, all his prayers are directed to his Father in heaven, and it does not appear that he knew of any other object of worship.

From the foregoing facts I am irresistibly led to the conclusion, that our blessed Saviour, however highly exalted, was still a finite, subordinate being, dependent with us on the same God. As to the inference to be drawn from the fact that our Saviour worshipped the Father only, that may form the subject of another essay. H.

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THE FATHER THE ONLY OBJECT OF WORSHIP.

As prayer is one of the great means for our religious improvement, it becomes an important question: To whom are we to pray? On this subject there exists a diversity of opinion among christians. The Unitarian addresses his prayers exclusively to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The orthodox Protestants, and among these markedly, those of the Protestant Episcopal church, worship severally, a God the Father, a God the Son, a God the Holy Ghost, and a compound Deity (*a*) called Trinity, or a Triune God; and to these latter objects of worship, the Roman Catholic adds the Virgin Mary, and a numerous host of Saints and Martyrs. Now the question arises, which of these worshippers is right? To the investigation of that question I intend to devote the present article, and if I mistake not, there is an abundance of the most conclusive evidence, to lead us to a satisfactory solution of it.

When a christian is at a loss how to decide as to a point of duty, he can have no safer guide than the example of our Saviour. Now that example is explicit and undisputed as to the subject under consideration. The prayers of Jesus were always addressed to his and our God and Father, and never to any other being. At the grave of Lazarus we hear him exclaim, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me." (*b*) His intercessory prayer for his disciples, previous to his sufferings, is exclusively directed to his Heavenly Father. (*c*) It is to the same Being that he addresses himself in his agony in the garden, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." (*d*) To Him is addressed that sublime and touching prayer on the cross, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do;" (*e*) and it is into His hands that the expiring Saviour commends his spirit. (*f*)

But we have, in regard to the subject under consideration, more than the example of Christ. We have his express precepts and directions. When his disciples ask him, "Lord

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(*a*) In using the term, a compound Deity, it is not my wish to treat, either with disrespect or levity, the sentiments of others. I merely use this term as the only one capable of expressing my ideas of a God, composed or consisting of three persons, each of whom is God and a separate object of divine homage.

(*b*) John xi. 41. (*c*) John xvii. (*d*) Matt. xxvi. 39. (*e*) Luke xxiii. 34. (*f*) Luke xxiii. 46.

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teach us to pray," he tells them, "When ye pray, say, Our Father who art in heaven," &c. (*g*) At another time he says, "Pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy father which seeth in secret, will reward thee openly." (*h*) In the discourse with the woman of Samaria, Jesus says to her, "But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." (*i*) And when consoling his disciples concerning his approaching departure, with the promise that he would send them another comforter, he adds, "In that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." (*k*)

These directions appear to me to be plain and positive, and perfectly decisive of the subject under consideration. We have nothing here of praying to a God the Son, a God the Holy Ghost, or a blessed and glorious Trinity: and the inference is irresistible, that our Saviour knew of no such objects of religious worship.

The truth, that the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is the only true object of religious homage, is still further established by the uniform precepts and practice of the Apostles and early Christians. I feel a reluctance in referring to this evidence. It appears to me to be almost a species of profanation—a want of due reverence for the Saviour, to attempt to establish by evidence of a lower grade, a point on which his precepts and example are so perfectly decisive. But the importance of the subject under consideration must be my apology. In reading the book of Acts, and the Apostolical epistles, we shall find, that the prayers noticed in them, were all made, or directed to be made, exclusively to our Heavenly Father. It would lead me too far to notice all the passages which have a bearing on this point, and I shall therefore content myself with noting some of them, to which I refer the inquiring reader, namely: Acts iv. 24–30. Rom. i. 8. 1 Cor. i. 4. 2 Cor. i. 2, 3. Eph. i. 3. Eph. v. 20. Phil. i. 3. Col. i. .3 2 Thess. i. 3. 2 Tim. i. 3. Philem. iv. 1. Peter i. 3.

In all these passages the prayers are recorded to have been made, to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. But this would not have been the case if the Apostles had considered their ascended Saviour to be the Supreme God, and as such, the object of religious worship. It is natural for man, when he has a favor to ask which more than one person can grant,

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(*g*) Luke xi. 1, 2. (*h*) Matt. vi. 6. (*i*) John vi. 23. (*k*) John xvi. 23.

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to address himself by preference, to the one with whom he was personally acquainted, and of whose friendship he had received previous proofs. Now the Apostles of our Saviour had lived with him for a length of time in habits of the strictest intimacy. Of his friendship for them, and his tender solicitude for their welfare, they had received a thousand tokens; and if therefore, they had considered him as the object of prayer, their prayers would, if not exclusively, at least most generally, have been addressed to him. But they never were so, and this is most conclusive evidence, that they did not consider him to be an object of religious worship.

If from the Apostolic age we come down to later times, we shall find, that during more than three centuries, the Father continued to be the only object of christian worship. In proof of this I shall adduce but one witness, but that, one who has always stood pre-eminent among the fathers of the church. Origen, who lived in the third century, in a treatise on prayer, says: "If we understand what prayer is, it will appear that it is never to be offered to any originated being, not to Christ himself, but only to the God and Father of all, to whom our Saviour himself prayed, and taught us to pray. For when his disciples asked him, "Teach us to pray," he did not teach them to pray to himself, but to the Father. Conformably to what he said, "Why callest thou me good? there is none good except one, God, the Father," how could he say otherwise than, "Why dost thou pray to me? prayer, as ye learn from the holy scriptures, is to be offered to the Father only, to whom I myself pray. It is not consistent with reason for those to pray to a brother, who are esteemed worthy of one Father with him. You, with me, and through me, are to address your prayers to the Father alone." (*l*) It was in the fourth century that our Saviour began to be worshipped as God in the Church, and this was almost immediately followed by the introduction of the worship of the Virgin Mary, and of the Saints and Martyrs.

But though it appears to be tacitly admitted, that the Father was, in the times of our Saviour and his Apostles, the *principal* object of religious homage, yet Trinitarians think, that they find in the New Testament, evidence that Christ was also the object of religious worship. To the passages adduced in proof of this I shall therefore now turn my attention.

There are sundry passages in the Gospels in which it is recorded that persons *worshipped* Christ; and these are alleged

(*l*) Orig. de Oratione. Prof. Norton's transl. See his reasons, p. 167.

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as proof of his Deity. This proof, however, is only adduced by such as are unacquainted with the Greek language, and with biblical criticism. The original word, translated *worshipping*, means simply the homage or reverence paid by any one to a superior. This too was the meaning which the term *worshipping* had in the English language, at the time the translation of the bible was made. For proof of this I would refer the reader to 1 Chron. xxix. 50, where we read, "And all the congregation *worshipped* the Lord and the King;" and to Matt. xviii. 26, where the servant is said to have worshipped the King.

Another class of texts, on which more stress is laid, is that in which persons are said *to call on the name of Christ.* This phraseology is supposed to be equivalent to praying to Christ. But the uniform practice of the Apostles, as already examined, shews that this is not the correct meaning. Yates, in his vindication of Unitarianism, (*m*) says, that the original phrase may, with equal propriety, be translated, *to be called by the name of Christ*, and this is the rendering adopted by the editors of the improved version. The same phrase occurs Acts xxv. 2, and is there rendered *to appeal to.* Now if, in this latter case, it signifies merely an appeal to the authority of Cæsar, why should it not in the other texts, express an appeal to the authority of Christ, without implying any religious invocation.

Acts vii. 59, we read, "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon *God*, and saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit." In this passage many Trinitarians think that they have, by the example of Stephen, a clear warrant for addressing their prayers to Christ; but it appears to me, that in this they draw a conclusion not warranted by the premises. In the first place, the word *God* which we find in this text, is not in the original, but is a gratuitous addition of the English translation. Stephen did not believe Christ to be the Supreme God. Of this we have positive proof in the 56th verse, when he says that he saw the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God; for it is evidently impossible that the being standing on the right hand of God, could be the same with the God at whose right hand he stood. And in the second place, the example of Stephen can only justify us in imitating him, when we shall find ourselves placed in a similar situation. To encourage and support the blessed Proto-martyr in the hour of suffering and of death, he is favored with a vision of his late suffering, but now exalted master, and to him he recommends his spirit. When we shall find ourselves similarly blessed with the visible,

(*m*) p. 244.

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personal presence of our Saviour, then let us imitate Stephen; but until then, let us, according to the precepts and examples of Jesus, address our prayers exclusively to the God and Father of all. H.

GEORGE FOX AND THE QUAKERS.

[The following admirable treatise on the Quakers, is from the second volume of Mr. Bancroft's History of the United States.]

The nobler instincts of humanity are the same in every age and in every breast. The exalted hopes that have dignified former generations of men, will be renewed as long as the human heart shall throb. The visions of Plato are but revived in the dreams of Sir Thomas Moore. A spiritual unity binds together every member of the human family; and every heart contains an incorruptible seed, capable of springing up and producing all that man can know of God, and duty, and the soul. An inward voice, uncreated by schools, independent of refinement, opens to the unlettered mind, not less than to the polished scholar, a sure pathway into the enfranchisements of immortal truth.

This is the faith of the people called QUAKERS. A moral principle is tested by the attempt to reduce it to practice.

The history of European civilization is the history of the gradual enfranchisement of classes of society. The feudal sovereign was limited by the power of the military chieftains, whose valor achieved his conquests. The vast and increasing importance of commercial transactions gave new value to the municipal privileges of which the Roman empire had bequeathed the precedents; while the intricate questions that were perpetually arising for adjudication, crowded the ignorant military magistrate from the bench, and reserved the wearisome toil of deliberation for the learning of his clerk. The emancipation of the country people followed. In every European code, the ages of the feudal influence, of mercantile ambition, of the enfranchisement of the yeomanry, appear distinctly in succession.

It is the peculiar glory of England, that her free people always had a share in the government. From the first, her

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freeholders had legislative power as well as freedom; and the tribunals were subjected to popular influence by the institution of a jury. The majority of her laborers were serfs; many husbandmen were bondmen, as the name implies; but the established liberties of freeholders quickened, in every part of England, the instinct for popular advancement. The Norman invasion could not uproot the ancient institutions; they lived in the heart of the nation, and rose superior to the conquest.

The history of England is therefore marked by an original, constant and increasing political activity of the people. In the fourteenth century, the peasantry, conducted by tillers, and carters, and ploughmen, demanded of their young king, a deliverance from the bondage and burdens of feudal oppression; in the fifteenth century, the last traces of villenage were wiped away; in the sixteenth, the noblest ideas of human destiny, awakening in the common mind, became the central point, round which plebian sects were gathered; in the seventeenth century, the enfranchised yeomanry began to feel an instinct for dominion; and its kindling ambition, quickly fanned to a flame, would not rest till it had attempted a democratic revolution. The best soldiers of the Long Parliament were country people; the men that turned the battle on Marston Moor were farmers and farmer's sons, fighting as they believed, for their own cause. The progress from the rout of Wat Tyler to the victories of Naseby and Worcester, and Dunbar, was made in less than three centuries. So rapid was the diffusion of ideas of freedom, so palpable was the advancement of popular intelligence, energy and happiness, that to whole classes of enthusiasts the day of perfect enfranchisement seemed to have dawned; legislation, ceasing to be partial, was to be reformed and renewed on general principles, and the reign of justice and reason was about to begin. In the language of that age, Christ's kingdom on earth, his second coming was at hand. Under the excitement of hopes, created by the rapid progress of liberty, which, to the common mind was an inexplicable mystery, the blissful centuries of the millennium promised to open upon a favored world.

Political enfranchisements had been followed by the emancipation of knowledge. The powers of nature were freely examined; the merchants always tolerated or favored the pursuits of science. Galileo had been safe at Venice, and honored at Amsterdam or London. The method of free inquiry, applied to chemistry, had invented gunpowder, and changed the manners of the feudal aristocracy; applied to geography, had discovered a hemisphere, and circumnavigated the globe, made

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the theatre of commerce wide as the world; applied to the mechanical process of multiplying books, had brought the New Testament, in the vulgar tongue, within the reach of every class; applied to the rights of persons and property, had, for the English, built up a system of common law, and given securities to liberty in the interpretation of contracts. Under the guidance of Bacon, the inductive method, in its freedom, was about to investigate the laws of the outward world, and reveal the wonders of divine Providence, as displayed in the visible universe.

On the continent of Europe, Descartes had already applied the method of observation and free inquiry to the study of morals and the mind. In England, Bacon hardly proceeded beyond the province of natural philosophy. He compared the subtile visions, in which the contemplative soul indulges, to the spider's web, and sneered at them as frivolous and empty; but the spider's web is essential to the spider's well being, and for his neglect of the inner voice, Bacon paid the terrible penalty of a life disgraced by flattery, selfishness, and mean compliance. Freedom, as applied to morals, was cherished in England among the people, and therefore had its developement in religion. The Anglo-Saxons were a religious people. Henry II. had as little regard for the Roman See as Henry VIII.; but the oppressed Anglo-Saxons looked for shelter to the church, and invoked the enthusiasm of Thomas a Becket to fetter the Norman tyrant, and bind the Norman aristocracy in iron shackles. The enthusiast fell a victim to the church and to Anglo-Saxon liberty. If, from the day of his death, the hierarchy abandoned the cause of the people, that cause always found advocates in the inferior clergy; and Wickliffe did not fear to deny dominion to vice, and to claim it for justice. The reformation appeared, and the inferior clergy, rising against Rome and against domestic tyranny, had a common faith, and common political cause with the people. A body of the yeomanry, becoming independents, planted Plymouth colony. The inferior gentry espoused Calvinism, and fled to Massachusetts. The popular movement of intellectual liberty is measured by advances towards the liberty of prophecying, and the liberty of conscience.

The moment was arrived when the plebeian mind should make its boldest efforts to escape from hereditary prejudices; when the freedom of Bacon, the enthusiasm of Wickliffe, and the politics of Wat Tyler, were to gain the highest unity in a sect; when a popular, and, therefore, in that age, a religious party, building upon a divine principle, should demand free-

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dom of mind, purity of morals, and universal enfranchisement.

The sect had its birth in a period of intense public activity—when the heart of England was swelling with passions, and the public mind turbulent with factious leaders; when zeal for reform was invading the church, subverting the throne, and repealing the privileges of feudalism; when Presbyterians in every village were quarreling with Anabaptists and Independents, and all with the Roman Catholics and the English church.

The sect could arise only among the common people, who had every thing to gain by its success, and the least to hazard by its failure. The privileged classes had no motive to develope a principle before which their privileges would crumble. "Poor mechanics," said William Penn, "are wont to be God's great ambassaders to mankind." "He hath raised up a few despicable and illiterate men," said the accomplished Barclay, "to dispense the more full glad tidings reserved for our age." It was the comfort of the Quakers that they received the truth from a simple sort of people, unmixed with the learning of schools; and almost for the first time in the history of the world, a plebeian sect proceeded to the complete enfranchisement of mind, teaching the English yeomanry the same method of free enquiry, which Socrates had explained to the young men of Athens.

The simplicity of truth was restored by humble instruments, and its first messenger was of low degree. George Fox, the son of "righteous Christopher," a Lancashire weaver, by his mother descended from the stock of the martyrs, distinguished even in boyhood by frank inflexibility and deep religious feeling, became in early life an apprentice to a Nottingham shoemaker, who was also a landholder, and, like David, and Tamerlane, and Sixtus V., was set by his employer to watch sheep. The occupation was grateful to his mind, for its freedom, innocency, and solitude; and the years of earliest youth passed away in prayer and reading the Bible, frequent fasts, and reveries of contemplative devotion. His boyish spirit yearned after excellence; he was haunted by a vague desire of an unknown, illimitable good. In the most stormy period of the English democratic revolution, just as the Independents were beginning to make head successfully against the Presbyterians, when the impending ruin of royalty and the hierarchy made republicanism the doctrine of a party, and inspiration the faith of fanatics, the mind of Fox, as it revolved the question of human destiny, was agitated even to despair. The melancholy natural to youth heightened his anguish; abandoning

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his flocks and his shoemaker's bench, he nourished his inexplicable grief by retired meditations, and often walking solitary in the chase, sought in the gloom of the forest for a vision of God.

He questioned his life; but his blameless life was ignorant of remorse. He went to many "priests" for comfort, but found no comfort from them. His misery urged him to visit London; and there the religious feuds convinced him that the great professors were dark. He returned to the country, where some advised him to marry, others to join Cromwell's army; but his excited mind continued its conflicts; and, as other young men have done from love, his restless spirit drove him into the fields, where he walked many nights long by himself, in misery too great to be declared. Yet at times a ray of heavenly joy beamed upon his soul, and he reposed, as it were, serenely on Abraham's bosom.

He had been bred in the church of England. One day, the thought rose in his mind, that a man might be bred at Oxford or Cambridge, and yet be unable to explain the great problem of existence. Again he reflected, that God lives not in temples of brick and stone, but in the hearts of the living; and from the parish priest and the parish church, he turned to the dissenters. But among them he found the most experienced unable to reach his condition.

Neither could the pursuit of wealth detain his mind from its struggle for fixed truth. His desires were those which wealth could not satisfy. A king's diet, palace, and attendance, had been to him as nothing. Rejecting "the changeable ways of religious" sects, the "brittle notions" and airy theories of philosophy, he longed for "unchangeable truth," a firm foundation of morals in the soul. His inquiring mind was gently led along to principles of endless and eternal love; light dawned within him; and though the world was rocked by tempests of opinion, his secret and as yet unconscious belief was firmly stayed by the anchor of hope.

The strong mind of George Fox had already risen above the prejudices of sects. The greatest danger remained. Liberty may be pushed to dissoluteness, and freedom is the fork in the road where the by-path leads to infidelity. One morning, as Fox sat silently by the fire, a cloud came over his mind; a baser instinct seemed to say, "All things come by nature;" and the elements and the stars oppressed his imagination with a vision of pantheism. But as he continued musing, a true voice arose within him, and said, "There is a living God." At once the clouds of scepticism rolled away;

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mind triumphed over matter, and the depths of conscience were cheered and irradiated by light from heaven. His soul enjoyed the sweetness of repose, and he came up in spirit from the agony of doubt into the paradise of contemplation.

Having listened to the revelation which had been made to his soul, he thirsted for a reform in every branch of learning. The physician should quit the strife of words, and solve the appearances of nature by an intimate study of the higher laws of being. The priests, rejecting authority and giving up the trade in knowledge, should seek oracles of truth in the purity of conscience. The lawyers, abandoning their chicanery, should tell their clients plainly, that he who wrongs his neighbor does a wrong to himself. The heavenly-minded man was become a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making.

Thus did the mind of George Fox arrive at the conclusion, that truth is to be sought by listening to the voice of God in the soul. Not the learning of the universities, not the Roman See, not the English church, not dissenters, not the whole outward world, can lead to a fixed rule of morality. The law in the heart must be received without prejudice, cherished without mixture, and obeyed without fear.

Such was the spontaneous wisdom by which he was guided. It was the clear light of reason, dawning as through a cloud. Confident that his name was written in the Lamb's book of life, he was borne, by an irrepressible impulse, to go forth into the briery and brambly world, and publish the glorious principles which had rescued him from despair and infidelity, and given him a clear perception of the immutable distinctions between right and wrong. At the very crisis when the house of commons was abolishing monarchy and the peerage, about two years and a half from the day when Cromwell went on his knees to kiss the hand of the young boy who was duke of York, the Lord, who sent George Fox into the world, forbade him to put off his hat to any, high or low; and he was required to *thee* and *thou* all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, to great or small. The sound of the church bell in Nottingham, the home of his boyhood, struck to his heart; like Milton and Roger Williams, his soul abhorred the hireling ministry of divines for money; and on the morning of a first-day, he was moved to go to the great steeple house, and cry against the idol. "When I came there," says Fox, "the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest, like a great lump of earth, stood in the pulpit above. He took for his text these words of Peter—'We have also a more sure word of prophecy;'

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and told the people this was the scriptures. Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold; but was made to cry out, 'Oh, no! it is not the Scriptures, it is the spirit.'"

This principle contained a moral revolution. If it flattered self-love and fed enthusiasm, it also established absolute freedom of mind, trod every idolatry under foot; and entered the strongest protest against the forms of a hierarchy. It was the principle for which Socrates died and Plato suffered; and now that Fox went forth to proclaim it among the people, he was every where resisted with angry vehemence, and priests and professors, magistrates and people, swelled like the raging waves of the sea. At the Lancaster sessions forty priests appeared against him at once. To the ambitious Presbyterians, it seemed as if hell were broke loose; and Fox, imprisoned and threatened with the gallows, still rebuked their bitterness as "exceeding rude and devilish," resisting and overcoming pride with unbending stubbornness. Possessed of vast ideas which he could not trace to their origin, a mystery to himself, like Cromwell and so many others who have exercised vast influence on society, he believed himself the special ward of a favoring Providence, and his doctrine the spontaneous expression of irresistable, intuitive truth. Nothing could daunt his enthusiasm. Cast into jail among felons, he claimed of the public tribunals a release only to continue his exertions; and as he rode about the country, the seed of God sparkled about him like innumerable sparks of fire. If cruelly beaten, or set in the stocks, or ridiculed as mad, he still proclaimed the oracles of the voice within him, and rapidly gained adherents among the country people. If driven from the church he spoke in the open air; forced from the shelter of the humble alehouse, he slept without fear under a haystack, or watched among the furze. His fame increased; crowds gathered like flocks of pigeons, to hear him. His frame in prayer is described as the most awful, living, and reverent ever felt or seen; and his vigorous understanding, soon disciplined by clear convictions to natural dialectics, made him powerful in the public discussions to which he defied the world. A true witness, writing from knowledge, and not report, declares that by night and by day, by sea and by land, in every emergency of the nearest and most exercising nature, he was always in his place, and always a match for every service and occasion. By degrees "the hypocrites" feared to dispute with him; and the simplicity of his principle found such ready entrance among the people, that the priests trembled and scud as he

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drew near; "so that it was a dreadful thing to them when it was told them, 'The man in leathern breeches is come.'"

The converts to his doctrine were chiefly among the yeomanry; and Quakers were compared to the butterflies that live in felts. It is the boast of Barclay, that the simplicity of truth was restored by weak instruments, and Penn exults that the message came without suspicion of human wisdom. It was wonderful to witness the energy and the unity of mind and character which the strong perception of speculative truth imparted to the most illiterate mechanics; they delivered the oracles of conscience with fearless freedom and natural eloquence; and with happy and unconscious sagacity, spontaneously developed the system of moral truth, which, as they believed, existed as an incorruptible seed in every soul.

Every human being was embraced within the sphere of their benevolence. George Fox did not fail, by letter, to catechize Innocent XI. Ploughmen and milkmaids, becoming itinerant preachers, sounded the alarm throughout the world, and appealed to the consciences of Puritans and Cavaliers, of the Pope and Grand Turk, of the negro and the savage. The plans of the Quakers designed no less than the establishment of a universal religion; their apostles made their way to Rome and Jerusalem, to New England and Egypt; and some were even moved to go towards China and Japan, and in search of the unknown realms of Prester John.

The rise of the people called Quakers is one of the memorable events in the history of man. It marks the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally by the people as an inalienable birthright. To the masses in that age all reflection on politics, and morals, presented itself under a theological form. The Quaker doctrine is philosophy, summoned from the cloister, the college, and the saloon, and planted among the most despised of the people.

As poetry is older than critics, so philosophy is older than metaphysicians. The mysterious question of the purpose of our being is always before us and within us; and the little child, as it begins to prattle, makes inquiries which the pride of learning cannot solve. The method of the solution adopted by the Quakers was the natural consequence of the origin of their sect. The mind of George Fox had the highest systematic sagacity; and his doctrine, developed and rendered illustrious by Barclay and Penn, was distinguished by its simplicity and unity. The Quaker has but one word, THE INNER LIGHT, the voice of God in the soul. That light is as reality, and therefore in its freedom the highest revelation of truth;

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it has kindred with the Spirit of God, and therefore merits dominion as the guide to virtue; it shines in every man's breast, and therefore joins the whole human race in the unity of equal rights. Intellectual freedom, the supremacy of mind, universal enfranchisement—these three points include the whole of Quakerism, as far as it belongs to civil history.

Quakerism rests on the reality of the Inner Light, and its method of inquiry is absolute freedom applied to consciousness. The revelation of truth is immediate. It springs neither from tradition nor from the senses, but directly from the mind. No man comes to the knowledge of God but by the Spirit. "Each person," says Penn, "knows God from an infallible demonstration in himself, and not on the slender grounds of men's lo here interpretations, or lo there." "The instinct of a Deity is so natural to man, that he can no more be without it, and be, than he can be without the most essential part of himself." As the eye opens, light enters; and the mind, as it looks in upon itself, receives moral truth by intuition. Others have sought wisdom by consulting the outward world, and confounding consciousness with reflection, have trusted solely to the senses for the materials of thought; the Quaker, placing no dependence on the world of the senses, calls the soul home from its wanderings through the mazes of tradition and the wonders of the visible universe, bidding the vagrant sit down by its own fires to read the divine inscription on the heart. "Some seek truth in books, some in learned men, but what they seek for is in themselves." Man is an epitome of the world, and to be learned in it, we have only to read ourselves well."

FRIENDSHIP.

VERSIFIED FROM CICERO "DI AMICITIA."

All things of heaven and earth to see
With perfect mental sympathy,
And in another's soul to find
A trusting heart, and kindred mind,

Is friendship; and, except the plan
Of self-restraint and self-direction,
The Gods have not bestowed on man
A nobler gift than this affection.

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THE PHRASE "SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE," EXAMINED.

FROM BROWNSON'S BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[Mr. Brownson is commonly called a loco-foco, lately edited a loco-foco paper, professes to be a democrat, and is therefore feared by many as an unsafe person. But in the following extract from a very interesting article on democracy, in the first No. of the Boston Review, he has given the best refutation, and the ablest exposure, of the fallacy contained in the common idea of the sovereignty of the people.]

Democracy, in the sense we are now considering it, is sometimes asserted to be the sovereignty of the people. If this be a true account of it, it is indefensible. The sovereignty of the people is not a truth. Sovereignty is that which is highest, ultimate; which has not only the physical power to make itself obeyed, but the moral right to command whatever it pleases. The right to command involves the corresponding duty of obedience. What the sovereign may command, it is the duty of the subject to obey.

Are the people the highest? Are they ultimate? And are we bound in conscience to obey whatever it may be their good pleasure to ordain? If so, where is individual liberty? If so, the people, taken collectively, are the absolute master of every man taken individually. Every man, as a man, then, is an absolute slave. Whatever the people, in their collective capacity, may demand of him, he must feel himself bound in conscience to give. No matter how intolerant the burdens imposed, painful and needless the sacrifices required, he cannot refuse obedience without incurring the guilt of disloyalty; and he must submit in quiet, in silence, without even the moral right to feel that he is wronged.

Now this, in theory at least, is absolutism. Whether it be a democracy, or any other form of government, if it be absolute, there is and there can be no individual liberty. Under a monarchy, the monarch is the state. "*L'Etat, c'est Moi,*" said Louis the fourteenth, and he expressed the whole monarchical theory. The state being absolute, and the monarch

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being the state, the monarch has the right to command what he will, and exact obedience in the name of duty, loyalty. Hence absolutism, despotism. Under an aristocracy, the nobility are the state, and consequently, as the state is absolute, the nobility are also absolute. Whatever they command is binding. If they require the many to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to them, then "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to them the many must feel it their duty to be. Here, for the many, is absolutism as much as under a monarchy. Every body sees this.

Well, is it less so under a democracy, where the people, in their associated capacity, are held to be absolute? The people are the state, and the state is absolute; the people may therefore do whatever they please. Is not this freedom? Yes; for the state; but what is it for the individual? There are no kings, no nobilities, it is true; but the people may exercise all the power over the individual, that kings or nobilities may; and consequently, every man, taken singly, is, under a democracy, if the state be absolute, as much the slave of the state, as under the most absolute monarchy or aristocracy.

But this is not the end of the chapter. Under a democratic form of government, all questions which come up for the decision of authority, must be decided by a majority of voices. The sovereignty, which is asserted for the people, must, then, be transferred to the ruling majority. If the people are sovereign, then the majority are sovereign; and if sovereign, the majority have, as Miss Martineau lays it down, the absolute right to govern. If the majority have the absolute right to govern, it is the absolute duty of the minority to obey. We who chance to be in the minority are then completely disfranchised. We are wholly at the mercy of the majority. We hold our property, our wives and children, and our lives even, at its sovereign will and pleasure. It may do by us and ours as it pleases. If it take it into its head to make a new and arbitrary division of property, however unjust it may seem, we shall not only be impotent to resist, but we shall not even have the right of the wretched to complain. Conscience will be no shield. The authority of the absolute sovereign extends to spiritual matters, as well as to temporal. The creed the majority is pleased to impose, the minority must in all meekness and submission receive; and the form of religious worship the majority is good enough to prescribe, the minority must make it a matter of conscience to observe. Whatever has been done under the most absolute monarchy or the most lawless aristocracy, may be re-enacted under a pure democ-

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racy, and what is worse, legitimately too, if it be once laid down in principle that the majority has the absolute right to govern.

The majority will always have the physical power to coerce the minority into submission; but this is a matter of no moment in comparison with the doctrine which gives them the right to do it. We have very little fear of the physical force of numbers, when we can oppose it to the moral force of right. The doctrine in question deprives us of this moral force. By giving absolute sovereignty to the majority, it declares whatever the majority does is right, that the majority can do no wrong. It legitimates every possible act, for which the sanction of a majority of voices can be obtained. Whatever the majority may exact, it is just to give. Truth, justice, wisdom, virtue can erect no barrier to stay its progress; for these are the creations of its will, and may be made or unmade by its breath. Justice is obedience to its decrees, and injustice is resistance to its commands. Resistance is not crime before the civil tribunal only, but also *in foro conscientiæ*. Now this is what we protest against. It is not the physical force of the majority that we dread, but the doctrine that legitimates each and every act the majority may choose to perform; and therefore teaches it to look for no standard of right and wrong beyond its own will.

We do not believe majorities are exceedingly prone to encroach on the rights of minorities; but we would always erect a bulwark of justice around those rights, and always have a moral power which we may oppose to every possible encroachment. The majority, we believe, always leave the minority in possession of their rights, not however as rights, but as favors. It is to this we object. We cannot, and will not, consent to receive as a boon, what we may demand as a right. Our liberties belong to us as men; and we would always feel that we hold them as our personal property, of which he who despoils us is a thief and a robber.

The effects of this doctrine, so far as believed and acted on, cannot be too earnestly deprecated. It creates a multitude of demagogues, pretending a world of love for the *dear* people, lauding the people's virtues, magnifying their sovereignty, and with mock humility professing their readiness ever to bow to the will of the majority. It tends to make public men lax in their morals, hypocritical in their conduct; and it paves the way for gross bribery and corruption. It generates a habit of appealing, on nearly all occasions, from truth and justice, wisdom and virtue, to the force of numbers, and virtually

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sinks the man in the brute. It destroys manliness of character, independence of thought and action, and makes one weak, vacillating—a time-server and a coward. It perverts inquiry from its legitimate objects, and asks, when it concerns a candidate for office, not, who is the most honest, the most capable? but, who will command the most votes? and when it concerns a measure of policy, not, what is just? what is for the public good? but, what can the majority be induced to support?

Now as men, as friends to good morals, we cannot assent to a doctrine which not only has this tendency, but which declares this tendency legitimate. That it does have this tendency needs not to be proved. Every body knows it, and not a few lament it. Not long since it was gravely argued by a leading politician, in a Fourth of July Oration, that Massachusetts ought to give Mr. Van Buren her votes for the presidency, because, if she did not, she would array herself against her sister states, and be compelled to stand alone, as the orator said with a sneer, "in solitary grandeur." In the access of his party fever, it did not occur to him that Massachusetts was in duty bound, whether her sister states were with her or against her, to oppose Mr. Van Buren, if she disliked him as a man, or distrusted his principles as a politician or a statesman. Many good reasons, doubtless, might have been alleged why Massachusetts ought to have voted for Mr. Van Buren, but the orator would have been puzzled to select one less conclusive, or more directly in the face and eyes of all sound morals, than the one he adduced. The man who deserves to be called a statesman never appeals to low or demoralizing motives, and he scorns to carry even a good measure by unworthy means. There is within every man, who can lay any claim to correct moral feeling, that which looks with contempt on the puny creature who makes the opinions of the majority his rule of action. He who wants the moral courage to stand up "in solitary grandeur," like Socrates in face of the Thirty Tyrants, and demand that right be respected, that justice be done, is unfit to be called a statesman, or even a man. A man has no business with what the majority think, will, say, do, or will approve; if he will be a man, and maintain the rights and dignity of manhood, his sole business is to inquire what truth and justice, wisdom and virtue demand at his hands, and to do it, whether the world be with him or against him—to do it, whether he stand alone "in solitary grandeur," or be huzzaed by the crowd, loaded with honors, held up as one whom the young must aspire to imitate, or be sneered at as singular, branded as a "seditious fellow," or crucified, as

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was Jesus, between two thieves. Away then with your demoralizing and debasing notion of appealing to a majority of voices! Dare be a man, dare be yourself, to speak and act according to your own solemn convictions, and in obedience to the voice of God calling out to you from the depths of your own being. Professions of freedom, of love of liberty, of devotion to her cause, are mere wind when there wants the power to live, and to die, in defence of what one's own heart tells him is just and true. A free government is a mockery, a solemn farce, where every man feels himself bound to consult and to conform to the opinions and will of an irresponsible majority. Free minds, free hearts, free souls are the materials, and the only materials, out of which free governments are constructed. And is he free in mind, heart, soul, body, or limb, who feels himself bound to the triumphal car of the majority, to be dragged whither its drivers please? Is he the man to speak out the lessons of truth and wisdom when most they are needed, to stand by the right when all are gone out of the way, to plead for the wronged and down-trodden when all are dumb, he who owns the absolute right of the majority to govern?

Sovereignty is not in the will of the people, nor in the will of the majority. Every man feels that the people are not ultimate, are not the highest, that they do not make the right or the wrong, and that the people as a state, as well as the people as individuals, are under law, accountable to a higher authority than theirs. What is this Higher than the people? The king? Not he whom men dignify with the royal title. Every man, by the fact that he is a man, is an accountable being. Every man feels that he owes allegiance to some authority above him. The man whom men call a king, is a man, and inasmuch as he is a man, he must be an accountable being, must himself be under law, and therefore, cannot be the highest, the ultimate, and of course not the true sovereign. His will is not in itself law. Then he is not in himself a sovereign. Whatever authority he may possess is derived, and that from which he derives his authority, and not he, in the last analysis, is the true sovereign. If he derive it from the people, then the people, not he, is the sovereign; if from God, then God, not he, is the sovereign. Are the aristocracy the sovereign? If so, annihilate the aristocracy, and men will be loosed from all restraint, released from all obligation, and there will be for them neither right nor wrong. Nobody can admit that right and wrong owe their existence to the aristocracy. Moreover, the aristocracy are men, and as men, they

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are in the same predicament with all other men. They are themselves under law, accountable, and therefore not sovereign in their own right. If we say they are above the people, they are placed there by some power which is also above them, and that, not they, is the sovereign.

But if neither people, nor kings, nor aristocracy are sovereign, who or what is? What is the answer which every man, when he reflects as a moralist, gives to the question, Why ought I to do this or that particular thing? Does he say because the king commands it? the aristocracy enjoin it? the people ordain it? the majority wills it? No. He says, if he be true to his higher convictions, because it is right, because it is just. Every man feels that he has a right to do whatever is just, and that it is his duty to do it. Whatever he feels to be just, he feels to be legitimate, to be law, to be morally obligatory. Whatever is unjust, he feels to be illegitimate, to be without obligation, and to be that which it is not disloyalty to resist. The absolutist, he who contends for unqualified submission on the part of the people to the monarch, thunders, therefore, in the ears of the absolute monarch himself, that he is bound to be just; and the aristocrat assures his order that its highest nobility is derived from its obedience to justice; and does not the democrat too, even while he proclaims the sovereignty of the people, tell this same sovereign people to be just? In all this, witness is borne to an authority above the individual, above kings, nobilities, and the people, and to the fact too, that the absolute sovereign is justice. Justice is then the sovereign, the sovereign of sovereigns, the king of kings, lord of lords, the supreme law of the people, and of the individual.

This doctrine teaches that the people, as a state, are as much bound to be just, as is the individual. By bounding the state by justice, we declare it limited; we deny its absolute sovereignty; and therefore, save the individual from absolute slavery. The individual may on this ground arrest the action of the state, by alleging that it is proceeding unjustly; and the minority has a moral force with which to oppose the physical force of the majority. By this there is laid in the state the foundation of liberty; liberty is acknowledged as a right, whether it be possessed as a fact or not.

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WHAT DAY IS IT?

SELECTED.

[The following interesting article from the Christian Teacher's Manual, we suppose will be new and acceptable to most of our readers.]

It is so still, that although it is mid-day one can hear the sound of the soft spring shower as it falls on the young and tender leaves.

The crowing of the cock pierces the ear with its shrill note as it does in the silent watches of the night; the song of the wren is so undisturbed, it is so full, and is heard so distinctly, that it only reminds one with its sweet music, how unusual is the silence; it does indeed seem but the "echo of tranquility."

There are many people in the streets, but they have a different appearance from usual; they are all dressed in their holiday garments; they look happy, but they are very calm and serious, the gentle shower does not seem to disturb them; it only affords an opportunity for reciprocal kindness.

I see a venerable looking old lady who from infirmity is obliged to walk very slowly; she is supported by a bright rosy cheeked girl, who holds up the umbrella and keeps back her light and joyous step to the slow time of her aged companion.

An elegant looking woman is leading with great care and tenderness a little girl through the mud; she puts her umbrella so low that the rain is kept from the child, but it falls upon her own gay clothes; it must be her own little daughter; but see she stops at the door of yonder miserable looking house; she cannot live there surely; she gives the child a little book, and the little girl enters alone. I see her now; it is the daughter of the poor sick woman who lives there.

There is a trembling old man tottering along; he looks a little like tipsy David, as the boys call him; but he has on a clean and respectable suit of black, and a weed in his hat; he is quite sober; but it is him; and one of the very boys that have laughed at, and abused him when he was intoxicated, respectfully offers him an umbrella.

A fashionable young man is gallanting a lady with the greatest care and most delicate respect; she must be his sister or

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the lady he is engaged to marry, he is so careful to shelter her from a drop of rain. No, I see her enter her door; it is my good neighbor Miss ——; she is one of the excellent of the earth, but she is poor, old, and forsaken by all, but the few who seek for those whom others forget. She has no beauty, no celebrity, there is no eclat in noticing her; there are those who will even laugh at him for his attentions to her.

Stranger than all! there are two men, violent opponents in religion and politics, walking arm in arm with each other. The Calvinist extends to him whom he considers his erring and even sinful and lost brother, the same kindness that he would to his dearest friend. He whom he has viewed almost as an enemy, is sick; and he tries to protect him from the shower, while he exposes himself to it; see he takes off his own cloak and puts it on him, he remembers only that he is a sick man.

What does all this mean? is it the festival of charity? Whence is this holy stillness? What day is it?

It is the Lord's day? All these people are returning from the house of prayer. It is this thought that makes the laughing girl restrain her gaiety, and teaches her steps to keep time with her infirm old friend. The sinful old man abstains from his vicious habit out of reverence for this holy day; he has lost his son too; and sorrow, and the weight of an evil conscience have driven him to the mercy seat; and they who despised his drunkenness, reverence his misery. The lady who had led the little child so tenderly to her poor mother's door, was a teacher in a Sunday school; the book she gave her tells her of the wisdom and goodness of God; she has awakened in her little pupil's soul that principle which shall never die; and taught her how she may be a messenger of peace and joy to her poor sick mother.

It is the influence of this blessed day that makes the usually frivolous and thoughtless prefer a work of charity to the gratification of vanity.

It is the Sabbath day, that in spite of all opposing doctrines, with its calm and elevated duties and holy repose, subdues animosity, lays the restless spirit of vanity, checks habitual vice, and awakens all the charities and sweet courtesies of life.

This is the true rest of the Sabbath; the rest from vanity, from contention, from sin. This is the true preaching, the practice of christian duties, the performance of works of love, the exercise of the holiest affections of our nature; this is the true service of God, doing good to his human family; this is the true knowledge of him, "that we love one another."

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Doubtless the instructions from the pulpit, do, in many instances, enlighten the ignorant, quicken the languid and the cold hearted, and alarm or persuade the sinful and the erring; and on this account alone, the day is a great good, and should be welcomed. But were any one doubtful of the blessing that attends it, I would not reason with him, but I would, if it were possible, lead him, when he knew not what day it was, where he could witness, as I have, such a scene as I have just described; and when he exclaimed, "What does it all mean? What day is it?" I would simply answer, "It is the Sabbath day."

WESTERN ANTIQUITIES.

"There may be no such ruins in America, as are to be found in Europe, or in Asia, or in Africa; but other ruins there are of prodigious magnitude."

JOHN NEAL.

THE remains of antiquity which are spread over the great vallies of the Ohio and Mississippi, cannot fail to arrest the attention of the intelligent and observant traveller. They carry him back, in imagination, to those remote ages, when this fertile region was inhabited by a people now extinct, of whom tradition has preserved no account. If he does not behold the broken columns, and the mouldering ruins of splendid palaces and magnificent temples, like those which adorned the banks of the Nile, the plains of Greece, and the seven hills of the "Eternal City"—ruins which still shadow forth the magnificent wealth and power of the people by whom they were erected; his eye, nevertheless, rests upon the works of past ages, which speak in silent but expressive language of extinct nations. They speak of a people who, perhaps, were once mighty in power, and who proudly rejoiced in their strength; who, perhaps, could boast of warriors and statesmen, of orators and poets. But they have passed away; the place that has known them will know them no more; their glory has departed, and their history is lost in the oblivion of ages.

These great works, the ruins of which are now only to be seen, were probably constructed in the proud hope, that the

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fame of the people by whom they were erected, would be transmitted to future ages, and tell of their glory and renown. How vain the hope! If they ever bore any records of past history—of the warlike exploits of heroes, or the civic honors of statesmen, the destroying hand of time has obliterated the characters, and not all the efforts and researches of the antiquary have been able to restore them. By what people they were erected, and what were the purposes of their erection, are now matters of speculation or conjecture. A number of able men, who have devoted much time to antiquarian research, have endeavored to draw aside the veil, and penetrate the mystery which surrounds them, but their labors in this respect have been fruitless. They have labored zealously, and produced ingenious theories, but the mystery is almost as profound as ever, and is likely to remain so.

In the present article I do not mean to advance a new theory, or controvert any theories which have been already maintained. To attempt either, did I even consider myself qualified for the task, would lead to a vast field of enquiry and investigation, foreign to my present object. That the people by whom the works before us were erected, were numerous and powerful, and considerably advanced in the knowledge of the useful arts, will scarcely be questioned by any who have at all investigated the subject. None but a numerous people who were governed by established laws, and were under the influence of commanding power, could have constructed mounds, or erected fortifications, of such magnitude and extent. Works which exhibit proofs of immense labor, and display a considerable degree of skill in their construction, are inconsistent with the free and uncontrolled habits, and opposed to the manners, customs, and mode of life, of the native tribes who roamed through our forests when this continent was discovered by Columbus. Addicted to a wandering life, divided into small and independent tribes, and contented with a bare subsistance for the present, without reference to the future, such men, under such circumstances, never could have engaged in works requiring so much time and labor in their construction. They are evidently the productions of a people of settled habits, who lived in cities, and congregated together for mutual support and defence. The immense cemetries which have been discovered at Grave Creek, near Wheeling, at the "Big Bone Bank" on the Wabash, and other places, indicate that this people lived in cities, or in large communities, and that the population of the valley of the Ohio, was once as dense, if not more so, than it is at present. In some of these

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cemetries thousands of bodies have been thrown together, and covered with a mound of earth; in others they include a considerable space of ground, and the bodies have been interred in graves after our own manner. Near Nashville, in the state of Tennessee, a cemetry of the latter description may yet be seen.

The mounds are the most substantial and enduring monuments of the aborigines, and the most striking in their general features. They are of various dimensions, varying from eight or ten feet to one hundred feet in height, and from fifty or sixty to five or six hundred feet in circumference. Some are circular, and form regular cones: some are oblong; and others hexagonal, and carried up from the base to the apex with perfect regularity and geometrical precision. Mounds of the latter description are of rare occurrence; the most remarkable and interesting monument of this kind, of which I have any knowledge, is situated within the limits of the town of Florence, in the state of Alabama, which will be hereafter described. This monument of ancient skill and labor I have contemplated with admiration; although much injured by the hand of time, its original form is perfectly preserved.

Some mounds have platforms or pavements, fronting the east, as that within the circular enclosure at Circleville, as described by Atwater in his valuable and interesting memoir on the "Antiquities of Ohio"; the greater number, however, have no similar appendages. These mounds, so different in form and size, were no doubt constructed for different purposes, but the purposes to which they were applied are wholly matters of conjecture, and will probably ever remain so. Some may have been erected to commemorate some great event in the nation's history; others as monuments to the mighty dead whose remains repose beneath, awaiting the assembly of nations, when the notes of the last trumpet shall sound. Some may have been intended as watch towers, or places of defence; others as places for the public worship of their deities. However doubtful or uncertain we may be with regard to the design of all, that some were depositories of the dead is clearly established by the number of human bones discovered on opening them: that at Grave Creek was found to contain several thousand human skeletons.

The ancient works which are supposed to have been originally constructed for fortifications, or places of defence, are extremely numerous, and are to be found on almost all the rivers of the West, and in the most eligible positions, and in the midst of extensive bodies of fertile lands. "The most nu-

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merous," says Breckenridge, "as well as the most considerable of these remains, are found precisely in those parts of the country, where the traces of a numerous population might be looked for," and hence he infers, and not without reason, that in ancient times cities have existed containing several hundred thousand souls. To some minds this may appear like the wild speculation of an enthusiastic antiquary; but, as before suggested, the remains themselves clearly indicate the existence of a dense and numerous population.

The fortifications, or places of defence, were planned with a skill that would not discredit the most experienced engineer of the present day. They appear to have been aptly fitted to resist the various modes of attack, which we may suppose to have been practised at a period when the use of firearms was unknown, and when men engaged in battle fought hand to hand. The most assailable points were skilfully guarded. The curious reader, by referring to Atwater's "Antiquities of Ohio," will obtain a much more clear and accurate idea of the character and design of these ancient works, than any description in mere words.

These ancient works are not confined to a particular section of the Western country; they are found throughout the whole valley, upon almost every river or large water course that empties into the Ohio or Mississippi. In Tennessee and Alabama they are as numerous as in Ohio or Kentucky. One of the most remarkable in the former state, is what is called

THE STONE FORT;*

Situated in Franklin county, on a point of land at the junction of the east and west branches of Duck river, and near the main road leading from Nashville to Winchester.

This fort includes in its area about thirty-two acres. The walls are composed of stones of various sizes collected from the surface of the surrounding country, and rudely thrown together; there is no appearance of their having been united by cement, nor do they exhibit any marks of the hammer. The walls E E, which are covered with a coat of earth from one to two feet thick, are about sixteen feet in thickness at the base, about five feet at the top, and from eight to ten feet high.

At the northern extremity, near the front wall, are two con-

* The annexed plan of the Stone Fort was drawn by Wm. Donnoson, Esq., formerly of Tennessee.

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ical pillars or mounds of stone, designated on the annexed plan A A. Each of these mounds are about six feet high, and ten feet in diameter at the base; originally they may have been of somewhat greater altitude, and being on the exterior

of the wall may have been intended as watch towers. In the rear of the mounds is the northern wall, extending to a high bank on both branches of Duck river, and opposite to a water fall on each, of ten or twelve feet in height. In the northern wall is an entrance or gateway, and in the rear of the gateway are what appear to be the remains of two stone buildings C C, one about sixteen feet square, the other about ten feet; the stones are rough and unhewn. Stretching south the walls are continued on both sides until they reach the points D D, at a bold limestone bluff, which forms a good natural defence. South of the bluff the walls are continued of the same height and thickness until they reach the angles of the wall fronting the South, which also extends from the bank of one river to the other, and has also a gateway nearly opposite to that in the northern wall. At the points D D, it is supposed by many who have examined this work, there were formerly excavated passages leading to each branch of Duck river, with steps cut in the rock. On a close examination, the writer of this article was unable to discover any appearance of an excavated passage, or any evidence that the pathway leading to the river was a labored work of art. The ascent and descent are not very difficult; the steps appear to be such as nature formed by the projections of the rock; and it was, no doubt,

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by these passages that the inhabitants of the fort gained access to the river, and were supplied with water.

Near the base of the wall on the south side is a ditch from sixteen to twenty feet wide, and six or eight deep. A short distance farther from the southern wall is another and much more extensive ditch or excavation. In some places it is seventy or eighty feet wide, and from twenty-five to thirty feet deep. The earth from these ditches was probably removed to cover the walls of the fort, and employed in the erection of the neighboring mounds, while the ditches themselves constituted an additional means of defence.

It is supposed by some who are unwilling to admit a very high antiquity, that this fort was constructed by de Soto, who landed in Florida in the year 1538, and probably explored this part of the country; but the trees growing on the walls, and on the area of the fort, indicate an age anterior to the landing of de Soto—they are coeval with trees in the surrounding country.

About three quarters of a mile north of the fort is a mound of an oblong form, about twenty-five feet high, one hundred feet long, and twenty broad. On the north west, about half a mile distant is another mound of similar form, twenty feet high, sixty long, and eighteen wide. These mounds are constructed with the same regularity that distinguishes all the other works of similar character. On both these mounds trees are growing as large as any in the surrounding forests.

The stone fort differs in its form, and the materials used in its construction, from every other I have examined; but it does not exhibit greater evidence of skill. The difference in form was owing to its location on the point of land formed by the junction of the two rivers, and it was made to conform in all respects to the nature of the ground. Stones were employed because they were readily procured. Although the hammer had nothing to do with the preparation of the materials, it was nevertheless a work of great labor, and the place of location was selected with a military eye, more especially as the destructive implements of warfare now in use were then unknown. Several years ago, the then proprietor of the soil, in ploughing the area of the fort, found a piece of flint glass, about an inch thick, which appeared to be a part of a bowl; he also found a stone curiously carved, and ornamented in a style superior to the art of the Indians of the present day. The carved stone may have had some connection with the fort, but the glass was probably dropped by some casual visiter. It has always appeared to me somewhat singular, that so few speci-

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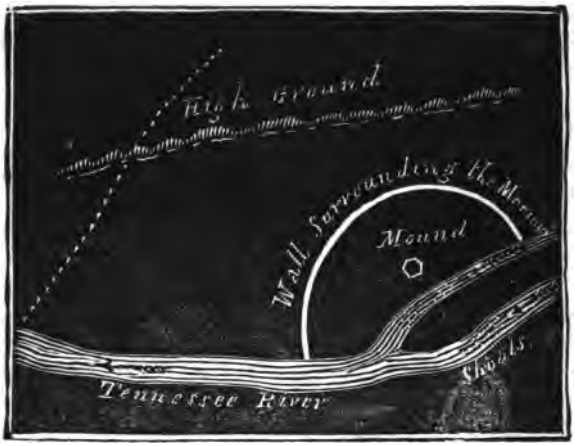
mens of domestic art have been discovered in the neighborhood of the mounds and other ancient works; the few which have been found serve rather to excite than gratify curiosity.

THE MOUND AT FLORENCE.

In the preceding part of this article I alluded to an hexagonal mound at Florence. For the annexed draught and description, I am indebted to Major David Hubbard, who politely furnished it at my request.



"Within the limits of the town of Florence, in the state of Alabama, is a remarkable mound, partly surrounded by a wall. The mound is situated within two chains of the Tennessee river, on the north side, on what is termed *bottom land:* the base is very little elevated above high water mark. Its figure is hexagonal, and its elevation forty-five feet. It measures six chains and seventy-five links round the base, and two chains and twenty-five links round the top. It appears to have been formed of the top of the surrounding earth, being of a very dark mould mixed with sand. It has been carried up from the base to the top with great regularity; the only difference to be observed is, that the outward angles are more rough, and project farther from a regular line, than the angles facing the river. As far as it has yet been examined there is no appearance of bones of any animal; no stone, or other solid substance has been employed in its construction. Partly surrounding the mound is a wall four chains distant from its base, which extends from the main river below to a branch formed

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by Cane Island above, forming a segment of a circle, the centre of which would have been in the Tennessee river. The wall is about forty feet across the top, and making allowances for the ravages of time, must have been originally from twelve to fifteen feet high: it is now about eight feet. The mound and wall bear the same mark of age, both being covered with large timber of the same age and description of that found growing on the surrounding lands. The wall has the appearance of a breastwork, and the remains of a ditch is apparent on the outside."

These works are situated on the river bottom, and are half surrounded by a very high ridge, which runs parallel to the Tennessee river, about four hundred yards distant. This ridge, upon which the principal part of the town of Florence is situated, overlooks and entirely commands the whole. The mound, with its surrounding wall, thus situated and exposed to attack, could not have been designed as a place of defence. It must have been appropriated to another purpose. It was probably a place of worship, a high altar upon which sacrifices were offered to some deity whom the people ignorantly worshipped. On its summit, perhaps, the blood of the victim flowed, and the smoke of the incense ascended. May not the circular wall have been the place where these people assembled to witness the rites and ceremonies of their religion? This monument of ancient labor and skill I have contemplated with admiration, and busy fancy has pictured to the imagination the scenes which were there displayed in bygone ages—the superstitious rites which were performed, when the darkness of idolatry covered the nations of the earth.

ANCIENT INSCRIPTION.

In connection with the ancient remains above described, and not inapplicable to the subject of the present article, I will mention another monument of a different character, and certainly belonging to another race, and to much more recent period. Near the Black Warrior river, in the state of Alabama, some eighteen or twenty years since, a rock was discovered on which was an inscription bearing date six hundred years ago. A copy of the inscription was taken by an officer of the United States army, and from him the writer of this article received it.

This rock is of a triangular shape; it measures 20½ inches in width at the base; from the top to the base 22 inches; 3½ inches wide at the top; at the base 10½ inches thick, and at

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the top 9½ inches. It weighed two hundred and three pounds. On this rock was the following inscription in Roman letters:

H I S R N E H N D R E V.

1 2 3 2.

This inscription is said to be much defaced by the rude hand of time, but the foregoing letters and figures were distinctly ascertained.

This rock was found on what is supposed to have been an ancient highway, sixteen feet wide, leading to a mound on McCoun's bluff on the Black Warrior. The area of the highway is regular, and at the time of the discovery, was four or five inches below the common level of the earth on either side, and there were trees growing on it from two to four feet in diameter. If the above inscription has been accurately copied, and if it be truly of the age indicated, it affords ground for curious speculation. If this stone were placed on the highway at the time the inscription declares, this continent must have been visited by Europeans, long antecedent to its discovery by Columbus. I allude to this rock and inscription, not that I have any great faith in the antiquity of the inscription, but as a subject of curiosity connected with the antiquities of the West, and which may have some connexion with the Roman coins found in Tennessee, of the reigns of Commodus and of Antoninus Pius.

The contemplation of the various monuments of human labor to which I have alluded, and attempted to describe, involuntarily excite in the mind a train of melancholy reflections upon the uncertain tenure by which even nations hold their existence. The mightiest empires have been dissolved; the proudest cities have crumbled into ruins. In this favored land, where the energies of a free people are now exerted in building up a system of things which they hope will be perpetual, a mighty nation once existed, who little thought their fame would be lost in the revolutions of ages. They have disappeared—"their monuments remain, but the events they were intended to keep in memory, are lost in oblivion."

W. T.

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A TEMPERANCE TALE.

In the city of Louisville, as is well known by the inhabitants, there exists a large and respectable community of rats. As you pass through the streets of a moonlight evening, you will frequently find little knots of them, (probably politicians) engaged in such earnest confabulation that they will hardly perceive your approach, or move out of your way. Rats are an ancient race—whether a couple were in Noah's ark is uncertain—if they were, the Patriarch's descendants would willingly have excused him from giving them a berth. For unfortunately there exists controversies between the descendants of Noah and the rat family, on important topics. A question frequently discussed is the right of property. The rats are true agrarians in their principles—they hold that there should be no monopoly of food, and they carry out their principles so far, as to force their way into every closet, store-house, and every locked up place where this is deposited. So consistent is the theory and practice of the rats of Louisville. They are willing to carry their principles out to the farthest results.

Now, it happened that a gentleman, who had in his possession a large store-house filled with various provisions, found these rat arguments so powerful, that he looked about for some convincing reply. It was highly necessary for his answer to be spirited and sudden, for the rats had forced their way through holes in the floor and sides of the apartments, and had levied attachments on his provisions. Now he had heard, that if you can persuade rats to eat any kind of poison, and thus destroy one or two, that the rest through fear will avoid the place where their companions fell. With this idea, he requested his wife to bake one or two pies and some cake, into which had been previously mixed a good quantity of arsenic. These he placed on the floor of his store room and locked the doors. Soon the rats began to assemble—saw the pies, smelt of them, tasted them—some young and imprudent ones eat a great deal—others a little—others, more wary, declined tasting. Next morning there was great trouble among the rats. Several had died in great agony—others were very sick—others were indisposed. A council was summoned to consider what should be done.

An old long whiskered rat proposed, as the safest course, that they should change their quarters. "It is evident," says

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he, "we are in danger—we have enemies—they may be too cunning for us—there are traps and cats as well as poison. I propose that we remove bag and baggage."

"No indeed," says another, flirting his tail in high disdain, "to run from danger is unratlike—besides, it is unnecessary, we have only to confine ourselves to our old fare, and not meddle with the pies."

"But," says one, "only those who have eaten a great deal have suffered. Those who only nibble a little, are as well as ever, and the pies are really very good."

One red faced and very fat rat here spoke out and said that he had been unwell, and he really thought the little piece of poisoned cake he ate before had been of service to him.

When the debate had taken this turn, it soon became evident that the notice to vacate the premises would be lost—so also that to abstain wholly from the poisoned fare—the general sense of the meeting being this—that it was better to eat temperately than to abstain.

But when night came and the pies, smoking from the oven, were placed upon the floor, the rats found it more difficult to eat temperately than they supposed. They nibbled a little—and by and bye nibbled again—and again and again—and before morning the pies were again eaten entirely up, and again several rats died, and others were sadly tormented with spasmodic affections and grievous colics.

Another public meeting took place, and now it seemed to be the prevailing opinion that it was better to abstain from the pies entirely, except under certain circumstances. This exception arose from the stout assertion of some half-dozen rats that they had eaten and had not been injured. It was remarked, however, that some of these had very strong constitutions—and that others were of such a disposition that they had rather be sick than abstain from tempting food.

At last an elderly rat proposed that, as it was evidently a very unsafe thing to eat of this peculiar provision—as it was unnecessary, there being enough of other provision—that they had better resolve not to eat of it at all, and proposed, that for better security they should *pledge* themselves to each other not to taste at all.

At this proposal there was a great outcry and much confused squealing. The temperate poison eaters, as they called themselves, still thought it better to use the thing prudently—and paid no attention to the fact, that some found it very difficult to continue temperate—that they were apt to be gradually led on from temperate poison eating to intemperate poison eating,

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and that a high authority had said, that "if my meat causeth my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world lasts, lest I cause my brother to offend."

A good many called the mover of this pledge a fanatic, and said something about *reaction.* They agreed that those who abstained entirely would be likely after a while to eat a great deal more than those who had no rule about it. Either the reporter failed to do justice to this part of the debate, or they did not express their views very clearly.

A great many did not like the idea of a *pledge.* They said there was no merit in abstaining from such a motive as this—that there was more moral power in governing yourself without any promise—and still more in eating a little and then leaving off.

The mover of the proposition replied with a smile, that no doubt it would be better for all rats to have a perfect power over their appetites, but the question was, what was likely to be the case—he also made a number of other remarks which no one appeared to listen to.

A few took the pledge—the rest went away well convinced that they could govern their appetites at pleasure.

Night came—those rats who were pledged abstained entirely from the poison and were safe. But the others made a new discovery—this was, that those who had eaten once or twice of the poison had acquired so strong an appetite for it that they could not refrain from it, but went on eating although they knew it would destroy them. It was dreadful to see these poor creatures, who while suffering under the torture, could not abstain from increasing it.

What has been the result of the efforts of the Complete Poison Abstinence Society I know not, but I suppose not a great deal, for the gentleman informs me that he finds many dead and dying about his premises every day, but that they continue to devour the medicated provisions every evening.

"But what is the moral of this fable? Every fable should have a moral." The moral? If it has one it will be easily detected—if not it will do little good to tack on a prosing one to the end.

J. F. C.

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FROM GOETHE'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS. VOL. XIV. PAGE 108.

It is often said, and very justly, that scepticism is only an inverted kind of superstition. This sort of superstition is the chief evil of the present age. A noble action is called selfishness; a heroic exploit we ascribe to vanity; an undeniable product of poetic genius we attribute to a feverish and unsound state of mind. What is still more extraordinary, we are accustomed to deny as long as we can the very existence of the most excellent and remarkable events which occur around us.

This scepticism is worse than superstition. This, our age's folly, is worse than attributing extraordinary events, which have actually happened and which we cannot explain, to the power of Satan. Superstition is the inheritance of energetic, heroic, progressive natures—scepticism belongs to weak, contracted, shrinking men, who venture not out of themselves. The first class love what is astonishing, because it excites in them the feeling of the sublime, of which their soul is capable. Yet as a kind of apprehension mingles with this feeling, they ascribe the cause to an evil principle. But an effeminate generation dreads the excitement of sublimity; it would be destroyed by it; and since no one can be expected to acquiesce in his own destruction, it acts wisely in denying the great and elevated while in its neighborhood, and only admitting its reality when it becomes historical, and can be more easily regarded from a suitable distance, in a somewhat moderate effulgence.

GOD'S POWER.

Of what supreme, almighty power,
Is thy great arm which spares the East and West,
And tacks the centre to the sphere?
By it, all things do live their measured hour.
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request.

HERBERT.

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FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

[We introduce our remarks on this important subject with the following letter, which we received a few days since, through the Post Office.]

To the Editor of the Western Messenger:

Though not a Unitarian I have been a subscriber to the Messenger since its commencement. All my early prejudices and opinions were rather unfavorable than otherwise to Unitarians and their notions, and I hope I may be allowed, though it is apart from the purpose of this communication, to express the opinion, that your Magazine while it has been zealous and uncompromising in defending your views of the truth, has been in a most remarkable degree free from the violence and rancor in which religious disputants are so apt to rejoice. Not however but that your correspondents have sometimes indulged in a complacent approbation of the great intelligence and progress of Unitarians beyond the rest of the world, and a very complacent assumption of liberality and freedom from cant and bigotry. Be these things as they may, I have perplexed myself with studies of your doctrines, and am in the most unfortunate condition, that I can find no satisfactory answer to the arguments of their supporters or their opponents. If I could hear but one side, like the sagacious judge, I should find no difficulty. But how can Unitarians with their professed rules of reasoning, stop where most of them do. It seems to me that if I leave the old opinions of my fathers and abandon the standard doctrines which have been laid down for me to believe, I cannot stop short of the theory of Universalism. Those passages in scripture which oppose it seem, to my judgment, far less forcible than those which are used in opposition to the leading doctrine of your church. The chief object of the first portion of the Epistle to the Ephesians seems to be to declare the eternal purpose of God, that in Christ all things (observe the comprehensive, abstract neuter) in heaven and on earth should be gathered; wherefore the Apostle calls on the Ephesians to rejoice in this revelation of the will of God. How often are we told, that it is the will of God that all should be saved, should come to the knowledge of the truth, and as if to remove every lingering particle of doubt, that he worked all things after the counsel of his own will. Then again, the 15th chapter of I Corinthians, which gives us our fullest accounts of the resurrection, would certainly leave upon the mind of the reader the impression, that as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive, to different degrees indeed of existence, but still all to such a state, that in the glorious

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prospect death loses its sting, and the grave its victory. We are told the Apostle does not mean what he says, that the plain, but full interpretation of his words is in contradiction to other parts of scripture, and we must understand St. Paul to have spoken with mental reservations and modifications and abatements. It seems to be established that the texts which are used in favor of the doctrine of a future state of eternal misery, must themselves be in no way modified, so as to favor a more merciful doctrine. It would gratify one of your subscribers to learn your views on this matter. He does not believe that he will be met, as he was in a similar application to a clergyman of his own denomination, by the declaration that the belief of the final restoration of all men to happiness, is of so immoral a tendancy that it works at once its own refutation. The question comes at once to this, whether love or fear be the strongest in keeping men from evil, and it is believed that you have full faith in the power of that love, which casteth out fear."

It gives us great pleasure to receive communications like the above. It manifests a fearless love of truth, founded on a sense of its value. We are glad to have such opportunities of reasoning with those who do not profess to believe with us, yet are ready to listen to us, and frankly to give and receive such views as God may have granted us to possess. We are truly grateful to our Heavenly Father if we have indeed manifested in our Magazine a less rancorous spirit than is usual in religious controversy; though we are sorry to believe that this is small praise. We pray to be enabled to show a much nearer approximation to the spirit of him, who when he was reviled reviled not again, but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously.

Our friend goes on to remark, that he is in that unfortunate position that he can neither answer the arguments of Unitarians nor of their opponents. We are aware that in examining every question which is much disputed, and has been involved in controversy, the conscientious seeker of truth is likely to be brought at one point of his enquiry to this position of uncertainty—a painful one to the human mind, undoubtedly. So painful, that we do not believe that it is necessary for any one to remain in it, who will persevere in weighing and comparing opposing arguments. There are no important questions we believe which are absolutely insoluble, among those which come up before our minds in its natural and honest researches. A few steps further would often bring the weary enquirer to a satisfactory resting place. God's truth is not a will-o'-the-wisp, to lead us into trackless swamps, but a beacon light to bring the mariner tossed on an ocean of uncertainty to the

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firm ground of personal conviction. In this faith we speak and write, exhorting all to persevere in their enquiries, till calm, conviction. We subjoin a few hints, which we have found useful in guiding the uncertain mind to such decisions.

1. In every controversy it is important to find what may be called the *hinges* on which it revolves. There are a thousand incidental and accidental arguments, which lead to nothing but confusion. But there are a few, great and fundamental propositions, which when established, would necessarily turn the scale at once, and decide the question. On these it hinges itself.

2. In the Unitarian Controversy the chief hinge appears to us to be this—"Have Jesus Christ and his Apostles PLAINLY and EXPLICITLY taught the doctrines of the Trinity and the Deity of the Savior?" This question, however answered, must decide the whole controversy. The opinions of the fathers, incidental texts and passages of scripture which appear to teach either Unitarianism or Trinitarianism, the apparent moral influence of either doctrine, and all other arguments sink into unimportance compared with this question. Because, if these doctrines are parts of Revelation, *they must have been plainly taught by the Saviour and his Apostles.* They are certainly the most wonderful doctrines in the Bible, if there at all. If the supreme and infinite maker of all created worlds, has actually been a sucking child on this earth, hungering, thirsting, praying, tempted, bleeding, spit upon, whipped, and crucified, there is no other fact in human history or knowledge to compare with this in marvellousness. If it be taught, then, in Revelation, it must be plainly and fully taught. It cannot have been merely slipped in at the end of a sentence, or dropped in fragments, here and there, to be put together by theologists. We have a right to expect, in relation to a doctrine like this, that it should be plainly and clearly taught. Is it so? On the answer to this question, we will join issue, joyfully and calmly, with any believer in the trinity. In any place, under any circumstances, in any manner, with only a New Testament in our hands, at a moment's warning, we would undertake to prove the negative of the proposition.

We will now pass to the other subject of our friends communication. It relates to the important question of Future Punishment. This question has not received, as yet, in our Magazine, any very thorough discussion. Its weight deserves it. We are glad to have our opinion called to it. We shall not shrink from any results to which we may be led. If it should seem that the doctrine of everlasting torment is taught

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in scripture, as usually mentioned by Calvinists and most orthodox sects, we shall endeavor to receive and teach it. If it should appear that no future punishment is the Gospel message, our mind is open too to that conviction. This is another question with respect to which uncertainty or indifference are unbecoming a rational and immortal being. It becomes us to understand well what the word of God says on this subject.

There are four distinct opinions commonly held with regard to future punishment.

1. The common theory of everlasting misery is the first. This theory divested of all its accessories, (which indeed increase its severity) amounts to this—that all mankind will on the day of Judgment be divided into two portions, one of which divisions will be condemned to endure a misery indescribably terriffic, through everlasting ages, without the possibility of relief, either by repentance or annihilation.

2. The theory of ultra Universalists, which is, that immediately after death, all mankind are received into a state of positive felicity—that there is no such thing as future punishment —that all punishment spoken of in scripture belongs to this life—and that death, by some inscrutable power tranforms the vilest sinner into a saint, giving him that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.

3. The third theory is of the Restorationists, who believe that a just retribution takes place in the future world for all the sins of this life, but that ultimately all moral creatures will be brought, by means of this wholesome discipline, to repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—and suffering and sin cease forever.

4. The fourth theory is of those who hold that nothing is definitely taught with respect to the duration of punishment. They maintain with the Restorationists, that the object of future punishment is to reform, but are not positive that souls which have refused to be converted in this world will certainly repent in the other. They think that Scripture announces plainly a future retribution, but leaves its duration uncertain.

We will consider in succession, some of the chief arguments urged in support and in opposition to these several views.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT.

In support of the doctrine that the sins committed on earth are subject to an everlasting punishment, the following arguments are adduced:

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1. Scripture declares it. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment," &c. Matt. XXV. 46.

2. Punishment is compared to an undying worm, and unquenchable fire.—Mark IX. 23. &c. "The smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever." Rev. XIV. 11.

3. The same word which expresses the happiness of the saved is applied to the damned. If the one is eternal, so is the other.

4. The present life is said to be the only period of probation. "Now is the accepted time." "As the tree falleth so doth it lie."

5. There are some sins which are never forgiven.

6. It was said of Judas that it would have been better for him never to have been born. But if even at the end of millions of ages, he enters upon everlasting bliss, then it would be better for him to have been born.

7. No other doctrine will arouse men and lead them to repent.

In opposition to this doctrine, and in reply to the above arguments, it is said,

1. That an everlasting punishment for temporal sin contradicts the principles of justice. That if each sin of a man's life was punished by a million of years of torment, this would be infinite mildness and mercy compared with everlasting punishment.

2. Everlasting punishment is opposed to the fatherly character of God. What man is there, being a father, who would punish his child for ever and ever? What man is there who would give his child the power of ruining himself forever?

3. The words used in Matt. XXV. 46. signify, not everlasting, but eternal. And this word eternal does not in scripture necessarily imply duration at all, but only condition. Thus it is said that those who believe in Jesus have eternal life abiding in them, which evidently does not refer to the duration of their existence, but the condition of their soul. They have spiritual life in them. Lo here, "these shall go away into spiritual punishment, and the righteous into spiritual life."

4. The passage, Matt. XXV. 46. may mean "These shall go away into the punishment of eternity, or the Eternal World," without reference to their duration.

5. There is another sense in which punishment may be called everlasting, as the consequences of sin may be never wholly obliterated.

6. Eternal, strictly speaking, punishment cannot be, since

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Eternity has neither *beginning* nor end. But punishment must at least have a beginning.

7. "Unquenchable fire" and the "undying worm," and the smoke perpetually ascending, do not mean that the punishment shall have no end, but that *while it lasts* it is unceasing. Temporal punishment has its intermission, but eternal punishment, which is in the spirit itself, cannot be assuaged or relieved, till it is removed. So (Rev. XIV. 11,) "they have no rest, day nor night."

8. "As the tree falleth," &c. signifies that at death one must go to receive the judgment of God upon his life—that the probation of *this* life is over—but does not necessarily exclude a farther and different probation or discipline.

9. If of some sins it is asserted that they are not forgiven in the future life, it is implied that other sins *are* or *may be* so forgiven.

10. There are passages in scripture which seem to point at a future restitution. Ex. qra. Matt. V. 26.—I Cor. XV. 22, 24, 25. Col. I. 20. Phillip. II. 10. Eph. I. 10. &c.

After a deliberate examination of these opposing arguments the conclusion upon our own mind is, that the Calvinistic doctrine of everlasting punishment in the Future world for the sins of this, cannot be deduced from the scripture. But if not plainly and fully taught in scripture, then the arguments against it, derived from the moral attributes and paternal character of God are irresistible.

Will it be said that we have no right to apply to God the rules which we would apply to right and wrong doings among men, because his ways are not as our ways, and his thoughts as our thoughts? If so, then we have no means of interpreting the divine words, for the Bible every where appeals to *human* ideas of justice and mercy; right and wrong, are always the same—the same on earth—the same in Heaven. There is not one kind of justice for man, and another for God. Throughout the whole moral universe there is but one standard for right and wrong. If that which would be wrong in man is right in God, how can we be sure of anything in revelation? God promises us that those who repent and believe shall be pardoned and saved. But if God's justice is so different from man's, his faithfulness may be also different, and what would be unfaithfulness in man, is truth and keeping promise with God. On what a broken reed should we lean, if this idea be true, that God's justice, and other attributes, are wholly different from ours!

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But in truth, Jesus Christ teaches us, that the attributes of a father in God and man are the same, by appealing to the feelings of an earthly father; "What man is there of you being a father" he says "whom if his son asked for bread, would he give him a stone?"

But our limits compel us to close this article. We hope in our next to continue this enquiry, and examine some of the other theories upon this subject. ED.

POVERTY AND KNOWLEDGE.

Ah, Margaret, we are young and strong,
With ready heart, and ready will
To tread the world's bright paths along:
But poverty is stronger still.

Yet, my dear wife, there is a might
That may bid poverty defiance,—
The might of knowledge; from this night
Let us on her put our reliance.

Armed with her sceptre, to an hour
We may condense whole years and ages;
Bid the departed, by her power,
Arise,—and talk with seers and sages.

Her word, to teach us, may bid stop
The noonday sun; yea, she is able
To make an ocean of a drop,
Or spread a kingdom on our table.

In her great name we need but call
Scott, Schiller, Shakespeare! and, behold!
The suffering Mary smiles on all,
And Falstaff riots as of old.

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Then, wherefore should we leave this hearth,
Our books, and all our pleasant labors,
If we can have the whole round earth,
And still retain our home and neighbors?

Why wish to roam in other lands?
Or mourn that poverty has bound us?
We have our hearts, our heads, our hands,
Enough to live on; friends around us;

And, more than all, have hope and love:
Ah, Margaret, while those last, be sure
That, if there be a God above,
We are not, and cannot be, poor.

J. W. P.

SABBATH MORNING.

Lord, we bring our cares before thee,
Sinful, feeble, faintly cry—
Here approach thee, here adore thee,
Bow thine ear, oh God most high.

Taught by Jesus, we assemble,
In his name together come—
In thy presence stand and tremble,
Hear us father in thy home.

Be thy spirit freely given,
Light, and strength, and love impart,
Lift our souls from earth to heaven—
Warm each cold and faithless heart.

May the prodigal, this morning,
Rise and to his father go—
May the soul which mocked thy warning
Hear at last thy voice below.

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Rouse the careless, wake the sleeping—
Send around thy quickening breath—
Save our eyes, oh Lord, from weeping,
Feet from falling, souls from death.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Grund's Americans.*

The only notice we have to take of this book, is to quote from Mr. Brownson's review his remarks upon some of Mr. Grund's sayings about Unitarianism in America.

"It is not our especial province to defend Unitarians or any other denomination of Christians as such; but we cannot pass over this statement in silence. Whatever may be thought of Unitarianism as a definitive form of the Christian religion, the Unitarians have rendered an invaluable service to Christianity by the introduction of Rationalism into theological speculations. They have done something towards making Theology a Science, and towards adapting it to the improved state of the human mind. They have too rendered a much greater service to democracy than some of its conservative fathers are aware of. A religion, based on a positive instead of a rational authority, cannot long coexist with perfect political freedom. The habit of yielding to authority in matters of religion, and believing without conviction, disposes the mind to servitude, and paves the way for absolutism in the state. If it prevail, political liberty must be given up. On the other hand, the habit of inquiring freely into all matters of science, of civil and political liberty, and of judgment for oneself in all these matters, is incompatible with a blind adherence to authority in religious matters. Unitarians have, to a certain extent, tolerated free inquiry in matters of religion, and have asserted for the mind, in relation to religion, the same rights that the democrats have asserted for it in relation to politics. In doing this they have done much. This has made them the Liberal party, and it is as Liberalists, not merely as Unitarians, that they have gained the footing they now hold; and it is only by being Liberalists that they can retain it.

The charge that Unitarians approach Deism is too stale to be dwelt upon. They are Deists in that they believe in one God and no more; but when the term Deist is taken to mean one who rejects Divine Revelation, they are no more Deists than are Calvin-

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ists, Episcopalians, or Roman Catholics. Every Unitarian believes in Divine Revelation, in the Inspiration of the Bible, and many of them believe in the Inspiration of God made to the soul of every man. If on this head there be any charge to be brought against Unitarianism, it is that they place too much reliance on the mere letter that killeth, and not enough on the spirit that giveth life.

The sentimentalism about mysteries is all very well. Whatever is unknown is mysterious, and do our best to know all that we can know, to explain all that we can explain, there will always be a universe of Mystery round, about, and within us, before which we may stand in awe, or bow down with adoration. We shall always have enongh to wonder at, to surprise us, to seek to find out, to unravel, however earnestly and successfully we may ply our reason. The fear that Mr. Grund seems to have that Unitarians will explain all mysteries, and make all things so easy to be understood, that religion will cease to excite in us any profound emotions of wonder and awe, we look upon as perfectly idle. If it were not so, we should still say to the Unitarian, go on and make all things plain. The wonder and awe, which come only because we have remained in voluntary ignorance, we do not regard as worth much. Man may serve God by reasoning as well as by feeling, and a clear and sublime thought is an offering not less acceptable to him than a profound emotion of wonder and awe. Sentimentalism will do for boarding-school misses and for boys who begin to dream of love, but for grown up men and women, let us have something more robust and healthy. The greatest objection we have to our German friends is that they are dreamy, sentimental youths, lying all day watching the bubbling fountain, rather than strong and active men prepared to go forth into the world and to labor with a vigorous arm, and a stout heart. We do not underrate the emotions. We may have felt in our day, and perhaps can feel even now; but we are past the age to place religion or the worship of God in emotion merely. Let us have clear thought and masculine energy of soul; with these we will do more for God than with all the fine feelings in the world.

Mr. Grund thinks the Unitarians are deficient in love. We think this is no more the case with them than with some other Christian denominations, nor even so much. It is customary to call them cold, even freezing. We know they are not quite so hot as some sectarians are, and do not say so much about hot places; but we have yet to learn that this is much to their discredit. The fault we find with the Unitarians, and not with them alone, is that they do not seem to feel that deep, abiding interest in the weal of Humanity, which as Christians they ought to feel. They feel as much as any sect; for the earnestness other sects manifest is for their creed or their sect, not for humanity; but they feel not enough. They are not enough in earnest. They do not feel that they should live for man, and for man only. They do not feel the deep and

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abiding interest in whatever concerns mankind that Jesus did. They do not seem to us to be conscious of the great work, and of the high glory, to which God has called them. They have done something, and they seem to think that they have done all. Nevertheless they are getting the better of this fault. They are enlarging their views, and kindling their hearts, and nerving their souls, for the revelation and the maintenance of a new and a higher life. Our faith in the Unitarian body is strong, and we expect great things from them. A glorious future is before them. A noble destiny awaits them. Let them open their eyes, look, behold, and march."

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2. *Retrospect of Western Travel. By Miss Martineau.*

This book is, on some accounts, likely to be better received than Miss Martineau's first work, and, on accounts, to give greater annoyance. It is not so philosophical; it is more descriptive; more like a journal—more natural and picturesque, and thus more entertaining than the "Society in America." On the other hand, it is more personal, and many people will dislike to see themselves dragged before the public and dissected for its amusement.

There is one strange thing to us about Miss Martineau. She is full of sympathy, and yet lacks delicacy of feeling. She sometimes seems all heart, yet again there is a want of sensibility amounting to rudeness. This shows that strong feeling and fine feeling are quite different things.

The subject of slavery holds as prominent a place in this volume as in the other. The sketches of distinguished men, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Van Buren, Priestley, Channing, Madison, are very well done, and show like portraits. The book is as full of blunders and mistakes as the other, perhaps more so. From the two great faults of travellers, namely—ascribing to a nation what is only the peculiarity of individuals and again ascribing to a nation what is only the peculiarity of human nature, Miss M. is not wholly exempt.

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3. *Professor Pelfrey's Lecture on the Old Testament.*

The first volume of this work has reached us, but we have not had time to examine it. It seems prepared and published

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with great care and elegance, and we have no doubt will be a valuable work.

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4. *Mr. Greenwood's Discourse at the Ordination of J. T. Sargent, as Minister at Large. Boston.*

This sermon is peculiarly interesting, and written on a peculiarly interesting occasion. We understand that there will be another chapel built for Mr. Sargent to occupy. This is good news. The ministry at large is a noble work, and must go on increasing in every city. Boston and Dr. Tuckerman will always have the credit of originating it.

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5. *Timothy Walker's Address before the Ohio Historical Society. Columbus.*

This is an interesting address, worthy of the author's reputation.

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6. *Danger and Duty of the Young; a Sermon. By A. Wylie, President of Ia. College.*

This discourse was delivered by Dr. Wylie to the Senior Class previous to commencement, 1837. The text is, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." Ps. 119. 9.

This is a very serious, rational, practical address to young men in a very interesting situation. We should have more to say about it, were we not called on to notice another address by the same author.

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7. *Address on the Importance and Best Method of Cultivating the Moral Faculties: delivered before the Education Convention of Ia. By A. Wylie, D. D.*

We cannot do better than extract from this production several passages. Dr. Wylie begins by analyzing the moral faculties. He first speaks of Conscience, the leading moral pow-

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er—then of auxiliary moral powers. The first of these is Interest. Of this he remarks—

"It ought not to be ascribed to human depravity, that men are so much lead by their personal interests. The fact is, they do not value their interests enough. They injure themselves more than they injure one another. In truth, no man can be injured by another so much as by himself. Another may kill his body: his soul is invulnerable to any power but his own. Self-love leads us astray, not because it has too much vigor, but because it does not see well. Give it light, and then, full scope. Self-denial, which is a virtue of high importance, is as necessary to *happiness*, as it is to complete the excellence of a good moral character. It never sacrifices interest in the long run; it only requires us to forego present gratification for some greater good in prospect. And does not self-love require the same? Advantage, for a time, and in some particular juncture, may seem to accrue from doing wrong; but, on the whole, no one will ever be the loser, by the performance of his duty, or the gainer by neglecting it."

He then makes the following remarks on sympathy:

"Next in order, it is proper that we notice Sympathy; because, intended to operate as a check upon self-interest, it may be more advantageously viewed in connection with it. Sympathy disposes to feel in common with others; as self-interest makes us feel what is proper to ourselves. It transfers our consciousness to another breast, identifies us with him, and makes his cares our own. It concentrates upon one great object the energies of a multitude, and is more easily excited, as well as operates more powerfully, where numbers are concerned, As, in the progress of a conflagration, each several piece of the combustible pile, taking fire from the other pieces around, communicates it, in turn, augmented by the heat which itself involves, till, at length, the whole, glowing throughout with the accumulated force of so many pieces, presents the appearance of a pyramid of flame, roaring and raging in the wind which itself creates; while the spectators, at a distance, gaze with mingled admiration and dismay, sensible how vain are all human efforts to check the victorious element; so it is, when the force of sympathy spreads some strong sentiment among a great people. Then private interests, opinions, feelings, are all sacrificed, or forgotten. One grand movement draws every thing into itself. It seems as if the partitions that separate individuals were all dissolved, and men actually flowed together, heart to heart, soul to soul, strength to strength, mind to mind, and body to body, and means to means, like the commingling of many waters in the great ocean. Then it is, that the spirit of revolution goes abroad, and, with more than the strength of a Titan, heaves a continent or sinks a continent in the

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abyss. Then it is, to speak without a figure, that the PEOPLE act in their might. Then their oppressors are brought to an account for their long arrears of crime; their fetters broken, their sceptre shivered and trampled under foot."

Of emulation and the sense of the ridiculous, he thus speaks:

"Emulation, we may notice, in the next place. To excel is its object. It makes, of the attainments of others, a mark on the scale of merit; higher than which it makes an effort to reach. It seeks to surpass a competitor, without regarding him as an enemy. It is, indeed, often attended with ill will and unfair dealing; but not necessarily so. An honorable man scorns to take advantage of his rival. To suppress the workings of emulation, for the reasons that it is liable to be corrupted into envy, or apt to generate hatred, when stimulated into excessive exercise, is unwise. If every thing were to be banished from the human character, or from the human condition, which is liable to such abuse and perversion, essential injury would be done to both. Neither the mind of man, nor his abode, would be benefitted by extinguishing the *fire*, which imparts spirit and vigor to the one, and comfort to the other. We know what man can do, by seeing what he has done; and we are animated to unusual efforts by a generous rivalry with those around us. The wise teachers of antiquity, among the rest Paul, an inspired apostle, and Longinus, "the prince of critics," unscrupulously appealed to the emulation of their pupils and followers. The fact that great and illustrious men have always appeared together, like constellations in the sky, can only be accounted for by their efforts to surpass each other. The gymnasia, schools and public games of Greece were established and conducted avowedly with the view of stimulating the principles of emulation to its highest pitch; and all the world knows and admires the wonderful effects which the system produced. Philosophize as we may, we never shall be wiser nor stronger than Nature, whose hand has implanted in our breasts the principle in question; and thus has rendered idle all our attempts to pluck it up. To cultivate and improve it is the task assigned to us.

"Next, among the moral principles auxiliary to conscience, we may notice a sense of the ridiculous. This finds legitimate employment in exposing, as objects of contempt and derision, such absurdities of character and conduct as cannot be touched by the graver and more serious sort of argument. It has been said, that mankind will not be laughed out of their views. Neither will they be argued out of them, much less scolded, or frowned out of them. What then? Shall we lay aside sober argument, grave censure, along with ridicule, and every human means of improving the character? No surely; "Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra." We may do something, by reason and argument, with such as are prepared to listen to reason and argument; to others, such as have

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suffered their moral feelings to grow torpid by low, sensual habits, I see no reason why the "satyric thong" should not be applied so as, if possible, to sting them into sensibility.

> "There are a sort of men, whose visages
> Do cream and mantle, like a standing pool,
> Who do a wilful stillness entertain,
> On purpose to be dressed in an opinion
> Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
> As who should say, I AM SIR ORACLE;
> And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

With such pompous blockheads it is difficult to argue on this, or indeed, any other moral subject. With them it suffices, instead of all argument, to say, that the Saviour never laughed. But, supposing this allegation to be true,—for it is a mere allegation without proof —does it follow, because the Saviour never resorted to ridicule, that the feeling which it awakens is an improper feeling? His example is not in all points, set for our imitation. But it is so far from true, that the Saviour never resorted to ridicule; even in those fragments of his discourse that the fishermen have recorded; that I undertake to affirm, that whoever will attentively peruse these discourses, without finding specimens of the most poignant ridicule and satire, would not be apt to find them even in the works of Swift or Cervantes."

The following striking passage deserves notice:

"And here I have one remark to make, which, though it is merely of a negative character, I consider of so much importance, that I shall devote to its illustration a considerable portion of what remains of this discourse. It is this, that in the culture and training of the moral powers, no small part of our care ought to be employed in what, at first view, might seem to amount to just nothing at all, I mean, avoiding to throw any obstructions in the way of nature, which might either retard their growth or give to them a wrong direction. Analogy suggests this caution. In cultivating the productions of the soil, man's labor does little more than remove obstacles out of nature's way. The life-giving influence is hers. Not a particle of it belongs to man. He sometimes becomes too officious, and of course mars nature's work. Let him stand out of the way! "Laissez moi faire;" is nature's command to him, when he would obtrude himself into the manipulations of her great laboratory. So in the moral world. There is a department in it, to be sure, allotted to man, but it is a very humble department; that of means. Efficiency is in nature alone, or to speak religiously, in God. Let us examine, first, the appetites.— Appetite misleads neither brute nor man, when nature is left to herself. But, do we leave nature to herself, in our treatment of the appetite of our children? On the contrary, do we not urge it and goad it, by every sort of stimulant that art can invent? Appetite

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itself, especially in the young, gives sufficient relish. To the thirsty is there any beverage so pleasant as pure water? To the hungry palate, does any thing taste sweeter than bread? Well do I remember how, in early life, I used to enjoy on a frosty morning, as I went from the cup-board to the barn-yard, my slice of simple bread; and how the expecting cattle seemed to enjoy with equal relish their portion (the straw,) of the same vegetable whose precious fruit had yielded the choicer portion to me. Did time permit, I might refer you to what the wise ancients have said on this subject, particularly Xenophon, in his remarks upon the Persians, both while they retained their primitive simplicity of manners, and afterwards when they became corrupted and enervated by the refinement of luxury. But I cannot afford time to treat the subject so much at large. Suffer me to say, however, what a thousand observations made in passing through life, have amply confirmed, that scarcely any thing more hinders the development of both the intellectual and moral powers, than the practice, now almost universal, of pampering the appetite in youth. It gives the brute, in man, a start of the rational: and oftentimes, such a start, that the latter never comes into view at all; but the boy, and afterwards the man, exhibits nothing but brute—all brute, stupid brute, and not unfrequently, a rampant vicious brute."

The following is all which we can extract:

"I have reserved, for the last place, that which has had more to do in corrupting and misleading the moral powers than any other single cause, or perhaps, all other causes combined. I mean false views of religion. It is difficult to speak briefly on this point; and yet so as not to be misunderstood; and still more difficult to speak so as not to give offence. And I firmly believe, that were He, "who spoke as never man spake," to come again among us, as he did among the Jews, (who were in their own view a very religious people,) and to teach precisely the same truths which he taught them, giving them the same palpable point and bearing on persons and practices that he then did, he would meet with the same reception—generally shall I say?—too generally I fear—that he met with from them. On the dogmas of polemic theology, which are considered of such vital importance, it is a question whether he would give us any more satisfaction than he gave to the woman of Samaria and others on the like nice points; and he would have occasion to inculcate, now, as then, the superiority of moral duties over religious rites, the benignity of the Divine nature, the worthlessness of Pharisaical pretentions, the turpitude and damnable atrocity of fanatical zeal and party strife, the insignificance of "Mint, annise and cummin," the precedence of the *agenda* before the *credenda* of religion, or of doing before opinion; and he would, as then, take the ground of strong and decided and uncompromising opposition against, I shall not presume to say whom, but I may safely say, against *things* and *practices* esteemed by many

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most holy, and at any rate, against all persons who esteem themselves exclusively so, and despise others.

"There is a notable difference between all other causes which operate to prevent the proper growth and development of the moral powers, and false views of religion. It is this, that in all other cases, conscience is merely obstructed; but, in this, it is perverted. In other cases it continues to fight on the side of virtue, only it is vanquished by the powers in opposition: but in this, it comes over and fights on the side of vice. Hence the peculiar malignity of corruptions of religion. Nothing else can drive men so far astray from the path of rectitude. For, in other instances when men act wrong, they move but by the impulse of a part of the energies of their nature: passion and appetite urge to the perpetration; conscience reclaims and reluctates. It is the flesh and spirit contending for the mastery; and when the force of the latter is subtracted from the former, the man moves forward in his evil course, under the influence of the remainder only. But, when a false religion has corrupted the mind, his whole nature is engaged in one direction, and he moves onward towards his object, impelled by all his energies. Flesh and spirit, conscience and appetite, reason and passion unite their force: no wonder, then, that the man after perpetrating under their sanction, deeds, the bare recital of which, even after the lapse of ages, fills us with horror; should look abroad upon the scene of his crimes with delight, on himself with complacency, on others around with pride and triumph, and to the retribution of a future state, with confidence and exultation. The pious transports of the martyr were perhaps equalled, if not surpassed, by the infernal ecstacy of his tormentors, who believed that in offering his blood, they were presenting a sacrifice acceptable and well pleasing in the sight of God. The records of former times, in relation to this subject, would probably be rejected as fabulous, were they not supported by modern instances. The Thugs are a people of India, who not only follow murder as a profession, but practice it with religious zeal, with the view of securing the favor of the goddess to whose service they have devoted themselves. Whether something of the same spirit may not, under some more plausible shape, be lurking among the professors of our holy religion, is a question not for us to determine. Let every one look well to the state of his own mind in this matter."

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MONTHLY RECORD

FOR APRIL, 1838.

The Spring has returned upon us. Fair May is shaking flowers from her lap, upon the fields and in the woods. Yesterday I walked through one of our splendid Kentucky forests, and as I loitered on, the wild Sweet-William perfumed the air around—the wild Violets, white and blue, enamelled the sod; the Dogwood with its white blossoms, gleamed through the tracery of boughs; and the Red-bud, like a flame of fire, shone from afar. "The winter is passed, the rain is over, and gone, the flowers appear in the fields, the time of singing of birds is come." Every thing denotes the happy season:

> When rising, like the ocean tide,
> In flows the joyous year.

The busy Wood-pecker is hammering on the bark; the Oriole with golden plumage and cheerful whistle flutters along, while far above us, in the top of that huge tulip tree, frisks and barks the grey squirrel. Take care, merry squirrel, the Kentucky bullet can reach even as high as that.

Surely no forests in the world can compare with these. What enormous shafts have these sycamores, springing out of the velvet sod, like giants refreshed with slumber. See these straight trunks, straight without a leaf or twig for seventy feet, and five or six feet in diameter. Primeval monarchs of the soil, they seem to belong to a stouter race of things and men, than our weak age can furnish.

Joyous Spring, we bid thee welcome. Thou art welcome to the invalid, and as he breathes thy gentle air, he hopes that another year may be given to him. Thou art welcome to the young, who long once again to ramble in the leafy arcades of thy forests, pluck thy wild flowers, and perchance listen to a softer tale below than even the birds warble above. Thou art welcome to the tender infant, in winter months a "prisoner to fond fears"—

> But now, when every sharp-edged blast,
> Is quiet in its sheath,
> His mother leaves him free to taste
> Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Now, each flower prepares to open its bright eye, among city walls, and in the nooks of unfrequented cliffs. Now the trees, with their buds only half opened, look as if a veil of leaves were thrown over them, through which the slightest tracery of the branches is not indistinctly seen.—Now the brooks and runs ripple and dance—

> Gurgling in foamy water break,
> Loitering in glassy pool—

and a thousand flashing fins dart away as we approach. Air, earth

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and water teem with life and joy.

Thus, friends, the Spring prompts us to hope and cheerful enterprise. Whatever our work be, whatever our hand finds to do, let us do it with our might.—Plough and sow in faith and trust —whether it be in the bosom of mother earth, or the harder soil of the human heart. God will make it soft with showers, and will bless the springing of it. In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

The number of murders and deadly frays which occur among us, throughout the West, is truly terriffic. It is seldom that a week passes without bringing accounts of two or three shooting and stabbing adventures. Our own city has been disgraced by several within the last three months, in some of which medical students played a leading part. If these young men are to introduce among us such scenes as these, it may be well doubted whether the city will gain much by the establishment of this institution. It is, however, to be hoped, that as a body, the students will discountenance such mad conduct, and show that young men can pursue their studies without ceasing to be gentlemen, and without introducing riots and license into the society where they reside.

Nothing but a correct moral sentiment can put a stop to such scenes of blood as those of which we are speaking. Laws are powerless, except when supported by such a sentiment. When the citizens of the West come to realize that there is no true courage in trampling on the law of God—that the bulley, who goes with pistols strapped under his coat, and a Bowie knife in his pocket, is generally a coward as well as a ruffian—that heroism is not quarrelsome or murderous, but calm, and self-sustained—then we may hope that scenes of blood may terminate. The courage and spirit of the West will flow in better and nobler channels—and the weapons of its warfare will be spiritual, not carnal. Man must always fight; but not with man. Evil, Error, Sin, are his true foes. Man must always fight, but not with Bowie knives and pistols. Reason, Truth, Persuasion, Example, Argument are better weapons. Luther was as true a hero as Napoleon, and a hero in a higher cause. When he declared that he would go to Worms, though there were as many devils there as tiles on the house-tops, he showed a daring equal to a Murat or Ney charging recklessly on a storm of shot and a hedge of steel. The Murats and Neys are soon forgotten;—the Luther lives forever. Richard, the lion-hearted, showed not more of the spirit of chivalry than did the poet Schiller, battling with disease and pain, and writing his noble tragedies when the cords of his brain seemed ready to snap within. The life of Milton was a heroic poem, and the thought of the blind old man, in poverty and neglect, losing no jot of heart and hope, but still bearing up, and moving right onward, stirs the blood like a battle trumpet.

Many people suppose that if men leave off fighting there

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will be no more courage in the world—that all heroism must perish when people cease wearing weapons—and the spirit of chivalry expire with the disuse of the duelling pistol. This is a great mistake. Heroism, magnanimity, and courage will always have occasions and opportunities to display themselves.—So long as it is necessary to stand up in opposition to public opinion,—to resist the current of fashion—to expose oneself to ridicule and persecution for conscience sake; to bear the world's dread laugh in the cause of humanity and right—so long will there be need of courage, independence and manliness. The duelling field, and the fray, are not their only medium of action.

We hope our contributors will remember that bricks cannot be made without straw, or magazines filled without a union of many heads and hearts. We need much assistance to prevent our work from becoming monotonous and insipid. Variety is as necessary in this as in other matters.

An incident which occurred a few weeks since in Louisville, is an example of the natural combativeness of Kentuckians. Mr. Clayton's balloon was inflating, as he proposed making an ascent. But while this process was going on, the gas suddenly took fire and exploded, probably owing to the heat generated from the sudden mixture of a large quantity of oil of vitriol and water. The balloon was blown to pieces with a report like a cannon, and a fence three or four rods off, took fire. The people in the neighboring houses were, of course, greatly alarmed, not knowing the cause of this occurrence. In the midst of the confusion a little boy, three or four years old, was observed standing with tears running down his cheeks, but with a brick clenched firmly in his hand, *ready to fight with the unknown enemy whatever it might be.*

Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Salem, passed through Louisville a month ago, on his way to Illinois. Mr. T. is sent out as a missionary by the American Unitarian Association. We wish him success in his labors.

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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

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ANTIQUITATES AMERICANÆ

SIVE SCRIPTORES SEPTENTRIONALES RERUM ANTE-COLUMBIANARUM IN AMERICA.

Edidit Societas Regia Antiquariorum Septentrionalium. Hafniæ, 1837, 4*to. pp. XL*, 479, *with seventeen plates.*

The fame of this important work so long preceded its arrival with us, that we had been made pretty fully acquainted with its contents, through the medium of Eastern Journals, before we had the pleasure of examining it for ourselves. Many of our readers have probably become acquainted with it in the same way. But considering it as we do, the most important contribution that has ever been made to the geographical history of this country, we lay before our readers, though at a somewhat late hour, a view of the most important facts presented in the work before us. It is issued under the auspices of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, at present perhaps the most efficient society of the kind in existence, and is edited by the learned secretary of the society, Professor C. C. Rafn, whose name is already familiar to the students of Scandinavian antiquities and literature.

The leading object of the "Antiquitates Americanæ," is to give to the world the evidences which existed in ancient Icelandic and Scandinavian manuscripts, of the discovery of the American continent by the Northmen, or Danes and Norwegians, at a period considerably antecedent to its discovery by Columbus. The story of this alleged discovery of the Northmen has been long familiar to the reading world; but though stated by Danish historians of reputed faithfulness and high authority, it has in general been treated as one of those pleasant fictions with which sober history has been sometimes wont, when treading the shadowy confines of the uncertain

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past, to embellish her pages. Few have given sufficient credit to the story to take the pains to search for the evidence of its truth or probability, wondering, probably, that so important a fact, if once established and extensively known, should ever have been lost to Europe. And of the few who have been disposed to examine the claims of the Northmen to so remarkable a discovery, still fewer have possessed the facilities, till the publication of the work before us, requisite for investigating the subject for themselves. Several eminent scholars, whose advantages for examining the question rendered them competent to decide, have, however, admitted that the Scandinavian Northmen were the true original discoverers of the New World. Of these we need only mention Reinhold Forster, in his "History of the Voyages and Discoveries made in the North," our accomplished countryman Henry Wheaton, in his "History of the Northmen," Malte-Brun in his "Histoire de la Géographie," and Alexander von Humboldt, in the "Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie du Nouveau Continent," &c. The last mentioned eminent author remarks, that the information which the public, at the time he was writing, possessed of that remarkable epoch in the middle ages was extremely scanty, and he expressed a wish that the Northern literati would collect and publish all the accounts relating to that subject.

"The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries," say they, in the advertisement to the work, "consider it a matter of duty to comply with this wish, embracing a threefold purpose: that of illustrating ancient geography and history; that of perpetuating the memory of our forefathers, and lastly that of everlastingly securing to them that honorable station in the history of the World, of Science, of Navigation, and of Commerce, to which they are justly entitled. This has appeared to the Society to be so much the more necessary, since the latest researches have rendered it in a high degree probable, that the knowledge of the previous Scandinavian discovery of America, preserved in Iceland, and communicated to Columbus when he visited that island in 1477, operated as one, and doubtless as one of the most powerful of the causes which inspired the mind of that great man (whose glory cannot in any degree be impaired by the prior achievement) with that admirable zeal, which bidding defiance to every difficulty, enabled him to effect the new discovery of the New World under circumstances that necessarily led to its immediate, uninterrupted, and constantly increasing colonization and occupation by the energetic and intelligent race of Europe. For this his memory will be imper-

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ishable among the nations of the earth. Yet still we Northmen ought not to forget his meritorious predecessors, our own forefathers, who in their way had difficulties to contend with not less formidable, since without knowledge of the properties of the magnet, without aid of compass, charts, or mathematical science properly so called, they dared to navigate the great Ocean, and thus by degrees discovered and partly colonized Iceland in the ninth century, Greenland in the tenth, and subsequently several of the Islands and Coasts of America during the latter part of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century.

"It is the last of these epochs, very remarkable in the history of the world, yet not sufficiently known—that forms the subject of the work now announced. No separate work has hitherto been devoted to this subject, if we except the Vinlandia of Torfæus, published in 1705, and now extremely scarce. That work however does not contain any collection of the original statements on which the investigation must be based, and such accounts as it does communicate are but few and incomplete. This collection therefore now makes its appearance for the first time as complete as possible, compiled from the numerous and valuable MSS now extant, and accompanied by a Danish and also a complete *Latin translation;* and by prefatory remarks, archæological and geographical disquisitions, and other critical apparatus also in Latin. Of its contents we can here merely give a brief sketch, mentioning only the principal sections.—Among these may be named, first the historical accounts of Erik the Red, and the Greenlanders, extracted—and now for the first time accurately published—from the celebrated Codex Flateyensis, particularly concerning Biarne Heriulfson's and Leif Ericson's first discovery of the American Islands and Coasts, and the several voyages thither, performed by Leif's brothers and sister. Next the Saga of Thorfinn Thordson surnamed Karlsefne, decended from Irish, Scottish, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish ancestors, chiefly taken from two ancient MSS never before edited, and in fact not previously known to the Literati, the one of which is supppsed to be partly a genuine autograph of the celebrated Hauk Erlendson, Lawman of Iceland, well known as a compiler of one of the Recensions of the Landnama-book. This very remarkable Saga contains detailed accounts of Thorfinn Karlsefne's and his company's three years voyages and residence in America, whereby an entirely new light is diffused over this subject hitherto so little known. The only knowledge that Torfæus had of this Saga, which he imagined to be lost, was derived from some corrupted extracts

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of it contained in the collection of materials for the history of ancient Greenland left by the Iceland Farmer Biörn Johnson of Skardso. It is now for the first time submitted to the literary world in a complete form. The work here announced moreover contains every thing else that the Society has been able to collect and discover relating to the knowledge of the New World which our forefathers obtained from the early discoveries and researches of the Northmen. Among these we may mention, 1. Adam of Bremen's accounts of Vineland (in America) written in the eleventh century, being in fact communicated to him by the Danish King Sweyn Estrithson, and compiled from authentic accounts furnished to him by Danes, and now for the first time published from the excellent Codex in the Imperial Library at Vienna, of which a facsimile has been transmitted to the Society by the Chief of the Library, Count Dietrichstein. 2. Are Frode's account of Vineland, written in the same or in the following century; and also, 3, of the eminent Icelandic chief Are Marson, one of his own ancestors, who in the year 983 was driven to a part of America situate near Vineland, then called HVITRAMANNALAND OR GREAT IRELAND, whose inhabitants (of Irish origin) prevented him from returning, but at the same time treated him with great respect. 4. Other ancient accounts respecting the Icelandic hero Biörn Asbrandson, in his day one of the Iomsburg Warriors under Palnatoke, and fighting with them in the battle of Fyrisvat in Sweden: he also in the year 999 repaired to one of the coasts of America, where he was detained in the same manner, but resided there as chief over the natives for about thirty years. 5. Account of an Icelandic mariner, GUDLEIF GUDLAUGSON, who was driven to the same coast in the year 1027, and who was rescued from death or captivity by his above mentioned countryman. 6. Extracts from the Annals of Iceland of the middle ages, in so far as they relate to America, particularly Bishop Eric's voyage to Vineland in 1121; the discovery of new countries by the Icelanders in the Western Ocean in 1285; an expedition from Norway and Iceland in the year 1288-90; and also a trading voyage from the ancient colony in Greenland to Markland in America in 1347, as recorded by cotemporaries. 7. Ancient account of the most northern district of Greenland and America, chiefly visited by the Northmen for the purpose of hunting and fishing; among these a very remarkable account (from a letter of a Greenland clergyman) of a Voyage of discovery undertaken by some clergymen from the Bishopric of Gardar in Greenland, in the year 1266, being—as is corroborated by an astronomical obser-

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vation—through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straight to regions which in our days have for the first time been made correctly known through the zealous exertions of Sir William Parry, Sir John Ross, and Capt. James Clark Ross, and other British navigators. 9. Extract from the ancient geographical works of the Icelanders, to which is added an outline taken in the thirteenth century representing the earth in four inhabited quarters. 9. An ancient Faroish Qväji wherein Vineland is named, and allusion is made to its connexion with Ireland.

"To which are added, I. A description accompanied by delineations and occasionally by perspective views of several Monuments, chiefly Inscriptions, from the middle ages, found partly in Greenland and partly in the States of Massachusetts and Rhode-Island in North America, on the one hand confirming the accounts of the Sagas, and on the other illustrated by them. II. Detailed Geographical Inquiries lately undertaken at the instance of the Society, whereby the sites of the regions and places named in the Saga are explored, and are pointed out under the names by which they are now commonly known, viz: Newfoundland, Bay of St. Lawrence, Nova Scotia, and especially the States of Massachusetts and Rhode-Island, and even districts more to the south, probably situate in Virginia, North Carolina, and in Florida, which is supposed to be the most Southerly land mentioned in the most authentic Saga accounts, although sundry of the Northern Geographers of the middle ages would seem to intimate their knowledge of the easterly direction taken by the continent of South America.—They are chiefly based on the accounts in the ancient MSS, and on the explanations of the astronomical, nautical and geographical statements contained in the same, which besides receive the most complete confirmation from accounts transmitted by distinguished American scholars, with whom the Society have entered into correspondence, and who, after several journeys undertaken for that object in Massachusetts and Rhode-Island, have communicated accurate illustrations respecting the nature of the countries, their climate, animals, productions, etc., and have furnished the society with descriptions and also with delineations of the ancient monuments found there."

The foregoing is a brief synoposis of the papers contained in the work. Satisfactory information of the genuineness of the manuscripts will be found by examining the volume. In the remainder of our article we shall present a brief sketch of the historical purport of these documents.

But first we will premise a remark on the suggestion made in the above extract relative to the discovery of Columbus. It

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is this: that whether or not Columbus, in his visit to Iceland in 1477, obtained any knowledge of the discoveries of the Northmen in Greenland and "Vineland," and consequently received an additional stimulant to the zeal with which he was pursuing his long cherished project, it is a matter of certainty that the idea of seeking land (or India, as he then supposed it would prove to be) by sailing in a *Westerly direction*, was original with the great navigator. For in his correspondence with Paulo Toscanelli in 1474, three years previous to his northern voyage, he had expressed his intention of seeking India by a route directly to the West.*

A remark should also be premised respecting the character of the people by whom the discovery is said to have been made. This we will give in the language of Mr. Edward Everett, in a late number of the North American Review.—"Something of the reluctance to admit this discovery," says that accomplished writer, "which haunts the popular mind, unquestionably springs from a superficial notion of the improbability that a people, locked up, as we almost think them, within the ice-bergs of the North, should have preceded the Genoese, the Venetians, the Spaniards and the Portuguese, in crossing the Atlantic. It happens, however, that at the very period when this discovery is alleged to have been made by the Northmen, and long before, they were of all the tribes of men, precisely the people most likely to make it. Out of a little speck of a barbarous horde, not important enough to be named by Tacitus in his account of the Germans, there had sprung up, in the course of a few centuries, that bold, enterprising warlike race, who, under a strange political organization, in which feudalism, traffic, knight-errantry, and piracy bore equal parts, covered the ocean with their commercial and their naval marine, discovered or colonized, or both, the Archipelago of the North, Iceland and Greenland, the Orkneys, the Shetland Islands, Ireland, and the main of England, all littoral Germany, the Low Countries, and the Northern coast of France; ravaged the coasts of Spain and France on the Mediterranean; sacked the cities of Tuscany; wrested Apulia from the Greek emperors; made successful war with the Pope and the Emperor; established one dynasty in Muscovy; drove the Saracens out of Sicily, and established another dynasty there; defeated in Epirus, the last powerful armies, which were raised by the degenerate Empire of the East; overran Greece, and carried terror to the walls of Constantinople. Naval skill, experience,

* Irving's Columbus, Vol. II, No. xiv, Appendix, ed. Philadelphia, 1835.

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and power, were the foundation of this ubiquitous domination. The vessels of the Northmen were substantially built of the most durable timber; were constructed with covered decks; and their mariners were the first who learned the art of sailing on a wind. The sea was their home. When the head of a family died, it is said that his sons cast lots for his inheritance. He that gained the lot occupied the paternal estate; for the rest of the sons,

> "Their march was on the mountain wave
> Their home was on the deep."

"They were among the last of the inhabitants of Europe who embraced the Christian religion; and their barbarous faith, their ruthless mode of warfare, and their professed contempt of the laws of nations, which were respected by the population of Christendom, made the name of the Vikingars terrible in the ears of the civilized world. The period assigned for the discovery of our coast, by their navigators, was perhaps that, at which their power was at its height of development. The cold and cheerless sea, which stretches from the Arctic coast of America to Norway, and entire expanse of the Atlantic, with its encompassed islands down to the Azores, was one great theatre of their activity. The discovery of America is supposed to have taken place in the year 1000. This was but a century after Rollo made the conquest of Normandy; in 1060 we find one Norman prince established in Apulia; and six years after, another conquers England, and founds the present line of British sovereigns. It is plain that no achievement of naval adventure, related of such a people, can be considered beyond the line of probability."

The Northmen, though rude and barbarous, were by no means an illiterate people. From the earliest times of their history, they had their Skalds, who, like the rhapsodists of ancient Greece, and the bards of the Celtic tribes, were at the same time their poets and historians. Even before their conversion to Christianity they were acquainted with the use of letters; and, though it is probable that the Runes, as their letters were termed, were used for the purpose of inscriptions only; yet immediately on the introduction of the Latin letters, with the Romish religion, these, which were used elsewhere only to write a dead language, were employed by learned men among the Northmen to express the sounds which had been before expressed by the Runic characters, and to write their own vernacular tongue. Their conversion to Christianity was

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nearly contemporary with the period in which the discovery of America is said to have been made; and with that era commenced also the reduction to writing of the poetical and historical lore of the Scalds. So, if this was the period the most favorable for a supposed discovery, of the nature of the one attributed to the Northmen, it was also a period in which such an event would be likely to be chronicled, and to be made the theme of story and of song. This we find accordingly to have been the case.* But we will hasten to give our readers an abstract of the voyages and discoveries related in the work before us, from which we have already detained them sufficiently long.

Eric Rufus, or Eric the Red, emigrating from Iceland, in the spring of 986, formed a settlement in Greenland at Ericsford; accompanied, among others, by Heriulf Bardson, who established himself at Heriulfsnes. Biarne, son of the latter, returning to Iceland from a trading voyage to Norway, and finding his father gone, determined to follow him, and spend the winter with him in Greenland, though neither he nor any of his people had ever navigated the Greenland sea. He set sail, but met with northerly winds and fogs, and was driven for many days, he knew not whither. When the weather again cleared up, he and his company saw a land which was without mountains, overgrown with wood, and having many gentle elevations, and altogether so different in appearance from Greenland, as it had been described to him, that they did not land; but, changing their course, and leaving this country on the larboard continued sailing for two days, when they saw another land which was flat and overgrown with wood. From thence they stood out to sea, and after sailing three days with a S.W. wind, discovered a third land, which was high and mountainous and covered with icebergs, (glaciers.) Coasting along the shore, it proved to be an island, and so uninviting in aspect, that they did not land: and bearing away, stood out to sea with the same wind, and after four days sailing with fresh gales, reached Heriulfsnes in Greenland.

Sometime after this, and, as is supposed, in the year 994, Biarne paid a visit to Eric earl of Norway, and told him of his voyage and discoveries. He was blamed by many for not having examined these countries more particularly. On his return to Greenland there was much talk of pursuing his discoveries; and Leif, a son of Eric the Red, bought his ship and

* For a further account of the Northmen, their character, history, and literature, we would refer the reader to the valuable "History of the Northmen," by Henry Wheaton, Minister of the United States at Berlin.

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equipped it with thirty-five men, among whom was a German named Tyrker, who had long resided in the family of his father. In the year 1000 they embarked on the projected voyage, and came first to what they supposed to be the land which Biarne had seen last. They cast anchor, and went on shore to examine the country. 'No grass was seen, but every where in this country were vast ice-mountains (glaciers), and the intermediate space between these and the shore, was, as it were, one uniform plain of slate," (*hella*, in the Icelandic.) They therefore named it *Helluland*. Putting out to sea they came to another land, which was 'level (slètt), and covered with woods,' with numerous 'cliffs of white sand (sandar hvitir) and a low coast (óscebratt.)' They named the country *Markland* (Woodland.) The editor of the volume identifies *Helluland* with Newfoundland, and *Markland* with Nova Scotia. Standing out to sea again, with a north-east wind, after sailing two days they made land, and discovered an island to the eastward of the main land, and entered a channel between this island and a tongue of land (lingula) projecting in an easterly and northerly direction from the main land. Sailing westward they passed the cape, and came where they found much land left dry at ebbtide. Here, at low-tide they went on shore at a place where a river, issuing from a lake, fell into the sea.—On the return of the tide, they brought the ship first into the river, then into the lake, where they anchored. They then erected temporary huts on the shore; and afterwards, when they had finally resolved to winter in the place, they built larger houses. In the river and the lake salmon were found in great abundance, and of a larger size than they had ever before seen. The soil was so prolific that it appeared that flocks could not need to be fed in the winter, no storms of snow falling, and the grass becoming but little withered. There too the days were more nearly equal than in Greenland or Iceland; on the shortest day, "the sun continuing above the horizon from half-past seven before noon till half-past four in the afternoon." Leif divided his men into two companies, which were alternately to guard the houses and to explore the country.—He counselled them not to go farther than they might be able to return in the same evening, nor to become separated from one another. One evening it happened that the German Tyrker was missing. Leif accordingly set out with twelve men in search of him, but they had not gone far before they met him coming towards them. In reply to enquiries as to the cause of his absence, he answered first in German, and then, seeing that they did not understand him, in the Norse tongue:

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"I did not go much farther, yet I have a discovery for you; I have found vines and grapes." "Is this true?" said Leif. "It certainly is," said the German; "for I was bred where an abundance of wines and grapes never fails." They now employed themselves in hewing timber for loading the ship, and in collecting grapes, with which they filled the ship's boat. Leif called the country VINLAND, (Vineland.) In the spring they returned to Greenland. The editor of the work identifies the island last mentioned with Nantucket, and the region called *Vineland* with the states of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The astronomical observation above recorded, making the shortest day in winter nine hours long, gives for the place the latitude of 41 deg. 24 m. 10 sec.

In the year 1002, Thorwald, not being satisfied with the discoveries of Leif his brother, borrowed his ship and embarked with thirty companions to Vineland. They reached the country in safety, and passed the winter in the same spot where Leif had done before them, and in the huts he had erected, which were called "Leifsbooths," (Leifsbúda). Early the next spring they set out to explore the country along the Western shore, and did not return to Leifsbooths till autumn. They found it beautiful, covered with wood, and a narrow space between the forest and the sea, abounding with white sand. The sea contained numerous islands and shallows. They nowhere saw any habitations of men or wild beasts, nor traces of men except on an island far westward, where they found a cornshed of wood. The succeeding summer, Thorwald, taking with him in the ship such commodities for trade as he had, 'coasted along the eastern shore, and came round the land on the North side.' Visited by a severe storm opposite a certain cape, they were driven ashore, and had the keel of their ship broken. Here they delayed a long time refitting their ship, and setting up their broken keel; they called the point Kialarnes (Keel-cape). Sailing past the headland from the east, they enter the nearest friths, and approach a promontory there projecting, all overgrown with wood. Near this they came to anchor, and Thorwald went on shore with all his companions. He was so much delighted with the spot, that he exclaimed, "this is pleasant, and here I could wish to fix my dwelling." Returning to the ship, they saw three hillocks on the sand within the promontory, and found there three canoes, and under each three men. These they called Skrellings (Esquimaux.) They seized and killed all of them but one, who escaped with his canoe. Looking around them they saw along the frith other hillocks, which they thought to be habitations. After this it happened,

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when they had fallen into a very sound sleep, that they were all aroused by a clamor and the approach of a vast number of canoes, filled with Skrellings, who attacked them by hurling missiles. Thorwald's party protected themselves by raising battle screens upon the ship's side. The Skrellings were soon beaten off, but Thorwald had been wounded by an arrow under the arm. Finding the wound mortal, he said: "I now advise you to prepare for your departure as soon as possible; but me ye shall bring to the promontory, where I thought it good to dwell. It may be that it was a prophetic word that fell from my mouth about my abiding there for a season.—There shall ye bury me, and plant a cross at my head and also at my feet, and call the place Krossanes in all coming time." Professor Rafn supposes Keel-cape to be the present Cape Cod, and Krossanes, where Thorwald was buried, to be Gurnet Point, opposite Plymouth. From considerable familiarity with those localities, and from an attentive perusal of the narrative of the voyage of Thorwald, we think he has fixed the spot very accurately.

The voyage of Thorstein, Eric's third son, to Vineland, to bring back the body of his brother, we pass over; as the narrative is short, and less interesting than the paper following, which is an account of a settlement effected in Vineland by Thorfinn, a wealthy and powerful man of illustrious birth. In the spring of 1007, an expedition set sail from Greenland for Vineland, consisting of three ships, one commanded by Thorfinn, attended by Snorre Thorbandson, the second by Biarne Grimolfson and Thorhall Gamlason; and the third by Thorward, who was accompanied by his wife Freydisa, a natural daughter of Eric the Red. On the ship of the latter was a man of the name of Thorhall, who had long served Eric, as huntsman in summer and as house-steward in winter, and who was much acquainted with the uncolonized parts of Greenland.—Thorfinn also was accompanied by his wife, who was a sister-in-law of Leif. They numbered in all one hundred and sixty men. They took with them all kinds of live stock, intending, if possible, to establish a colony in Vineland. They sailed first to Westerbygd and then to Biarney (Disco,) in Greenland; and then sailed for a night and a day in a southerly direction, when they discovered land, and sent a boat ashore to explore it.—'They found,' says the narrative, 'large flat stones, many of them twelve ells (duodecim ulnæ) broad, and also a great number of foxes.' This proved to be Helluland, before discovered by Leif. From thence they sailed again in a southerly direction a night and a day, and reached Markland (Woodland,)

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overgrown with wood and abounding with wild animals. On a small island near they killed a bear, and from the circumstance named the island Biarney (Bear-Island). Again proceeding in a south west direction, they reached a tongue of land upon which they found a ship's keel, and called the land Keel Cape, the same name which had been given to it by Thorwald three years before. Here were extended beaches and sand-banks. The beaches or strands they named Furdustrandir. When they had passed these they found the land indented with bays. Anchoring in one of these bays, they sent on shore two Scots, who were among the crews, and were very swift of foot, commanding them to explore the country in a south-west direction. They returned after three days, bringing, one of them a cluster of grapes, and the other a young blade of wheat. The company proceeded on their voyage, and entered a frith, at the mouth of which lay an island, past which on either side ran strong currents. On this island eyder-ducks were so numerous that it was impossible to walk without treading on their eggs. They called the island Straumey (Stream-Island), and the frith Straumfiördr (Stream-Firth). They unladed their ships, and prepared for spending the winter on the shore of this frith. They had brought with them all kinds of domestic animals. Here they wintered, enjoying a delightful country, supplied by the forest with abundance of game, with eggs from the island, and with fish from the bay. Their only care was to explore the country.

Thorhall afterwards wished to proceed in a north direction in quest of Vineland. Thorfinn chose rather to go the south-west. Thorhall set out with eight men, and sailed past Furdustrandir and Kialarnes (Cape Cod); but they were driven by westerly gales to the coast of Ireland, where, according to some accounts, they were made slaves. Thorfinn, with Snorre and Biarne, and their two ship's companies, in all one hundred and thirty-one persons [CXXXI], coasted along the land in a southerly direction for a long time, till they came to a river which flowed through a lake into the sea. 'There were vast sandy shallows,* by reason of which the river could not be entered except at high tides.' Into the mouth of this river they entered, and called the bay (æstuarium) Hópe (i Hópe). This word, we are told, signifies a small bay or recess, formed by a river from the interior falling into an inlet from the sea, or the land bordering on such a bay. In the low ground in the vicinity of the bay they found fields of wheat growing sponta-

* According to the reading of one MS, "there were large islands opposite the mouth of the river."

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neously, and on the gently elevated hills, vines. Every stream was filled with fish, and the forests abounded with wild animals of every species. Early one morning, while looking about them, they discovered a large number of canoes approaching. On a friendly signal being made, they rowed nearer and landed, the savages wondering at the men they saw there. These people were dark colored, ill-looking, had ugly heads of hair, with large eyes and broad cheeks. After remaining a short time, they rowed back and passed towards the south, beyond the cape. Thorfinn and his company constructed habitations near the lake, and passed the winter there.—No snow fell, and their cattle sustained themselves without being fed. In the following spring the natives visited them in great numbers, and opened a traffic with them. They chose red cloth, which was sold to them in small strips, and for which they exchanged furs and squirril skins. Thorfinn forbade his companions selling them any arms, of which they seemed passionately fond. During this season Gudrida, Thorfinn's wife, gave birth to a son, who was named Snorre, the first child of European decent born in America, and ancestor of several distinguished personages* at the present day, whose descent may be traced back in a direct line to Thorfinn. After some encounters with the natives, in one of which one of his men was slain, being found with a flat stone sticking fast in his head, Thorfinn returned with his party to Greenland with specimens of the fruits and peltries they had collected. A grandson of Snorre, and great-grandson of Thorfinn, whose name was Thorlak, was raised to the Episcopal rank, and became of great repute for his learning. To him we are principally indebted for the oldest code of the ecclesiastical law of Iceland, first published in 1123, and now extant; and it is thought highly probable that the accounts of the voyages and adventures of which we have given a brief sketch, were compiled by him. The editor supposes Straumey, mentioned in the preceeding voyage, to be Martha's Vineyard, Straumfiördir to be Buzzard's Bay, and Hóp, the present Mount Hope Bay, in later times the seat of the famous Indian, King Philip. We think that this latter locality does not accord in every particular with the description given in the Latin translation of the old *Saga* (we do not understand the original). It is stated that they sailed a long time (diu navigarunt,) after leaving Staumfiördir before they reached Hóp. This would not be required by the distance between the two places here supposed. Again

* Among these may be mentioned Thorwaldson, the great sculptor, and Professor Finn Magnussen, of Copenhagen, one of the most distinguished Icelandic scholars and antiquaries of the age.

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we are disposed to doubt whether there is any thing in the entrance to this river corresponding to the 'shallows' described, (ibi vasta erant brevia arenosa.) Another manuscript, however, as we have before remarked, differs slightly from the one, the translation of which we have quoted, and speaks of large islands in the mouth of the river, (ante fluvii ostium magnæ erant insulæ); but concurs with the other in representing it impossible to enter the river except at full tide, or the highest tides, (neque intrari fluvius nisi maximis æstibus potuit.) We merely suggest these as difficulties in the way of fixing upon Mount Hope Bay for the Hóp of the Northmen.

Our limits will not allow us to dwell longer on this important and interesting work. We are compelled to leave much that is interesting in the volume untouched; as the voyage made to Vineland in the year 1011, the missionary enterprise undertaken to the newly discovered country, by bishop Eric of Greenland, in 1121; and the interesting account of the "Inscription Rocks" in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, illustrated by excellent plates. For what relates to these inscriptions the Royal Society are indebted to the Rhode Island Historical Society, at present one of the most efficient associations of the kind in the United States. Some notice of these inscription rocks, and of the success with which the Danish society have endeavored to decipher the most celebrated one in the country, will be inserted in a succeeding number of the Messenger. We will merely add here, that the celebrated inscription on the rock in Taunton river, in the state of Massachusetts, as interpreted by the learned Icelandic scholars at Copenhagen, serves only to confirm the evidence of the *Sagas* in relation to the discoveries and settlement of Vinland by the Northmen.

L. B.

Surely our preachers should have warmth of soul,
And yet we hear of Unitarian coldness—
We have our Green-wood, Furness, Burn-ap, Cole,
And Flint and Sparks once blazed away with boldness,
And now along with names so warm and zealous,
There 's lately come to kindle us, a Bellows.

X.

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PROGRESS OF THEOLOGY.

It would be difficult to decide, who have brought the more follies into the world—philosophers or theologians. Surely there is no absurdity, that has not at some time received the sanction of philosophy—no extravagance, that has not worn the garb of religion. Yet when we come to look at the different effects, which the follies of the theologian and the philosopher have had upon the world, there is no likeness between the two. The philosopher's follies have been confined chiefly to his own closet or academy: the theologian's errors have stamped themselves on the face of all society. Pyrrho and his sceptic band may deny the existence of the outward world, and doubt on all subjects, yet the mass of men will still believe they walk the solid earth, and will enjoy their bread and cheese none the less, because its reality has been questioned. The stoic may deny the reality of pain and evil, yet mankind will still grieve when they lose what is dear to them, and will groan when the pangs of disease come. The sceptic may deny the existence of virtue and of moral distinctions, but mankind will yet always believe in good and bad, right and wrong. One school of philosophy may deny the reality of matter—another may deny the reality of spirit, yet common sense will go on her way unchanged—the great instincts of humanity will still utter their oracles—man will still believe there is a world around him and a spirit within him.

But how different is the fact, when the theologian comes in, and appealing to supernatural sanctions utters his extravagances. From his lips, the wildest theories of the philosopher are received by the people with unquestioning faith, since clothed in a supernatural garb. The common instincts of humanity have been silenced by the preacher's voice. The stoic's dream for instance has been made a fact of every day occurrence in the Christian world—the reality of bodily pain has been lost sight of, and the stern penitent has taken a greater delight in an emaciated frame and in flesh bloody with the scourge, than the worldly man enjoys in his bowers of ease or halls of revelry. The common ties of society have been sundered, and men have left wife and parent and child and brother and sister and all the delights of social life, and buried themselves in the monk's cell or hermit's cave. Millions of men have thus run into a practical folly, such as no error of philosophy could ever induce.

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Although the days of monasteries and scourges are now over, much of the spirit still remains, and there are myriads in this enlightened age, whose minds are perverted by a false religion, who have no eye for this beautiful world—no relish for its manifold blessings, but are determined to behold nought but a vale of tears and an Universe groaning beneath the curse of the God of Universal Love.

Yet the power of the Theologians' extravagances has been in a great measure checked. Men are not so fond of mystery as in days of yore. The ancient Father's principle of faith "*Credo, quia impossibile*" is not in much repute in our day, even among those who are most fond of the marvellous. The age demands a scientific explanation of every doctrine that is proposed for its adoption. Even the noted quackeries of our time put on a show of reason, and find more votaries by basing their claims upon science, than by pretending to the aid of angels or demons. Theology, always last to follow in the progress of ideas, has finally shown some inclination to join the general current, and submit its claims to a philosophical examination. The student's chief speculative problem now is to reconcile science with theology, and to legitimate religion by philosophy. His most interesting question asks what effect will be produced upon religious and moral life and enthusiasm by the influx of scientific ideas.

Let us not be supposed to say, that until lately philosophy has been a stranger to theology. Far from it. The effect that philosophy has had upon religion appears in the history of every nation and in every state of Christianity. In the inner sanctuary of the Hindoo and Egyptian worship dwelt a philosophy that was imaged forth in symbols addressed to the senses of the vulgar. Hardly had Christianity appeared in the world, when the Gnostic philosophers laid hold of it, and wrested its history into types of their ideas and regarded its principles and spirit, as but an opening forth of that light, that had always dwelt in the souls of the faithful, and burst with divine effulgence into the mind of the true Gnostic. And then in the Augustinian theology and its offspring, modern Calvinism, we may see traces of oriental philosophy, and may recognise in the Calvinist's almost equal division of power between God and the Devil, a new version of ancient Manicheism. When finally Christianity appeared requisite in the Protestant church at the Reformation, it was not free from all traces of the philosophy of the schools of the dark ages.

No, theology and philosophy have never been kept actually separate. But the tables have been turned. In ancient times

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philosophy was obliged to borrow the garb of religion in order to make its principles current in a superstitious age. But now theology is forced to borrow the garb of philosophy to make its dogmas pass current in a scientific age. Those who bring forward the most revolting doctrines of Calvinism are now very glad to support their views by analogies borrowed from other parts of God's providence and creation, instead of bidding the human mind bow in unquestioning faith at the dictation of the priest.

Whether religious enthusiasm will gain ardor by having its fond faith subject to a philosophical criticism, we are not at present aiming to show; however strongly convinced that Christianity will stand the test of all fair scientific investigation, we must own, there is something in all deliberate reasoning, that moderates the fire of passion, and that he is a rare character, who at the same time unites the qualities of a logician and enthusiast. We would even doubt with the sensible De Tocqueville, whether that conviction, which is deliberate and rational, and self-possessed, ever raised a man to the same degree of ardor and enthusiasm, which dogmatic, arbitrary creeds inspire. But whether reason and science chill ardor in religious matters or no—the age demands reason and science in religion, and will have a rational religion or else none, that shall have the confidence of the people. Religion may be rational, and at the same time firm and heartfelt, but not impassioned.

Protestantism began by ministering to the want of a rational faith. It rejected the Papal authority and vindicated the right of each man to judge of the meaning of scripture. But still, it took the truth of Scripture for granted without a proper historical examination. Another age threw off the former subserviency to the Church Canon of Scriptural books, and applied a bold and patient historical criticism to them. Still another age, and the end of it is not yet, went a step farther—examined the Christian records by the light of philosophy and sought to find a witness to the truths of religion in the facts of consciousness and in the soul's undeniable instincts. The Revelation of God in the Scriptures has been examined and approved by a comparison of his manifestations of himself in nature and the human soul.

Every step of this way of progress has been stoutly contested, and sore has been the opposition, which the movement party has met with. But a great advance has been made. A man may now in enlightened communities apply an impartial historical examination to the Scriptures as to other books, without

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fear of a church anathema. He may without standing in fear of the stake, speak now of geology in connection with the account of the creation in the book of Genesis, and of astronomy in connection with Joshua and the story of the sun and moon. Indeed the organ of Andoverian Orthodoxy has quoted an article, without condemnation, from a German Evangelical magazine, which maintains the account of Joshua's miracle to be a poetic interpolation.

But the time has not yet come, when a man may safely apply the same principles of judgement to the criticism of God's truth in the Bible, which are universally applied in examining God's truth as revealed in nature and the human soul.

The Bible, it is well said by a distinguished Orthodox divine, holds the same relation to religious truth, that the natural world holds to physical science. Wise and rare is the theologian who comes to the study of the Bible with the same earnestness, that the natural philosopher brings to the study of the visible creation: and who is willing to seek the great elements of religious truth in the inspired volume, just as the latter seeks to find the great laws of the material elements in the natural world around him. To do this has been the great aim of theological studies among the enlightened minds in the Church for the last fifty years. And glorious have been the results. A religion has been proclaimed, which, while it is based on the Christian history, satisfies the demands of reason and ministers to the cravings of the heart for salvation and immortal life.

S. O.

A TRIP TO OWENSBORO.

FROM THE EDITOR'S JOURNAL.

May 26. Left Louisville at six, P. M., in the steamer Naples. The late fearful destruction of life by the explosions on the Moselle and Oronoko do not seem to have diminished very much the amount of travelling on steamboats. Impressions made on our community are almost like those stamped on water. They pass away immediately and leave the surface of the popular mind as before. It appears as if nothing could prevent these disastrous accidents but the heaviest penalties of the law. If the owners and officers of boats were made responsible in heavy fines, or severe punishments for all accidents occurring

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on their boats, the number of such casualities, as they are called, would soon diminish. In almost every instance they result from ignorance in the engineer, recklessness and insubordination in the pilot, or carelessness and disregard of life in the captain. They are called accidents, but they are just such kind of accidents as would never occur if they were heavily punished.

Saturday, May 27. Reached Owensboro at 9, A. M. It is about one hundred and sixty miles below Louisville, in Daviess county, Kentucky. The public buildings are a court house and academy. There is no church, because no sect is strong enough to build one for itself. All denominations are here represented. The Methodists are perhaps the most numerous, and there are several Unitarian families. At their request I visited the place. The situation of Owensboro is very pleasant, the banks are high, and the green streets are here and there adorned with stately trees. I was received by my friend Mr. Scarborough, who has charge of the academy, and introduced by him to several of the families. It was thought best that I should make the most of my time, and I therefore preached twice on Saturday, twice on Sunday, and on Monday night. The audiences were large, and appeared interested. The subjects of my discourses were, The duty of inquiring for Truth, Regeneration, The Divinity of Christ, What shall I do to be saved? and Christian Union. The audience the last night was larger than at the beginning. I suppose that those of our brethren who are opposed to three days meetings, would allow that here, where there are no regular meetings, I might be excused for holding one. The effect was. I think, very good. All denominations attended, and few were dissatisfied. A Cumberland Presbyterian and two Methodist preachers assisted me in the services. The Presbyterian, who had appointed to preach on Sunday, kindly gave way to me in the morning and night. On the whole an excellent feeling prevailed. Many were present who seldom attend any religious meetings, and there is reason to think that the services were blessed to the spiritual good of the hearers.

Besides the public services on the Sabbath, I baptised a lady and two children, and attended the Sabbath School, and made a short address to the children. This School is a very interesting one. It was commenced and has been carried forward by the exertions of Mr. Scarborough, and is in a very flourishing condition, containing sixty or seventy pupils. The teachers and scholars are of all denominations. Nothing sectarian is taught in the school, but the great truths of Christianity

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which are common to all. An attempt was made to convince the people that Mr. Scarborough taught his own sectarian opinions, because Allen's Questions are used, and the library was bought in Boston. But this religious attempt to break down a Sunday school and destroy the reputation of its teacher, did harm to no one but its author. It is proper to add that he was a stranger, who thought the people of Owensboro unable to discern for themselves what was right and true, and therefore volunteered his assistance to direct them.

The Academy, under the care of Mr. S., is one of the best regulated and interesting I have ever seen. The government is almost wholly of the moral kind. Reason and kindness, and not threats and force are the successful means of conducting it. How successful, may be judged from the fact that the school governed itself a whole day in the absence of the teacher. Mr. S. told the children that on Monday he could not be in school, but that if they thought they could keep the rules, he would place that confidence in them to allow them to come to school without him. They unanimously promised, and kept their promise. The school was so still the whole day that as the children said, you might hear at any time the ticking of the clock. At the regular hour they took their recess, and dismissed themselves. Next morning Mr. S. asked those who had not broken the rules by leaving their places, whispering, &c. to rise. All rose but three boys, and their offence, as I learned, was merely whispering. Such a fact as this speaks volumes for the Academy, and instructor. He told me that he derived much benefit from Mr. Alcott's Conversations with Children, and thought his method the true one.

On Monday I took a ride with Mr. S. and Mr. Robert Triplett, to some extensive coal banks a few miles below Owensboro, belonging to the latter gentleman. I was not aware that coal was found below Hawesville, but this is inexhaustible in quantity, and in quality seems to resemble the Hawesville coal, which is like the Cannel coal of England. Mr. Triplett is making a rail road, by which the coal will be brought to a point on the river where there is a fine harbour. Here also stands an ice house and a dairy for supplying boats. There seems every probability that a manufacturing town will spring up at this point before many years. The hills which contain the coal are very beautifully wooded with the largest trees. Our ride over hills and along the valleys, under the shade of these majestic forests, was very pleasant. Some places reminded me of Spenser's description.

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A gentle vale, which lowly lay
Between two hills, whose high heads overplaced,
The valley did with cool shade overcast,
Through midst thereof a little river rolled,
By which we saw a knight with helm unlaced—
Himself refreshing with the liquor cold,
After his travel long, and labors manifold.

We saw no knight, with red cross shield, but other things we *did* see, which might carry the imagination back as far as the days of European chivalry. In the midst of the woods, and overgrown with large trees, were some Indian mounds, covered with graves. Each grave was surrounded by large slabs of stone, sunk perpendicularly in the ground, with the tops three or four inches above the surface. A single slab was used for each top and side, and some were therefore six feet long. They had evidently been wrought by some tools, the edges being smoothed off. I was told that formerly a broad slab lay on the top of each grave also, but these had been removed for hearth stones. I had heard of graves like these, in Tennessee and Illinois, but never had an opportunity of seeing them before myself.

On returning from our ride, we passed the farm formerly occupied and improved by the celebrated Joseph Hamilton Daviess, from whom this county is named. He was a man of great genius, though of some eccentricity. I have seldom been more interested that in listening to the anecdotes about him which are repeated by his friends.

I looked at his home and the orchard he had planted, as one always regards the scene which has been made illustrious by the presence of a great man.

The waters murmur of their name,
The woods are peopled with their fame,
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claims kindred with their sacred clay,
Their memory wraps the dusky mountain,
Their spirit sparkles in the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls, mingling with their fame, forever.

On Tuesday morning, I bade my friends farewell, and left the Yellow Banks in an ascending steamboat. I have seldom been listened to with more attention and with less of prejudice than by this people, and can bear testimony to their liberality of feeling and hospitality to strangers. It is proper however to say, that this is owing in a great measure to the influence exerted by the earnest labors, and the character of my friend

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Mr. S. His manner of life and conduct have tended to remove the feelings of prejudice with which his opinions are elsewhere regarded. May he long continue to exercise this moral influence over the hearts and minds of children and parents.

Steamboat Fayette, Ohio River.

THE SERPENT AND THE DOVE.

Worldly knowledge has for its symbol, the serpent; the serpent by whose enticing whisper, the soul of man was tempted and Paradise lost. Heavenly wisdom has for its symbol the dove—the dove, in form of which, the Holy Spirit descended on the Son of God, and in whose gentle character Christian affections are touchingly figured. Christ and Christianity unite the two—the serpent with the dove—the worldly knowledge that beguiled the first Adam, with the spiritual knowledge that glorified the second Adam. Christ knew the world, its sorrows and temptations, its sins and its death, yet was he sinless and lifted above fear of death. He knew what was in man, and needed not that any should tell him. Like Christ, the apostle bids all Christians be—"wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." S. O.

THE FLOWER TOO FAIR FOR EDEN.

There is a flower fairer than Eden ever saw—a flower, that could not bloom in a childlike Paradise, where no sorrow and trial came—but only in that sacred Eden revealed by Jesus Christ. In this second Eden, virtue exists that has been sorely tempted, and faith that has been sorely tried. There blooms the Soul's Passion Flower. It has the marks of the cross and the nails and spear on its bosom. Still is it bright and fragrant—a symbol of the Christian's joy in Christ. S. O.

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BRIEF REVIEW OF TRINITARIAN PROOF TEXTS.

We propose in this paper to give a brief but sufficient review of the most important texts quoted by the Trinitarians in support of their view of the nature of Christ. We shall not say all that might be said on each passage; we shall give one or more reasons, which, having satisfied our own mind, may, we think, satisfy other minds constituted like our own. Our object is to put the inquirer into such a position that he shall not be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, but be ready in meekness to give an answer to every man who asks the reason of the faith which is in him.

We shall in this inquiry neglect all those trivial and weak arguments which are often brought forward as confidently as the Philistines brought the green withs in hopes of fastening Samson thereby. For instance in a book which we found lying on a centre table the other day, called "The Churchman's Manual," we saw an argument to prove that Christ was God, from the texts, "Lo! I am with you always," and "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." The author reasoned that Christ must be omnipresent in order to be with his disciples in different places on the earth at the same time. His idea of Omnipresence was, being in more than one place at a time! To be in two or two hundred, or twenty thousand places on this little earth, was equivalent to being every where. As if God could not endow any created being with the power of watching over a world or a system of worlds, and yet this power be as far beneath omnipresence as a limited system is inferior to infinity. But such is the view taken by many, of the attributes of God, and such are the arguments and logic with which many defend the doctrine of the Trinity.

There are those who undertake to say, for instance, that Christ was the Jehovah of the Old Testament—the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. We would recommend to their attention such texts as Acts iii, 13. "The God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his son Jesus." According to their belief Jesus would thus be the Son of Christ. But there are some persons who never see the absurd consequences of their reasonings.

Such arguments as these we omit to notice. We shall only pay attention to those texts which are generally quoted and

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relied on by standard authors on the Trinitarian side of the controversy. In all, there are perhaps sixteen passages which seem more or less obscurely to imply that Christ is the Supreme Being. We shall place them in distinct classes.

I. PASSAGES IN WHICH CHRIST APPEARS TO BE CALLED GOD.

There are in the Bible seven passages in which Christ appears to be called God—*one* in the Old Testament, *two* in the Gospel of John, *one* in the book of Acts, and *three* in the writings of Paul. It will be noticed that none of these are from the lips of Christ himself. Christ nowhere ever seems to call himself God.

§1. *Isaiah* ix, 6. "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

The following remarks will be sufficient upon this passage:

[*a*] Commentators are far from being convinced that Jesus Christ is here spoken of. Some suppose Hezekiah to be intended.

[*b*] Supposing that the Christ is certainly meant, (which I willingly admit) it is not said that he shall *be* God, but that he shall be *called* or *named* the mighty God. This makes a very great difference as we shall presently perceive.

[*c*] For it was the custom among the Jews frequently to give the name of God in composition to their children. As for instance:

Elijah means God the Lord,
Elisha means the Lamb of God,
Elihu means my God himself,
John means the mercy of God.

[*d*] The name then *might* be given to Christ, and yet he not be God. For he expressly tells us that "those were called God to whom the word of God came," John x, 35. Now if the name was given to prophets, surely it might be given to him whom the Father sanctified and sent into the world, though he himself never assumed it, but preferred to be called the Son of God.

[*e*] If this verse proves him to be "the mighty God," it also proves him to be "the everlasting Father." But Trinitarians do not consider Christ to be God the Father, but only God the Son.

[*f*] The seventy Jewish translators of the Old Testament, who certainly knew as much about the Hebrew as King James'

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translators, have rendered this passage—"His name shall be called angel of the mighty counsel" (megalēs boulēs aggelos.) Other translators have accordingly given a different translation to the Hebrew from the common one. Mr. Noyes translates "mighty potentate," referring in his notes to Ezek. xxxi, 11. xxxii, 21. Job xli, 25. where the same word is translated "mighty one," &c.

This is the chief passage in the Old Testament where it is thought that Christ is predicted as Jehovah. This passage is not quoted by Christ or his Apostles in the New Testament. The passages of prophecy which they do quote and apply to him, speak of him as a man ordained of God to be the Messiah and savior. Thus Moses, Deut. xviii, 15. quoted by Peter, Acts iii, 22, says, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you *of your brethren, like unto me.*" Is this a prediction of the Supreme Being?

2. John i, 1, &c. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," v. 14. "and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," &c.

This is the passage most relied on by Trinitarians to prove that Christ was God, yet there is no passage in the Bible more conclusively Unitarian. This will appear even from the few remarks we can here bestow on it.

[*a*] Instead of teaching that Christ is God, John teaches that the *Word* of God was made flesh in Jesus Christ. What is the Word of God? It is God's revealed or manifested will or power, just as the word of man is a manifestation of man's will and power. God revealed himself in creation, "In the beginning was the Word." It was God himself acting—"The Word was God." Creation manifested Him, "All things were made by" the Word. It revealed God also in the light which lightens every man who comes into the world. Human reason and conscience is a revelation of God's will. But the light shines in darkness. Finally, God revealed himself in Christ. Then the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

[*b*] Verse 18, to prevent all misunderstanding, John plainly declares, that no man has seen God at any time, but that the well-beloved son has revealed him. If Christ be God, this is not true, for many have seen Jesus Christ.

[*c*] Because the Word was in Jesus Christ, it does not follow that the whole of the Word of God was in him. The spirit of God was in the prophets, but not all the spirit of God. The Word yet speaks in nature and reason, in every heart and to every eye, though more fully in Jesus Christ. The word "lightens every man that cometh into the world."—Verse 9.

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But Christ does not yet light every man that cometh into the world. Many never hear of him. Hence it is evident that the word speaks in some other way than through Christ to those who do not hear of him, or it would not lighten them.

3. *John* xx, 28. "My Lord and my God."

[*a*] The word God is often used by the Jews in an inferior sense. Ps. lxxxii, 6, 7. John x, 35. It was applied to the prophets, because they were the representatives of God for the time. Thomas no doubt thus intended it. He had no proof that Christ was the supreme God. A moment before he had disbelieved that he had risen from the dead. Christ appears to him, and he is immediately convinced, not that he is the most High, surely, but of his divine authority, and cries out, "My Lord, and my God!" expressing that he was wholly convinced and submissive.

[*b*] Shall the hasty exclamation of the sceptical and bewildered disciple convince us that Christ is the Supreme, when he himself tells us plainly that the Father is the "only true God," and that "my Father is greater than I"? John xvii, 3. xiv, 28.

4. "To feed the church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood. Acts xx, 28.

[*a*] The *blood of God* is such an unscriptural phrase that few would like to use this text in argument, or believe it one to be relied on. Accordingly we find that the learned Griesbach corrects the text, and by comparison of MSS, inserts instead of *theou* the word *kuriou*—making it read "To feed the church of the Lord." This is undoubtedly the correct reading, and is so acknowledged by learned Trinitarians. Thus, for instance, *Olshausen*, an able and bold defender of the Deity of Christ, in his commentary on the Acts, (Konigsburg, 1832) after speaking of the proof this verse would afford of that doctrine, if the phrase was genuine, says, "But, to speak the truth, it is not possible, according to the critical authorities, to believe it so. The word (*theou*) is indeed found in the ancient Codex B, but not as originally written. It has evidently been inserted afterwards. Besides this, it is only found in the vulgate, the Syrian translation, and some Fathers. On the other hand the MSS. A C D E and many more read (*kuriou*) which *all the modern critics* acknowledge to be the correct one." He then explains how it came to be inserted.

5. *Romans* ix, 5. "Whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all God, blessed forever more.

[*a*] The celebrated John Locke, in his commentary on the

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Epistle of Paul, translates this verse, "Of them, as to his fleshly extraction, Christ is come, he who is over all, God, be blessed forever, Amen." The ability and fidelity of this writer will not be disputed. The Apostle, after enumerating the blessings of the Israelites, says at the close, "God be blessed for it.—Amen." He adds a kind of doxology.

6. I *Tim.* iii, 16. Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, &c.

[*a*] This passage, like No. 4, is a corruption of the text of scripture. The true reading is, "Which was manifest in the flesh," &c. Sir Isaac Newton wrote a treatise to prove that this text and another (I John v, 7.) were corruptions of scripture. The best proof that this is the fact, is, that all learned and candid Trinitarians admit it.

7. *Hebrews* i, 8. "Unto the Son, he saith, Thy throne, Oh God, is forever and ever."

[*a*] If this passage is rightly translated, it is evident that the word God is here applied in the inferior sense, for in the same chapter we find plain proofs of the inferiority of Christ to the Father. Verse 2: "whom he *hath appointed* heir of all things." v. 4: "being *made* so much better than the angels," "he hath by *inheritance obtained* a more excellent name than they." v. 9: "God, even *thy God* hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above *thy fellows.*" He then who is called God, has himself a God, and has also *fellows*, i. e. equals, companions.

[*b*] Many learned scholars, for example, Gilbert Wakefield, contend that the true reading both of the Hebrew and Greek is "God is thy throne forever and ever."

We have thus considered briefly the seven passages in which Christ seems to be called God. We have seen 1, That not one of them is from our Savior's own words; 2, That two of the most important, viz: Acts xx, 28, and I Tim. iii, 16, are, by the consent of the best Trinitarian writers, perversions of the text of scripture: 3, That three more, Isaiah ix, 6, Rom. ix, 5, Heb. i, 8, can be translated without violence or forcing so as to convey quite a different idea, and 4, That the other two, John i, 1 and John xx, 28, do not necessarily imply that Christ was God. We will now consider another class of texts.

II. PASSAGES IN WHICH CHRIST SEEMED TO IMPLY AN EQUALITY WITH GOD.

8. *John* x, 30. "I and my father are one."

[*a*] Christ himself explains himself in the 36th verse to have

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meant merely that he "was the son of God." It is remarkable that Christians should have followed the Jews in perverting his words to imply that he was God, and not have noticed that he himself had denied that he had so taught.

[*b*] John xvii, 20, 21. Christ prays for his apostles that they might be *one* with him, just as he is one with God.

9. *John* xiv, 9. "He that hath seen me hath seen the father."

[*a*] In the 11th and 12th verse he himself explains that his meaning is, that he is in the Father and the Father in him, and that his works and words are God's.

III. CHRIST BEFORE ABRAHAM, &c.

10. *John* viii, 58. "Before Abraham was, I am."

11. *John* xvii, 5. "The glory I had with thee before the world was."

[*a*] The fact of Christ's preëxistence would not prove him to be God. Many Unitarians believe that he preëxisted, and created the world.

[*b*] Or he may have existed in the counsel of God—thus, Jer. i, 5, "Before I formed thee I knew thee." I Peter i, 20, Christ "who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you."

Rev. xiii, 8, "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Eph. I, 4, "According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world."

IV. CHRIST SAID TO BE THE CREATOR.

12. *Coloss.* i, 16. For by him were all things created, that are in Heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, &c.

[*a*] The question is, did Christ create by his own power, or by power derived from God? Was he originally and independently, or instrumentally the Creator? If the first, he is the Supreme God; if the second, he is God's agent in this great work. Solomon built the temple, the workmen also built the temple, but the one was the original builder, the others his instruments. Therefore, that Christ is called a creator does not prove him to be God till we learn whether he created by his own power or by derived power.

[*b*] The verse before would show that Christ was not the original Creator, for he is himself a creature—verse 15, "The first born of every creature." And verse 19th teaches that his power was derived, "For *it pleased the Father* that in him should all fullness dwell."

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[*c*] Other passages confirm this view. Thus, Heb. i, 1, 2, "God—has spoken unto us by his son—*by whom* also he made the worlds." I Cor. viii, 5, "To us there is but *one God, the Father*, OF whom are all things, and we in him, and one Lord Jesus Christ, BY whom are all things, and we by him." The same preposition is used in the two texts, (dia) expressing instrumentality.

V. MISCELLANEOUS TEXTS.

13. *Philippians* ii, 5, 6, 7, 8. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself," &c.

[*a*] The context refutes the idea that this passage was meant to teach that Jesus Christ was equal with God. For in the very next verse we read, "Wherefore God hath highly *exalted him*, and *given* him a name which is above every other name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, &c.—and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, *to the glory of God the Father.*" Has God highly exalted God, and *given* the Most High a name? &c.

[*b*] The phrase "thought it not robbery to be equal with God," would be without meaning if Christ was God—it would then be "thought it not robbery to be equal with himself."

Neither should it be an example of *humility* surely, (which the apostle is here inculcating by Christ's example) not to think it robbery to be equal with God.

[*c*] The true translation of the passage as admitted by learned Trinitarian writers is this: "Who being in the likeness or image of God, did not violently endeavor after equality (or likeness) with God." Jesus Christ was in the world, the image of the invisible God—God's representative, the highest honor created being could obtain—yet he did not think this high honor a thing to be violently contended for, but meekly bowed like a mere man to the cruelties and sufferings of the cross. He laid aside in his last hours the glories he had before manifested by mighty words and actions. He did not cling eagerly to his miraculous powers, but laid them aside. No attentive reader of the gospel, but must have been struck with this very feature in the closing scenes of the life of Jesus. All his outward glory departs—the inward, spiritual beauty of his character is heightened, but there is no more display of mirac-

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ulous energy over nature or men. To this, no doubt, the apostle alludes here.

14. *Acts* vii, 59. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon *God* and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!

[*a*] The word *God* is inserted by our English translators, as may be seen by its being in italics.

[*b*] That Stephen, who *saw* his master standing in the open Heavens, should call upon him, was quite natural, but does not prove either that he is God, or that he is to be worshipped by those who do not enjoy such a vision. To ask a favor of a person whom we see, is not prayer. Prayer is the worship of the invisible.

[*c*] That Jesus was not believed to be God by Stephen is evident from his own words, v. 56, where he says that he sees Jesus standing on the *right hand* of God.

[*d*] Whether we are to pray to Christ or not, depends on his own commands. These appear explicit. (See Luke xi, 1, 2. John iv, 23. John xxi, 23.)

15. *Rev.* i, 8. "I am alpha and omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."

[*a*] That this is spoken by God, and not by Jesus Christ, appears from verse 4th and 5th, where John invokes grace from him "which is, and which was, and which is to come," "*and* from Jesus Christ."

A few other verses, together with these, will be noticed in the following table.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

TRINITARIAN PROOF TEXTS.	EXPLAINED BY SCRIPTURE.
Isaiah ix, 6. Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and *his name shall be called* Wonderful, Counseller, *the mighty God*, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.	*I Cor.* viii, 5, 6. For though there be that *are called Gods*, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be Gods many and Lords many), *but to us there is but one God, the Father*, &c.
John xx, 28. My Lord and my God!	*John* x, 35. He *called* them Gods, to whom the word of God came.
John i, 1. In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God.	*II Cor.* v, 19. God was *in* Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.
Verse 14. And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us.	*John* v, 19. The son can do nothing of himself.
John x, 30. I and my Father are one.	*John* xiv, 10. The Father, that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.
	Verse 28. My Father is greater than I.
	John xvii, 21. That they all *may be one*, as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.

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Gen. i, 26. And God said, *let us* make man in *our* image, after *our* likeness.

Coloss. ii, 9. In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

Eph. i, 21. Christ "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come, and hath put all things under his feet."

John viii, 58. Before Abraham was, I am.

Philippians ii, 6. Thought it not robbing to be equal with God.

I John v, 20. And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true: and we are in him that is true, *even* in his son Jesus Christ.—This is the true God and eternal life.

Acts xx, 28. To feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

I Tim. iii, 16. God manifest in the flesh, justified by the spirit.

I John v, 7. There are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.

Rom. ix, 5. Whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all God, blessed forever more. Amen.

Hebrews i, 8. To the son he saith, thy throne, Oh God, is forever and ever, a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.

John xiv, 9. He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, show us the Father?

II Sam. xxiv, 14. And David said, I am in a great strait, *let us* fall now into the hands of the Lord, (for his mercies are great), and *let me* not fall into the hand of man.

Coloss. i, 19. For it *pleased the Father* that in him should all fullness dwell.

Eph. iii, 19. That *ye* might be filled *with all the fullness of God.*

I Cor. xv, 27, 28. When he saith, all things are put under him, *it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him.* And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then *shall the son also himself be subject to him that did put all things under him, that God may be all in all.*

I Peter i, 20. Who verily was *foreordained* before the foundation of the world.

[MISTRANSLATION.]

Mark x, 18. Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God.

[A similar form of expression in the following verse, shows that the phrase "true God" is referred back to the previous antecedent.]

II John 7. Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh This is a deceiver and an antichrist.

These three texts, by the admission of the most learned Trinitarian critics, are perversions of the text, and prove nothing with respect to the trinity, or Deity of Christ.

[MISTRANSLATED.]

Christ came. God, over all, be blessed for evermore. Amen.

John xvii, 1, 3. These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to Heaven and said, *Father* the hour is come—And this is life eternal, to know *thee the* ONLY TRUE GOD, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

Verse 9. Therefore God, even *thy God*, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness *above thy fellows.*

Verse 10. Believest thou not that I am *in the* Father and the Father in me, etc.

Colossians i, 15. Who is the *image* of the *invisible God* the first born of every *creature.*

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Colossians i, 16. For by him were all things created, that are in Heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities or powers, all things were created by him.

[Those Unitarians who do not believe in the preexistence of Christ, suppose a spiritual creation to be here spoken of.]

Rev. i, 8. I am alpha and omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

Hebrews i, 2. God, who at sundry times and divers manners spake in time past to the Fathers by the prophets; hath in these later days spoken to us by his son, whom *he hath appointed heir* of all things, *by whom also* he made the world.

I Cor. viii, 6. To us there is but one God, the Father, *of whom* are all things, and we in him, and one Lord Jesus Christ *by whom* are all things and we by him.

Rev. i, 4, 5. Grace be unto you and peace from him which is, and which was and which is to come, and from the seven spirits which are before his throne, *and from* Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, &c.

FOOT PRINTS ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE TOLD TALES."

[Those of our friends who may not be acquainted with the writings of this author, will do well to peruse this essay; those who are, will do it without being asked. Since the days of "Elia," we have seen nothing to compare with it. It has all of Washington Irving's delightful manner, with profounder meaning and a higher strain of sentiment.]

It must be a spirit much unlike my own, which can keep itself in health and vigor without sometimes stealing from the sultry sunshine of the world, to plunge into the cool bath of solitude. At intervals, and not infrequent ones, the forest and the ocean summon me—one with the roar of its waves, the other with the murmur of its boughs—forth from the haunts of men. But I must wander many a mile, ere I could stand beneath the shadow of even one primeval tree, much less be lost among the multitude of hoary trunks, and hidden from earth and sky by the mystery of darksome foliage. Nothing is within my daily reach more like a forest than the acre or two of woodland near some suburban farm-house. When, therefore, the yearning for seclusion becomes a necessity within me, I am drawn to the sea-shore, which extends its line of rude rocks and seldom trodden sands, for leagues around our bay. Set-

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ting forth, at my last ramble, on a September morning, I bound myself with a hermit's vow, to interchange no thoughts with man or woman, to share no social pleasure, but to derive all that day's enjoyment from shore, and sea, and sky,—from my soul's communion with these, and from fantasies, and recollections, or anticipated realities. Surely here is enough to feed a human spirit for a single day. Farewell, then busy world!—Till your evening lights shall shine along the street—till they gleam upon my sea-flushed face, as I tread homeward—free me from your ties, and let me be a peaceful outlaw.

Highways and cross-paths are hastily traversed; and, clambering down a crag, I find myself at the extremity of a long beach. How gladly does the spirit leap forth, and suddenly enlarge its sense of being to the full extent of the broad, blue, sunny deep! A greeting and a homage to the Sea! I descend over its margin, and dip my hand into the wave that meets me, and bathe my brow. That far-resounding roar is Ocean's voice of welcome. His salt breath brings a blessing along with it. Now let us pace together—the reader's fancy arm in arm with mine—this noble beach, which extends a mile or more from that craggy promontory to yonder rampart of broken rocks. In front, the sea; in the rear, a precipitous bank, the grassy verge of which is breaking away, year after year, and flings down its tufts of verdure upon the barrenness below. The beach itself is a broad space of sand, brown and sparkling, with hardly any pebbles intermixed. Near the water's edge there is a wet margin, which glistens brightly in the sunshine, and reflects objects like a mirror; and as we tread along the glistening border, a dry spot flashes around each footstep, but grows moist again, as we lift our feet. In some spots, the sand receives a complete impression of the sole—square toe and all; elsewhere, it is of such marble firmness, that we must stamp heavily to leave a print even of the iron-shod heel.—Along the whole of this extensive beach gambols the surf-wave; now it makes a feint of dashing onward in a fury, yet dies away with a meek murmur, and does but kiss the strand; now, after many such abortive efforts, it rears itself up in an unbroken line, heightening as it advances, without a speck of foam on its green crest. With how fierce a roar it flings itself forward, and rushes far up the beach!

As I threw my eyes along the edge of the surf, I remember that I was startled, as Robinson Crusoe might have been, by the sense that human life was within the magic circle of my solitude. Afar off in the remote distance of the beach, appearing like sea-nymphs, or some airier things, such as might tread

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upon the feathery spray, was a group of girls. Hardly had I beheld them, when they passed into the shadow of the rocks and vanished. To comfort myself—for truly I would fain have gazed a while longer—I made acquaintance with a flock of beach-birds. The little citizens of the sea and air preceded me by about a stone's throw along the strand, seeking, I suppose, for food upon its margin. Yet, with a philosophy which mankind would do well to emulate, they drew a continual pleasure from their toil for a subsistence. The sea was each little bird's great playmate. They chased it downward as it swept back, and again ran up swiftly before the impending wave, which sometimes overtook them and bore them off their feet. But they floated as lightly as one of their own feathers on the breaking crest. In their airy flutterings, they seemed to rest on the evanescent spray. Their images,—long-legged little figures, with gray backs and snowy bosoms,—were seen as distinctly as the realities in the mirror of the glistening strand. As I advanced, they flew a score or two of yards, and, again alighting, recommenced their dalliance with the surf-wave; and thus they bore me company along the beach, the types of pleasant fantasies, till, at its extremity, they took wing over the ocean, and were gone. After forming a friendship with the little surf-spirits, it is really worth a sigh, to find no memorial of them save their multitudinous track in the sands.

When we have paced the length of the beach, it is pleasant, and not unprofitable, to retrace our steps, to recall the whole mood and occupation of the mind during the former passage. Our tracks, being all discernible, will guide us with an observing consciousness through every unconscious wandering of thought and fancy. Here we followed the surf in its reflux, to pick up a shell which the sea seemed loth to relinquish. Here we found a sea-weed, with an immense brown leaf, and trailed it behind us by its long snake-like stalk. Here we seized a live horse-shoe by the tail, and counted the many claws of the queer monster. Here we dug into the sand for pebbles, and skipped them upon the surface of the water.—Here we wet our feet while examining a jelly fish, which the waves, having just tossed it up, now sought to snatch away again. Here we trod along the brink of a fresh water brooklet, which flows across the beach, becoming shallower and more shallow, till at last it sinks into the sand, and perishes in the effort to bear its little tribute to the main. Here some vagary appears to have bewildered us; for our tracks go round and round, and are confusedly intermingled, as if we had found a labyrinth

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upon the level beach. And here, amid our idle pastime, we sat down upon almost the only stone that breaks the surface of the sand, and were lost in an unlooked for and overpowering conception of the majesty and awfulness of the great deep. Thus, by tracking our foot-prints in the sand, we track our own nature in its wayward course, and steal a glance upon it, when it never dreams of being observed. Such glances always make us wiser.

This extensive beach affords room for another pleasant pastime. With your staff, you may write verses—love verses if they please you best—and consecrate them with a woman's name. Here, too, may be inscribed thoughts, feelings, desires, warm outgushings from the heart's secret places, which you would not pour upon the sand without the certainty that, almost ere the sky has looked upon them, the sea will wash them out. Stir not hence till the record be effaced. Now—for there is room enough on our canvass—draw huge faces—huge as that of the Sphynx on Egyptian sands—and fit them with bodies of corresponding immensity, and legs which might stride half-way to yonder island. Child's play becomes magnificent on so grand a scale. But after all, the most fascinating employment is simply to write your name in the sand. Draw the letters gigantic, so that two strides may barely measure them, and three for the long strokes! Cut deep, that the record may be be permanent! Statesmen, and warriors, and poets, have spent their strength in no better cause than this. Is it accomplished? Return then in an hour or two, and seek this mighty record of a name. The sea will have swept over it, even as time rolls its effacing waves over the names of statesmen, and warriors, and poets. Hark! the surf-wave laughs at you!

Passing from the beach, I began to clamber over the crags, making my difficult way among the ruins of a rampart, shattered and broke by the assaults of a fierce enemy. The rocks rise in every variety of attitude; some of them have their feet in the foam, and are shagged half-way upward with sea-weed; some have been hollowed almost into caverns by the unwearied toil of the sea, which can afford to spend centuries in wearing away a rock, or even polishing a pebble. One huge rock ascends in monumental shape, with a face like a giant's tombstone, on which the veins resemble inscriptions, but in an unknown tongue. We will fancy them the forgotten characters of an antediluvian race; or else that nature's hand has here recorded a mystery, which, could I read her language, would make mankind the wiser and the happier. How many

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a thing has troubled me with the same idea! Pass on and leave it unexplained. Here is a narrow avenue, which might seem to have been hewn through the very heart of an enormous crag, affording passage for the rising sea to thunder back and forth, filling it with tumultuous foam, and then leaving its floor of black pebbles bare and glistening. Here was once an intersecting vein of softer stone, which the waves have gnawed away piecemeal, while the granite walls remain entire on either side. How sharply, and with what clamor, does the sea rake back the pebbles, as it momentarily withdraws into its own depths! At intervals the floor of the chasm is left nearly dry; but anon, at the outlet, two or three great waves are seen struggling to get in at once; two hit the walls athwart, while one rushes straight through, and all three thunder, as if with rage and triumph. They heap the chasm with a snow-drift of foam and spray. While watching this scene, I can never rid myself of the idea, that a monster, endowed with life and fierce energy, is striving to burst his way through the narrow pass. And what a contrast, to look through the stormy chasm, and catch a glimpse of the calm bright sea beyond!

Many interesting discoveries may be made among these broken cliffs. Once, for example, I found a dead seal, which a recent tempest had tossed into a nook of the rocks, where his shaggy carcase lay rolled in a heap of eel-grass, as if the sea-monster sought to hide himself from my eye. Another time, a shark seemed on the point of leaping from the surf to swallow me; nor did I, wholly without dread, approach near enough to ascertain that the man-eater had already met his own death from some fisherman in the bay. In the same ramble, I encountered a bird—a large gray bird, but whether a loon, or a wild goose, or the identical albatross of the Ancient Mariner, was beyond my ornithology to decide. It reposed so naturally on a bed of dry sea-weed, with its head beneath its wing, that I almost fancied it alive, and trod softly lest it should suddenly spread its wings skyward. But the sea-bird would soar among the clouds no more, nor ride upon its native waves; so I drew near, and pulled out one of its mottled tail-feathers for a remembrance. Another day, I discovered an immense bone, wedged into a chasm of the rocks; it was at least ten feet long, curved like a scimetar, bejewelled with barnacles and small shell fish, and partly covered with a growth of sea-weed. Some leviathan of a former age had used this ponderous mass as a jaw bone. Curiosities of a minuter order may be observed in a deep reservoir, which is replenished with water at every tide, but becomes a lake among the crags, save when the sea is at

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its height. At the bottom of this rocky basin grow marine plants, some of which tower high beneath the water, and cast a shadow in the sunshine. Small fishes dart to and fro, and hide themselves among the sea-weed; there is also a solitary crab, who appears to lead the life of a hermit, communing with none of the other denizens of the place; and likewise several five-fingers—for I know them by no other name than that which children give them. If your imagination be at all accustomed to such freaks, you may look down into the depths of this pool, and fancy it the mysterious depth of ocean. But where are the hulks and scattered timbers of sunken ships?—where the treasures that old ocean hoards?—where the corroded cannon?—where the corpses and skeletons of seamen, who went down in storm and battle?

On the day of my last ramble, (it was a September day, yet as warm as summer,) what should I behold as I approached the above described basin, but three girls sitting on its margin, and —yes, it was veritably so—having their snowy feet in the sunny water! These, these are the warm realities of those three visionary shapes that flitted from me on the beach. Hark! their merry voices, as they toss up the water with their feet! They have not seen me. I must shrink behind this rock, and steal away again.

In honest truth, vowed to solitude as I am, there is something in this encounter that makes the heart flutter with a strangely pleasant sensation. I know these girls to be realities of flesh and blood, yet, glancing at them so briefly, they mingle like kindred creatures with the ideal beings of my mind. It is pleasant likewise, to gaze down from some high crag, and watch a group of children, gathering pebbles and pearly shells, and playing with the surf, as with old ocean's heary head. Nor does it infringe upon my seclusion, to see yonder boat at anchor off the shore, swinging dreamily to and fro, and rising and sinking with the alternate swell; while the crew—four gentlemen in round-about jackets—are busy with their fishing lines. But, with an inward antipathy and a headlong flight, do I eschew the presence of any meditative stroller like myself, known by his pilgrim staff, his sauntering step, his shy demeanour, his observant yet abstracted eye. From such a man, as if another self had scared me, I scramble hastily over the rocks, and take refuge in a nook which many a secret hour has given me a right to call my own. I would do battle for it even with the churl that should produce the title-deeds. Have not my musings melted into its rocky walls and sandy floor, and made them a portion of myself?

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It is a recess in the line of cliffs, walled round by a rough, high precipice, which almost encircles and shuts in a little space of sand. In front the sea appears as between the pillars of a portal. In the rear the precipice is broken and intermixed with earth, which gives nourishment, not only to clinging and twining shrubs, but to trees, that gripe the rock with their naked roots, and seem to struggle hard for footing and for soil enough to live upon. These are fir trees; but oaks hang their heavy branches from above, and throw down acorns on the beach, and shed their withering foliage upon the waves. At this autumnal season the precipice is decorated with variegated splendor; trailing wreaths of scarlet flaunt from the summit downward; tufts of yellow flowering shrubs, and rose bushes, with their reddened leaves and glossy seed berries, sprout from each crevice; at every glance I detect some new light or shade of beauty, all contrasting with the stern, gray rock. A rill of water trickles down the cliff and fills a little cistern near the base. I drain it at a draught, and find it fresh and pure. This recess shall be my dining hall. And what the feast? A few biscuits, made savory by soaking them in sea water, a tuft of samphire gathered from the beach, and an apple for the dessert. By this time the little rill has filled its reservoir again; and, as I quaff it, I thank God more heartily than for a civic banquet, that He gives me the healthful appetite to make a feast of bread and water.

Dinner being over, I throw myself at length on the sand, and basking in the sunshine, let my mind disport itself at will. The walls of this my hermitage have no tongue to tell my follies, though I sometimes fancy that they have ears to hear them, and a soul to sympathize. There is magic in this spot. Dreams haunt its precincts, and flit around me in broad sunlight, nor require that sleep shall blindfold me to real objects, ere these be visible. Here I can frame a story of two lovers, and make their shadows live before me, and be mirrored in the tranquil water, as they tread along the sand, leaving no foot-prints. Here, should I will it, I can summon up a single shade, and be myself her lover. Yes, dreamer, but your lonely heart will be the colder for such fancies. Sometimes, too, the past comes back, and finds me here, and in her train come faces which were gladsome, when I knew them, yet seem not gladsome now. Would that my hiding place were lonelier, so that the past might not find me! Get ye all gone, old friends, and let me listen to the murmur of the sea,—a melancholy voice, but less sad than yours. Of what mysteries is it telling? Of sunken ships, and whereabouts they lie? Of islands afar and

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undiscovered, whose tawny children are unconscious of other islands and of continents, and deem the stars of heaven their nearest neighbors? Nothing of all this. What then? Has it talked for so many ages, and meant nothing all the while? No: for those ages find utterance in the sea's unchanging voice, and warn the listener to withdraw his interest from mortal vicissitudes, and let the infinite idea of eternity pervade his soul. This is wisdom; and, therefore, will I spend the next half hour in shaping little boats of drift-wood, and launching them on voyages across the cove, with the feather of a sea-gull for a sail. If the voice of ages tell me true, this is as wise an occupation as to build ships of five hundred tons, and launch them forth upon the main, bound to "far Cathay." Yet, how would the merchant sneer at me!

And, after all, can such philosophy be true? Methinks I could find a thousand arguments against it. Well, then, let yonder shaggy rock, mid-deep in the surf—see! he is somewhat wrathful—he rages and roars and foams—let that tall rock be my antagonist, and let me exercise my oratory like him of Athens, who bandied words with an angry sea and got the victory. My maiden speech is a triumphant one; for the gentleman in sea-weed has nothing to offer in reply, save an immitigable roaring. His voice, indeed, will be heard a long while after mine is hushed. Once more I shout, and the cliffs reverberate the sound. Oh, what joy for a shy man to feel himself so solitary, that he may lift his voice to its highest pitch without hazard of a listener! But, hush!—be silent, my good friend!—whence comes that stifled laughter? It was musical,—but how should there be such music in my solitude? Looking upwards, I catch a glimpse of three faces, peeping from the summit of the cliff, like angels between me and their native sky.—Ah, fair girls, you may make yourselves merry at my eloquence,—but it was my turn to smile when I saw your white feet in the pool! Let us keep each other's secrets.

The sunshine has now passed from my hermitage, except a gleam upon the sand just where it meets the sea. A crowd of gloomy fantasies will come and haunt me, if I tarry longer here, in the darkening twilight of these grey rocks. This is a dismal place in some moods of the mind. Climb we, therefore, the precipice, and pause a moment on the brink, gazing down into that hollow chamber by the deep, where we have been, what few can be, sufficient to our own pastime—yes, say the the word outright!—self-sufficient to our own happiness.—How lonesome looks the recess now, and dreary too,—like all other spots where happiness has been. There lies my shadow

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in the departing sun-shine with its head upon the sea. I will pelt it with pebbles. A hit! a hit! I clasp my hands in triumph, and see my shadow clapping its unreal hands, and claiming the triumph for itself. What a simpleton must I have been all day, since my own shadow makes a mock of my fooleries!

Homeward! homeward! It is time to hasten home. It is time; it is time; for as the sun sinks over the western wave, the sea grows melancholy, and the surf has a saddened tone. The distant sails appear astray, and not of earth, in their remoteness amid the desolate waste. My spirit wanders forth afar, but finds no resting place, and comes shivering back. It is time that I were hence. But grudge me not the day that has been spent in seclusion, which yet was not solitude, since the great sea has been my companion, and the little sea-birds my friends, and the wind has told me his secrets, and airy shapes have flitted around me in my hermitage. Such companionship works an effect upon a man's character, as if he had been admitted to the society of creatures that are not mortal. And when, at noontide, I tread the crowded streets, the influence of this day will still be felt; so that I shall walk among men kindly and as a brother, with affection and sympathy, but yet shall not melt into the indistinguishable mass of human kind. I shall think my own thoughts, and feel my own emotions, and possess my individuality unviolated. But it is good, at the eve of such a day, to feel and know that there are men and women in the world. That feeling and that knowledge are mine, at this moment; for, on the shore, far below me, the fishing party have landed from their skiff, and are cooking their scaly prey by a fire of drift-wood, kindled in the angle of two rude rocks. The three visionary girls are likewise there. In the deepening twilight, while the surf is dashing near their hearth, the ruddy gleam of the fire throws a strange air of comfort over the wild cove, bestrewn as it is with pebbles and sea-weed, and exposed to the melancholy main. Moreover, as the smoke climbs up the precipice, it brings with it a savory smell from a pan of fried fish, and a black kettle of chowder, and reminds me that my dinner was nothing but bread and water, and a tuft of samphire, and an apple. Methinks the party might find room for another guest, at that flat rock which serves them for a table; and if spoons be scarce, I could pick up a clam-shell on the beach. They see me now; and—the blessing of a hungry man upon him!—one of them sends up a hospitable shout—hallo, Sir Solitary! come down and sup with us! The ladies wave their handkerchiefs. Can I decline? No; and be it owned, after all my solitary joys, that this is the sweetest moment of a day by the sea shore.

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THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

In Lockhart's Life of Walter Scott, we have an interesting description of the closing hours of the life of this great and good man. For some weeks before his death his mind seemed utterly lost and exhausted—its silver cord loosed and its golden bowl broken. But one morning, just before his departure, he awoke in his perfect mind and called for his son-in-law.—"Lockhart," said he, after intimating that this was probably the last opportunity he had to speak to him, "be *a good man*—be religious—be a good man. That only will give you satisfaction when you come to lie here."

In the Sunday School in Northborough, Mass. was a child, a female, of twelve years of age. She possessed a lovely spirit, and was an obedient and docile pupil. In Providence, she was overtaken by a violent, short, and fatal disease. Her mind was in exercise to the last hour. She saw no terror in death, but looked for happiness beyond it from living with her savior. In some of her last moments she was visited by her young friends; received them with a smile, and sent by them to her school mates this message, "Tell them from me, that if they would die happy they must be good."

The mighty enchanter of the intellectual world, whose words used to be watched and waited for by tens of thousands, had no more precious legacy of wisdom to leave behind than this simple Sunday School scholar. How striking the fact, and what reflections does it suggest! The impartial love of the Most High, who, while He gives to some vast intellectual gifts, confers the most important truths on all who hear the gospel. So that the babe and suckling may say, "I have more understanding than my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation." What an illustration also of the value of Sabbath Schools, by which the wisdom to which Scott clung in his dying hour, is imparted with equal strength to the spirit of an infant. What a lesson to us all, not to think so much as we do of new and striking views of truth, but to try instead to *realize* more the familiar, trite, ancient truths of piety and righteousness. The word is very nigh thee in thy mouth and thy heart, that thou mayst hear it and do it. By *these*, my son, be admonished—of making many books there is no end, and much study is weariness to the flesh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, love God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

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THE DOCTRINE OF ATONEMENT.

THE most *available* charge now brought against Unitarians, and the one which is therefore most confidently urged is this, that they deny the atonement and trust to their own works for salvation. Tired as we are of confuting and denying, and often as the charge has been denied, we must still reiterate the same things. We do not reject the atonement, we do not rely upon our own merits. We believe that salvation, like every thing which we enjoy or hope for, is the free, undeserved gift of God. We believe also, that the life, the sufferings, and the death of Christ were indispensable and necessary for our salvation, and are the means through which alone we are saved. We have access to the Father through him, just as through the "door" we enter the temple.

Our own works we regard not as *meritorious* in any sense, but only as the *conditions* on which salvation is freely given, without which, however, it will not and *can* not be given. The only kind of works which can have even this efficacy, are those which spring from that spiritual and humble state of mind, by which we are impelled to commit ourselves entirely to God's disposal, and which in the scripture is called Faith.

Thus it is, therefore, that our belief stands: We are saved by that Faith which produces good works, through the atonement made by Jesus Christ. The word atonement means reconciliation, (see Rom. v, ii.) and the doctrine of the atonement is that doctrine which relates to the *means* of reconciliation between God and man. The reconciliation to be effected may be considered *mutual*, because, although the alienation is created only by man's offences, and is removed as soon as he is renewed in heart, yet, so long as he continues sinful, God cannot regard him with the same kind of love that he has for those who are obedient and good. God's *holiness* and hatred of sin alienate him from the impenitent, and therefore it may be said, in one sense, that he needs to be reconciled to the sinful; but this form of expression is *never used* in the New Testament. There *man* is spoken of as needing the reconciliation; God, as always ready to receive him. The only barrier between man and God consists in man's wickedness.

There are many forms in which the doctrine of the atonement appears, several of which are unscriptural, and therefore more or less dishonorable to God, but against one of them only

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do we contend with earnestness; and that, because it represents God in a light that makes it impossible for us to love him, depriving him of his paternal character, and of the attributes of mercy and goodness. The form to which we allude is properly called the *Calvinistic* atonement, for it is Calvin's, not Christ's. It sets forth that God must be *satisfied by the payment of an equivalent before he is able* to remit the punishment due to the sins, committed previously to repentance and conversion; and that the atonement of Christ consists in this, that he bore in himself the punishment which man deserves, so that the justice of God is satisfied, and he is able to receive us without exacting any further penalty. This doctrine we reject, with horror. For its confutation, we appeal to all the principles of justice and goodness that we are capable of comprehending, against which it is a palpable and gross outrage. We appeal also to every passage in scripture which represents God as a Father; to all those which speak of him as kind and forbearing and ready to forgive; to all which represent salvation as a free gift and as a proof of God's love for us; to the whole New Testament, which represents the atonement as the result of God's love for us, not as the *exaction of his justice;* and to such parables as that of the prodigal son; (Luke xv, 11); that which immediately precedes it, in the same chapter; and that found in Matt. xviii, 21–35, where God is *contrasted* with the person who said, "pay me that thou owest." We feel that in opposing that doctrine, therefore, we are laboring to vindicate God's glory, to convert men to his love, to draw him near to us, and, in a word, to establish the truth as it is in Jesus.

W. G. E.

"THE LIGHT SHINING."

Holding the faith and cherishing the feelings expressed in the last article, we rejoice with a joy unspeakable to see how generally Christians are beginning to adopt them, and how many of all denominations unite with us in rejecting the Calvinistic atonement. This change is the beginning of a glorious day for the cause of Christ. In proof that our joy is not vain, we refer to two authorities, both of them of a character and standing that cannot be questioned. One of them is not very recent. that is to say, is three or four years old. We refer to the "Corner Stone," by Jacob Abbott, a book which is famil-

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iarly known to persons of almost all sects, and which is strongly approved of by the majority, except perhaps, of those who are professed theologians. He explains and illustrates a theory of atonement which entirely excludes the idea contended against above, and which is consistent with God's goodness and with the scripture.

Let the following extracts be carefully read:

"We have now accomplished the plan which we had marked out for this chapter, which was the exhibition of some of the principles upon which the pardon of sin can safely be bestowed. These principles are in substance as follows. The design of God in connecting such severe and lasting sufferings with sin, is not resentment against the sinner, but a calm and benevolent interest in the general good. He wishes no one to suffer, and has accordingly provided a way by which he can accomplish more perfectly what would have been accomplished by the inflexible execution of the law. By this means, the way is open for our forgiveness, if we are penitent for our sins."

Again, he speaks thus: "Christ came, in other words, not only to teach us duty and to set an example of its performance, but to suffer for us, and to make, by that suffering, *a moral impression* on the great community of intelligent beings, which should go instead of our punishment, and render it safe that we should be forgiven."

Observe that there is not a word about "satisfaction rendered" and the like. Christ suffered and died in order that the same *moral impression* might be produced as by the actual punishment of the offender, that is, the strong impression of God's hatred of sin and of the necessity of holiness. Against such a statement we have not the least objection.

Once more, see the same sentiments more fully expressed:

"Let me explain precisely what I mean by this. Your conscience is uneasy, being burdened by the load of your past sins. Perhaps you do not distinctly fear punishment, but it is the sense of responsibility for sin, and an undefined dread of something that is yet to come, which really destroys your rest. Now why have you any thing to fear? Why should God ever call you to account for those sins? It must be either from personal resentment against you, or else because the welfare of his government requires the execution of his law upon you. There cannot be any thing like the former, you know. It must be the latter, if either. Now the balm for your wounded spirit is this, that the moral impression in respect to the nature and tendencies of sin, which is the only possible rea-

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son God can have, for leaving you to suffer its penalties, is accomplished far better by the life and death of his Son; and if you are ready to abandon sin for the future, there is no reason whatever remaining, why you should be punished for the past. God never could have wished to punish you for the sake of doing 'evil,' and all the 'good' which he could have accomplished by it, is already effected in another and a better way. Now believe this cordially. Give it full control in your heart. Come to God and ask forgiveness on this ground. Trust to it fully. If you do, you will feel that the account for the past is closed and settled forever. You are free from all responsibility in regard to it. Ransomed by your Redeemer, the chains of doubt and fear and sin fall off, and you stand, free, and safe, and happy, a new creature, in Jesus Christ,—redeemed by his precious blood, and henceforth safe under his mighty protection."

All this varies little, indeed not at all, from the statements that we make from our own pulpit. How different is it from the atonement as set forth by strict Calvinists! Now it is remarkable and indicates the happy change among those called Orthodox, that the common people hear Mr. Abbott gladly.—They "who sit on the seat of Moses" have indeed discovered the 'heretical' tendency of the book, but the most practical and pious among the mass of believers are fully satisfied. This indicates improvement. "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

The other authority to which I refer as proving a change among Trinitarians, which amounts to an abandonment of the Calvinistic doctrine of the atonement, is "a charge," recently delivered by Bishop Onderdonk to the clergy of his diocese, in Pennsylvania, a commendatory notice of which we find in the New York Churchman. In this charge we find an elaborate and very strong argument against "an equivalent atonement." We will let it speak for itself:

"THE ATONEMENT OFFERED TO THE HOLINESS AND NOT TO THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

"So far then as analogy may determine, it cannot be held that the sufferings of an innocent Savior in place of guilty men, were accepted as the payment of their debt. They were exacted by the sovereign power of the Majesty on high. And the motive which my argument suggests for requiring this atonement, was, that the divine holiness should be vindicated when the divine mercy grants pardon to the sinner; it was, that mercy and truth might meet together, that righteousness and peace might embrace each other; there is mercy in GOD, but there are truth also, and righteousness, which

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are another name for holiness. And while mercy pleads that the penitent sinner be not given to perdition, truth expostulates that the Holy One ought to maintain his moral perfection, for his own sake; and also, for the sake of others, not relax his discountenance of sin. To pardon any being in whom the least sin remains, on the ground of his being good enough, would be to yield so far God's moral perfection, and relax his discountenance of evil. Hence the penitent is forgiven, not in any degree on account of his imperfect goodness, but because the sufferings of CHRIST the Victim attest that God's moral perfection yields not, and that his discountenance of sin is not relaxed: so that those sufferings become the sole procuring cause of the penitent's pardon. Thus it is that mercy can act without contradicting truth, without infringing on holiness. And though we do not fully understand why God inflicts his abhorrence of evil on the person of a different being from those who have sinned, the doctrine, besides resembling in part certain providences of the innocent suffering for others, is not contrary to reason, as that doctrine is which compares sin to a pecuniary debt, and would thus make the Redeemer to have paid our moral debt. Expiation and payment are radically different: if they were not, one might pay beforehand for the privilege of offending. In the sacrifice of Christ, the divine purity and rectitude shows its infinite indignation against evil. On him who, having no sin of his own, agreed to represent our sins for this purpose, and who consented that for this great object the Lord should lay on him the iniquity of us all,—on Him is exercised the pure and awful indignation of a holiness perfect and repulsive of every stain. Strictly speaking, Christ does not undergo a penalty or punishment, for that is remitted; he suffers to attest that God is truly angry with sin, the anger being that of principle, not of passion: and this holy anger, we may remark, has no relation to placability; for placability in a matter of principle, if the word has meaning with such a reference, is so much surrender of principle. This holy anger having had its course, the cross may be appealed to, as the proof that God has surrendered nothing of his moral perfection, in granting pardon to the sinner, when he repents, though in a degree he is a sinner still.

THE DOCTRINE OF AN EQUIVALENT ATONEMENT LEADS EITHER TO ABSOLUTE ELECTION OR UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

"On the principle that the same offence ought not to be twice punished, or the same debt twice paid, justice having no demand after being once satisfied, those for whom Christ bore the legal sentence cannot themselves be punished. If so, and if Christ "died for all," and bore the sentence for "the whole world," then all must escape punishment hereafter, and be saved. Or else, the elect only being saved, Christ was sentenced and made payment for none but them; and then, of course, he did not "taste death for every man;"

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and there is but a step between this consequence and a decree of reprobation on all other human beings. Thus the doctrine that the atonement was addressed to the justice of God, in the popular sense, leads, unavoidably I think, either to Universalism, or to absolute predestination, and so impugns those Scriptures which declare an everlasting punishment for the wicked, or those which affirm that Christ was "the propitiation for the sins of the whole world." But no such consequences result from the theory that the atonement was addressed to the holiness of God. It is not a penalty endured for all, which cannot be again claimed from any; or for a few only, making their safety unconditional, and leaving all others without its benefit. But it is a transaction which, rendering the pardon of sinful men consistent with God's moral perfection, has procured a pardon for all sinners, which will be granted to all who accept it: while those who will not accept it, are not released, as if their debt was paid, or their penalty fulfilled, but are still subject to the indignation of that divine holiness which they obstinately continue to dishonor. The ransom is paid for all; but those who prefer the bondage of sin remain captives. Thus we have a theory of the atonement which has no affinity whatever with either of the erroneous doctrines to which I have referred."

We do not say that all the forms of expression in the above extract are such as we would prefer: for example, we do not know what is meant by "God's *inflicting* his abhorrence of evil" upon the person of an innocent being: and again he says, that "Christ *represents* our sins," as if his death were a scenic representation. But we do not quarrel with phrases. The article amounts to the same as Mr. Abbott's statement, namely, that the efficacy of the atonement consists in the *moral impression* produced, by which God's holiness is vindicated and his hatred of sin manifested; and this is what *we* believe.

And a fact of importance, in this connexion, is that this remodeled doctrine receives the hearty approbation of the leading Episcopal newspaper of the country. Yet it has not been long, since the writer of this notice was condemned by an Episcopal clergyman, because he rejected the very doctrine above denounced! W. G. E.

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OAKLAND RACES.

[The following article is from the Louisville City Gazette.]

Mr. Editor:—Now that the Oakland races are over, I wish, with your permission, to offer some remarks upon them which have suggested themselves to my mind. They may not be in accordance with your own views, or those of many of our citizens, yet I should like to have them considered before they are rejected. Without intending any disrespect to those gentlemen who have lent their aid and countenance to this exhibition, it is my deliberate conviction that it is a great injury to our city to have races reestablished at Oakland. These are among my reasons,

1. Races bring to Louisville innumerable thieves and villians. I suppose more robberies and other crimes have been committed during the past fortnight in our city, than in six months previously. In the small circle of my own acquaintances, three houses have been entered and robbed within a week by plausible, gentlemanly looking, villains. Others I have heard of. The watchmen tell me that the streets swarm with them. If they would only confine their attention to those who patronize and encourage races, I should hope that it might be a lesson to such. But they are quite indiscriminate in their visits. It is well known that the ruffians and reprobates are in the habit of following the races from New-Orleans to Long Island. No doubt Louisville contributes her proportion to their support. Not long since in an Orleans paper, after a long list of house breakings, thefts, swindlings, and murders, the Editor remarked that these were owing to the races, which were just closing.

Thinks I "a great advantage will our Oakland track be to Louisville, if these are the kind of fish it brings to us."

2. The races bring to Louisville gamblers to prey upon our young men. Gamblers seem somehow to be the necessary accompaniments of a race course. More than an hundred were probably last week in our city who gain their support by this elegant profession. They did not probably come here to prey upon one another. No—our young men are the game these blood suckers seek. Young men, many of them without parents near to advise them, some the only stay of widowed mothers, the pride of many a circle of affectionate hearts —these are to be ruined that the gambler may sport his dia-

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mond breast pin and fine clothes. Say not, they ought to protect themselves. Youth is ardent, inexperienced, easily led away by its own generous and noble impulses. It ought to be protected by the wiser and older portion of the community. Throw not temptations in its way, you who are a father, or beware lest you are preparing them for your own child.

3. Races increase the amount of crime. If villains are brought together, it is natural that villany will be committed. Robbery, murder, outrages on property and person, drunkenness, blasphemy, and licentiousness of all kinds are notoriously abundant at such places. A black man was killed last week at the race track. The last race before this, a white man was killed. Such events are common and expected.

4. Races encourage an open defiance of the laws of the land. By the laws of this state it is a penitentiary offence to keep a gambling house or table, or to play games for money at them. Yet, under the authority of the best men in our city, a large building is erected and let to gamblers, and filled with Faro tables, Roulette tables, Rouge et Noir, &c. To what purpose do we pass laws, and our juries find indictments and our prosecuting officers make speeches, if they are to be thus openly defied by the gentry of the land? Are our laws only cob-webs to catch small flies and let large ones escape? What is it but wholesale hypocrisy, to take the credit of being a most moral community by the purity of our statute-books, when our practice is the exact reverse? Expunge your laws, or make your practices conform to them. You are teaching the community to despise that which ought to be ever sacred to their minds—the name of Law.

If these evils do attend races, (and few would deny it,) how are they defended. It is said that they bring money to the city, that they improve the breed of horses, that vicious men will be vicious whether there are races or not, that races cannot be put down if we would, that the people must have amusements. Let us consider briefly these excuses.

1. *They bring money to the city.* Yes, and so it would bring money to the city were we to erect splendid gin palaces, gambling houses or brothels, and sell licenses to those who should keep them. The slave trade brought money to Old England and New England, and was defended on that ground. Who defends it now? Piracy brought money to the West Indies, and piracy was also defended by those who thought money the pearl of all price. But should we sell our peace, our virtue, the tranquility of our city, the morals of our children, for money? The argument is too flimsy to bear looking at.

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2. *Races*, it is said, *improve the breed of horses.* And what if they did, if they degrade the breed of men. But I doubt the truth of this position. Some startling and stubborn facts are on the other side. I never heard of races in Arabia, yet the best horses and best blood in the world are there. The great racing stock of England and America came from the blood of the Godolphin Arabian. There are no races in New England, yet the New England horses are worth in this country from fifty to a hundred per cent. more than southern horses. The horses for the plough, dray, saddle, stage, coach or gig, in New England would bring under the hammer far higher prices in racing sections of the country than their own horses. Racing only improves the breed of race horses. I was told in Virginia by the stage drivers that their best horses were brought from Vermont and New Hampshire. The Green mountain horses are the best in the country for symmetry, strength, fleetness, and endurance. Yet there is no racing in New England. Racing then is surely not *essential* to make good horses.

3. It is said that *wickedness will break out in some other way if there are no races.* But because there will be always wickedness, shall we increase it and encourage it? And to bring villains together, and to bring their victims to them, and produce all the temptations and excitements to sin, it appears to me is likely to increase it. On this principle what vice would ever be reformed, what effort ever made to improve the world?

4. *Racing cannot be put down.* This is a mistake. Here, at least, it is struggling to sustain itself. It appeals to a philanthropic community to encourage it. It is a suppliant to the fair sex for their support. It begs for newspaper puffs and paragraphs. It appoints committees to invite ladies to smile upon its patriotic efforts. For several years, with a few exceptions, there has been but little interest felt in races here. The community are evidently indifferent to the amusement. I understand that with all the efforts lately made, those interested in its success were disappointed. No such crowds attended as they had hoped for. A little influence now, exerted one way or the other, may decide whether we shall have races here or not. I ask those who have influence to consider well how they exert it. I ask fathers and mothers to consider what they are doing in upholding what is an evident source of sin and evil. I ask wives to consider whether they will lead their husbands, as it were, to the gaming table. There is retribution even in this world for those who encourage evil.

5. *The people must have amusement.* But are there no inno-

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cent amusements? Better have no amusements than what are connected with such evils as I have enumerated. But I object to such amusements as racing that they *prevent* better amusements. They destroy the taste for purer, calmer, *home* pleasures. Domestic felicity flees before them. He who has tasted the cup of their strong excitements, cannot enjoy the prattle of his child, nor the smiles of his wife, the walk at sunset, the social circle, the book, the garden, music, painting, poetry.—These stimulants stupify the nerves and destroy their sensibility for the purer pleasures.

Mr. Editor, I may be mistaken in what I have written; if so, I should like to be corrected. At least the subject may be discussed; and if races can be defended, let them be so. By inserting this communication, therefore, you will show your usual independence, and also oblige

A FELLOW CITIZEN.

"FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY."

Hark! The spirit's voice I hear,
Whispering on the midnight air;
Wilt thou hear what it doth say?
Then drive all wicked thoughts away;
For spirit's voice or fairy's word
May not by sinful heart be heard:
The chaste and pure alone can hear
That whisper in the silent air.

"Brother spirit! cease to roam!
Earth is not the spirit's home!
Come, rise with me to Heaven above,
On spirit's wings, the wings of love.
Faith may cleanse, and hope may cheer;
To God's own home they bring us near;
But would'st thou dwell with him on high?
Fill, fill thy heart with charity!"

R. T. D.

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CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

PART SECOND.

SECTION THIRD. — CHARACTER OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

WHO then is fit to become a professed Christian? When shall one consider himself competent to become a member of the church of Christ? What state of mind and heart, of belief and of character is requisite before any shall join themselves to the visible church of God below?

We shall endeavor to reply to these questions which perplex the consciences of many, plainly and scripturally. We believe the answer simple. All ought to become confessedly and openly Christians, who believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and who desire sincerely to become his true disciples.

In most churches of the present time long creeds and minute confessions are demanded of the disciple who comes forward to unite with the church. But in the Bible the only confession ever required is this, "that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God."

And again it is declared in very many places that belief in this is sufficient, so far as belief goes, for salvation. As a proof of these propositions we refer to the case of Philip and the eunuch, of Paul and the jailor, to Peter's first confession—contained in the following passages of Scripture. Acts viii, 37: xvi, 30. Matt. xvi, 16. I John iv, 15: v, 1, 5.

As regards the belief therefore, this simple confession is the sum. As simple is the Scripture demand upon the heart. It is not said, only the innocent, only the virtuous, only the pious, only those who have succeeded in conquering their besetting sins and gaining self command and self control, shall become members of Christ's church. It is not said, only the moral, only the pure, only the holy, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven. For Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. And no matter how great the extent and power of transgression, so that one is earnestly desirous to be rid of it, he is a proper person to become a follower of Jesus.

Neither is it declared in the Bible that those only shall be received by the Savior into his flock who have been miraculously and wonderfully converted, and whose hearts have been filled with piety and love to God. It is not said only the religious shall be admitted. For still the rule applies "Those who

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are whole need not a physician, but those who are sick." If one then has no religion or piety, if they do indeed desire to have their hearts made right toward God, and to be filled with all spiritual influences—if they *wish* to be pious and religious, and be filled with a spirit of prayer—then they should at once join the company of Christ's friends and followers.

How simple then is the description of the state of mind and heart which should bring one to Jesus. "I *feel* that I am in need of pardon, help and succour. I *desire* to be made better. I *believe* that Jesus is able to help me, that he was sent by God to save me, that he is the Christ of God."

SECTION FOURTH.—MODE OF ADMISSION INTO THE CHURCH.

The mode to be Scriptural must be simple. The person wishing to join the church should signify the same to the church through the Pastor. The Pastor ought then by conversation to learn the views and sentiments of the applicant for admission, and communicate them to the church at some meeting of the same. The sentiments of the church should then be taken and communicated by the Pastor to the applicant. Then on the Sabbath of the Sacrament, if convenient, before the administration of the ordinance, some such declaration as the following, on the part of the applicant and the church, shall be read by the Pastor—the applicant giving assent by standing.

DECLARATION OF FAITH AND PURPOSE.

"My Friend and Brother, (or Sister or Brethren) you present yourselves here, having expressed a wish to unite with this body of Christians and become one of this family of believers. I ask, therefore, in the presence of God our Father and of this assembly.

Are you convinced of your sinfulness, are you conscious of your weakness, and is it your heart's desire and fervent wish to be saved from the power of sin, and to be made holy, pure and spiritual?

Do you wish to love God with all your heart and your neighbour as yourself, to keep the commandments and enter into spiritual life?

And do you believe that Jesus is the Christ, sent by God for this purpose, to save you and all from the power of sin, and that he is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God through him? In this faith, do you desire to become one of his church and a partaker in all its promises and privileges?

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We then receive you gladly into our number—we welcome you to the communion of Christian hearts—we solemnly promise and engage to act toward you the part of true friends and brethren, to sympathise in your efforts after improvement, and as far as we are able to bear your burdens and fulfil the law of love toward you by our counsels and prayers, and the diligent use of all ordinances. And may God our Father grant that this union formed on earth may be perfected and hallowed in Heaven, and tend to fit us all for the fellowship of the Saints in Light."

It is however to be understood, that the entire form and manner of admission into a church depends on each separate church to determine for itself. The nearer however to the Scriptural mode the better.

Finally we will say a few words on the government of the church. We think it can be proved that God has not enjoined in his word any fixed and immutable order of government, or orders in the ministry. This he has left to depend upon the varying wants and circumstances of the times. The broad and generous liberty of the Christian System has made the outward form of the church not rigid but pliable, not petrified into one eternal shape but yielding to the needs of an ever-changing world. "There are diversities of administration but the same Lord." We do not deny that even the Papal or absolute form of government may be expedient in certain conditions of the church, just as an absolute monarchy may be the best form of secular government in certain states of the people. Neither do we deny that the Episcopal or Oligarchal form of government may be often a very expedient mode of government, and suited to the wants of a large class of minds. So also is the Presbyterian form of government, in which a number of churches are united together and governed by judicial assemblies. But for ourselves, we, for many reasons, prefer the Independent or Congregational form—in which each church stands wholly distinct and independent, choosing its own opinions, and not compelled to receive a creed at the command of other churches. By this mode the greatest freedom of mind in the pursuit of truth is guaranteed to each member, and the church is free to adopt any rules or modes of proceeding for its own good which suits its own peculiar circumstances.

But while we disclaim the authority of all other churches, and profess to have no other head than Christ, we feel bound to cultivate friendly and sympathetic relations with all other

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churches. We join them in mutual councils for advice, and the discussion of questions of general or private interest.

And while we adopt this free and liberal mode of union, we do not underrate the absolute necessity of *some* kind of union. We believe that it will not do to leave religion to spread itself among mankind as a mere general principle. Jesus Christ not only taught Christianity, but founded a church. As has been well observed by a popular writer—"the union—the regular organization of the disciples of Christ, is an essential part of the plan of Christianity. To make each individual Christian isolated and solitary in a world like this, would be almost like disbanding an army on the field of battle. It is not therefore the necessity of an organization itself, but the precise form and method in which the organization is effected, that we are prone to over estimate. While the latter, the form and mode, has been continually fluctuating from the days of Abraham to the present hour; the former, the necessity of organized union itself, has remained, during all centuries, unchanged, and must remain fixed and unalterable as long as human nature continues as it is."*

HYMN.

Written for the Installation of the Rev. Mr. Briggs of Plymouth, as colleague to the Rev. Dr. Kendall.

GOD of love to thee we bend—
Fervently to thee we pray—
Bless our partner and our friend
Who is joined with us to-day.
Let thy grace his heart sustain,
With thy might his soul embue—
May his doctrine drop like rain,
And his speech distil as dew.

Give him boldness, to declare
All the counsel of the Lord—
Patience, every cross to bear—
Strength, to wield the Spirit's sword—

* Jacob Abbott.

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O'er the world triumphantly
May he still his course pursue—
From its bondage dare be free—
Spurn its frowns, its flatteries too.

Sternly may he sin reprove—
Gently wipe repentant tears—
Kindle icy hearts with love—
Calm the good man's dying fears.
In the storm and shine of life
May he our exemplar be—
'Till o'erpast its toil and strife
He shall come to dwell with Thee.

Let thy choicest gifts descend
On thine elder servant, Lord—
Be thou still his constant friend
His exceeding great reward.
May his yet remaining years
Pass serene and cloudless by—
Undisturbed by pain or fears—
Spent in sweet tranquility.

Bless him for his life of peace—
Bless him for his works of love—
And when earthly labors cease
Take him to thyself above;
There may flock and pastors meet—
There, around thy blissful throne,
All in nobler strains repeat
Songs of praise to thee alone.

A. C. S.

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THE WESTERN RIVERS.

He who descends the Ohio for the first time, then realizes a fair dream of his youth. Images crowd upon his mind of the romantic and religious fathers who sought to carry the faith of the cross to the rude and savage inhabitants of the Western valley—and as he rapidly passes the shores even now lovely, he admires the confiding faith with which they embarked in rude craft upon the down rolling waters, bearing them, they knew not whither. And yet too there was something quite inviting in the beauty of the clear current and pebbly shores—the tall trees bending graciously and almost intelligently over the stream and realizing in their fair proportions that here they have found a perfect development. To an inhabitant of the New England coast, whose eye is accustomed to trees stunted by the east winds and never reaching a graceful growth, even through a century of slow pushing and struggling, these trees of the Ohio have a foreign and aristocratic grace. We look back and wonder where we have ever seen such trees, was it in our dreams? Or, was it perhaps, in engravings from pictures of Gaspar and Claude? Here tall trees look young, and old trees retain their fair proportions while they assume a venerable dignity and more majestic beauty.

Trees, like children, are every where beautiful, and like children are most so when they have unfolded in a genial atmosphere, surrounded by kind influences. The elm, the pride of New England, is scarce seen here. But the beech, the tulip and cotton wood, shake their blossoms into the bosom of the Ohio, and send their floating fragrance down for many a mile.

Pittsburg too is like an old friend, for was it not a problem of our school days, to be solved and mastered only by much hard study, "what two rivers meet at Pittsburg and form the Ohio?" And then how did the art of the questioner vary it, "At what place do the Alleghany and Monongahela meet, and what river do they form?" This being happily made out by the aid of our maps, did we not look with a pleased eye on the curious natural diagram there represented and wonder how it came to pass that such was the origin of the mighty Ohio—and then beyond this Pittsburg, all was a *terra incognita.* Perhaps some cousin or uncle had ventured even beyond this point and settled in Ohio or Kentucky. But if so they had taken

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leave of all their kindred at home, who never more looked for their return, but contentedly made up their minds that from so wild and distant a country poor cousin George or uncle Jo could never return. But now a merchant from Kentucky will visit Boston twice a year, and not lose much time by it.

A great charm of rivers is their distinctness of character. The Ohio for example is as different from the Mississippi, as it is from the Hudson. It is fairly entitled to the sobriquet, affixed to it by the aforementioned fathers, of "La belle Riviere." It is, unquestionably, a fair river. It is not bold, it is not timid, tame, nor sluggish, it is not rapid, it is not furious, it is not the most picturesque of rivers, but it *is* beautiful, majestic, tranquil and in one word, *fair*. The shores are rather low, and rise gracefully from the embrace of the waters to a level about ten feet above the wave, which sustains a growth of enormous trees just sufficiently numerous to form a beautiful screen between the river and the inland hills. These trees are old and majestic, yet slender in their proportions, so that at first they appear by no means so large as they really are. Descending the river in a rapid steamboat this screen of trees seems the only thing that moves—the hills behind appear fixed, and the trees therefore acquire a sort of animate character, which added to their extraordinary beauty, gives them almost a spiritual grace, and affects the mind of the traveler with strange yet familiar emotions. A very original writer of our own day, speaking of the effect of nature on the mind, particularly when alone in the wilderness and undisturbed by social influences, says, "The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me, and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right." And so it is in passing through this newly opened Paradise, we feel a new pleasure struggling with old emotions. The gliding trees—the rolling tide, and the forest crowned hills ever opening a new amphitheatre before us, affect us with a quite fresh feeling. Thoughts of the virgin world come over us—was it fairer than this? "The perfect earth by Adam trod"—could it have been of a more inviting freshness and beauty? At any rate our sense of perfectness goes not beyond it. Our hearts expand towards God spontaneously, for here is his word distinctly heard—here serene and loving are the skies and the atmosphere—here deep peace dwells,—yet is human life to be found every where along these plains, and among these hills—lonely but industrious and full of hope and strength.

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But when we reach the mouth of the Ohio and enter the Mississippi, we find ourselves in a new scene--we might think that the earth was here in a forming state, for the soil, so soft, and easily washed away, looks along the river bank like a canal newly cut with the spade. Vegetation too is more rank than beautiful, and islands of cotton wood are every where forming looking like beds of vegetables in a garden—some two or three feet high, and some ten or fifteen. Objects are not yet, it would seem, moulded into a finished beauty. Here is a long stretch of muddy shore, there a monstrous bluff, but every where a want of that harmonious folding together which gratifies the eye in other districts of country. Is it too presuming in us to criticise nature? But we object to nothing that she has done, we only wish to study and discriminate. Nature is various—nay, she is variety itself. She is no mannerist, and she is not a Carlo Dolci nor yet a Michel Angelo, that you can detect the same character in every thing she does. Here is force, there softness—here a melancholy and savage grandeur, there a soothing amenity—here blank desolation, and there rich finished beauty.

The general effect upon the mind left by a voyage on the lower Mississippi, is that of desolation and dreariness. The eye rests on no solid hills, nor high plains with peaceful looking villages. There is an air of uncertainty about the soil quite uninviting, and the turbid waters of the river are revolting to behold. It is as muddy as any well stirred duck pond from the Missouri mouth downwards, and where it mingles with the Ohio the surface of the river looks like a monstrous sheet of marbled paper. Passing upward the same effect is observed at the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri. This last well deserved its name of Mad River, which it held from its Indian sponsors, as one involuntarily acknowledges on seeing it burst furiously in upon the clear and beautiful Mississippi with its turbid wave. The upper Mississippi is said to be of a most enchanting grandeur of character, and the bluffs that break its shore below St. Louis, give token of a coming change in the scenery as we ascend. Further up we are told of Lake Pepin whose shores are enriched with pebbles of agate, porphyry, and carnelian, and other unusual and fancy rousing features—but one might ramble on in this way forever on paper. Would that it were as much within our power to make the actual voyage as far at least as the Falls of St. Anthony. z.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Carlyle's French Revolution.*

One of the most striking features in this remarkable book, is the entire abandonment of the old historical attitude. Past historians have seemed to consider themselves as judges who were to decide upon the conduct of kings and nations. They therefore sought to free themselves from all feelings of sympathy with either party. They looked with cold judgment, devoid of feeling, upon all the occurrences which they narrated. Carlyle, on the other hand, does not judge, but like a poet, sings the history of those fearful times. His object is neither to approve nor disapprove, but to show things as they were. Hence, he makes it a point to sympathize with the feelings of all parties, so as to be able to understand them. He carries his readers into the midst, not only of the actions, but of the feelings and motives of men. We are now among the party of the king, sharing their hopes and fears; and now we are shuddering with the people at the supposed machinations of Pitt and "those aristocrats." Now we step into the hall of the National Assembly, and are earnestly engaged in making a golden constitution which shall make every thing right. Then we share the feelings of Charlotte Corday, and ride with her in silent thought, to Paris. For several chapters we are accompanying the King in his flight to Varennes, and tremble with breathless interest at every accident which delays his progress. We are even forced to sympathize with Robespierre and Murat, and feel that even in those corrupted bosoms and perverted souls there were human hearts. Thus, by bringing us into close contact with each part of the dramatis personæ, he makes the history speak its own moral, enunciate its own philosophy, teach its own lesson.

To accomplish this purpose of bringing us into actual contact with the events and persons, to make us feel their very breath on our cheeks, and the beating of their tumultuous hearts by our sides, he sets at defiance the dignity and gravity of the historic style. Not formal ponderous narration, not regularly flowing sentences, but quick irony, metaphor, apostrophe, exclamation, make up this picturesque style. Ever

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and anon, like the chorus in an old tragedy, or like a touching melody, the most exquisite strains of prose-poetry come falling sweetly in.

We should like very well to write a full length criticism of this book, but are too near the end of our number even to hint at half the things which might be said of it. We will just add therefore, to what we have said, the following amusing dialogue sent us by a friend, which expresses some of the various criticisms which this original book has given rise to.

FAMILY CRITICISMS.

Grandmama—(*taking off her spectacles,*)—What an ill written book! Very badly written, I think—full of strange, out-of-the-way words, such as one never sees in other books.

Cousin John.—Why Grandmother! Do you know that is the most admired of modern styles?

Uncle Green.—Is it, indeed? It is a very singular style—I don't know what to make of it—I believe you must put on your witchcraft wings to follow that writer.

Cousin Mary.—What! Is it the French Revolution? Is it Mr. Carlyle that you are taking so about, Uncle Green?

Uncle Green.—Well my dear, and why not? If it is a History of the French Revolution, why does it not tell the facts as they occurred, and not merely hint at them in so dark and mysterious a way. I think the subscribers will be much disappointed to get such a jumble for a history. Conceive now, of a matter of fact man like Colonel White, who subscribed for this book, thinking to add a solid standard work to his library. He will not know on what shelf to put it. It can never stand by the side of Hume and Gibbon. I fear it will be considered a take-in, by some persons.

Cousin John.—Why Uncle! If people want facts I am sure here are enough of them. I never saw a history so full of facts in my life. Let us take a page and count them. It is the very book for a practical man of facts, who has them all at his fingers' ends, and can understand the allusions. For him alone it is written I think.

Uncle Green.—But what a style—I should think it was written by one of the men of Babel about the time of the confusion of tongues. I assure you I find it very various and extremely perplexing, and yet there is a captivation about it, a charm that surprises me. I read three or four pages, and get thoroughly vexed, and throw aside the book, feeling as if I had been dragging through the Revolution itself, a weary, disgusted, and unwilling actor. Then, what I have been

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reading settles itself in my mind in clear strong shapes and it is like seeing these events with their causes and effects in angelic vision, and an appetite awakens in me for some more of it. I believe it is the excitement it gives to my own imagination that attracts me back to it. The French Revolution is at last becoming clear to me—a thing to be studied and understood, and not avoided as before with a thrill of disgust and horror. How evidently it appears in this work that the unfeeling despotism of the men in power caused all that of which they found so good reason to complain afterwards. Society will work under a strong pressure, but no despot can calculate its exact power of endurance, and to him its expansive and explosive force seems wholly unknown. And how the noble characters of a few great spirits shine out like stars through struggling thunder clouds at night, the deep souled immortal nature visibly radiant, as it never is in sunshine and high noon prosperity. But I have one quarrel with our author, and have to bring a serious charge against him, inasmuch as he constantly undervalues Lafayette, and sneers at him as the Hero and Perfect Character; when even through his own narration of these events the conduct of Lafayette wins our love and admiration. Ever at that point in the struggle where right and wrong meet, with faith unwavering, with hope unquenched he acted out the true hearted republican as no other man did or could, and not fiery Mirabeau himself was so faithful to the people's true rights and highest interests. This is a feature that I much dislike in this history.

Grandmama.—Does he talk against Lafayette? The man's a fool.

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2. *Poetry of Travelling in the United States. By Caroline Gilman.*

Mrs. Gilman is one of the best female writers in this country. "The Southern Rose," which she edits at Charleston, S. C., is a beautiful little work. We will give a specimen from the volume, the title of which is given above. It describes a scene in the Sailor's Chapel, under the charge of the pious and eloquent Taylor, in the city of Boston. Taylor is a Methodist, but he fraternizes with all sects. Unitarians preach in his pulpit, he in theirs—they come to hear him and lend a most efficient aid to support his chapel. One of the Unitarian Missionaries, our friend Rob. C. Waterston, has superintended

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his Sabbath School for years, the teachers of which are of all sects.

THE BETHEL CHURCH.

"I found myself at the very antipodes of the calm and spiritual repose of the Swendenborg chapel, as I followed the crowd to the Bethel Church. It was not without its interest to me that this edifice stands on the spot where I was born.

"When I entered the building, Mr. Taylor, the pastor, whose reputation for eloquence is so widely extended, was walking about the pulpit in great anxiety and concern, arising from the fear that the seamen would be crowded from their seats. Leaning over, he stretched out his hand, and called out, with a loud and earnest voice—

"'Don't stir, my brethren! not a seaman must go out.'

"The occasion was one of peculiar solemnity. A service of communion plate had been presented, and this was the first opportunity for appropriating it. Having heard Methodist preaching frequently at the south, in its most fervid tone, I was probably not so much impressed by the sermon as a Bostonian would have been. Mr. Taylor's changes, like those of his denomination generally, were rapid, varying from the boldest rhetorical flights, to the most common-place expressions. The sermon being over, he descended to the altar, and called two individuals to the rite of baptism. One was a middle-aged seaman, the other a little girl of five years age, led by her mother. He had not proceeded far, before I saw and felt the power of his natural eloquence; his audience were soon in tears. He grasped the hand of the seaman, and welcomed him as one who, from sailing on stormy seas, had reached a safe harbor. After the usual invocation and form of baptism, he again took his hand, and smiling on him kindly, said, 'God's baptism be on thee, my brother; go in peace.' Then turning to the woman, he exclaimed,

"'And the widow did not come alone; no, she did not come alone, she brought her baby with her.'

"He took the wondering but passive little girl in his arms, and raised her so that we could all see her. After the silence of a moment he said,

"'Look at the sweet lamb! Her mother has brought her to Christ's fold!'

"There was another pause; he touched her forehead with the baptismal element, pronounced the invocation to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and saying solemnly, 'A baptism from heaven be on thee, my pretty dove,' kissed her flushed cheek tenderly, and placed her by her mother's side.

"The congregation were then invited to kneel at the altar, and partake the communion. The seamen went first, file after file, pressing respectfully on, while their pastor addressed to each words of caution and encouragement.

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"'Brother, beware, take heed,' he said to one whose face bore marks of worldly cheer, 'the tempter is ever ready.' And to one who looked dejected, he said soothingly, 'Come to the Lord, my brother; the yoke of Jesus is easy, lay your cares on him.'

"When the seamen communicants had all visited the altar, others followed, and as circle after circle knelt around, the good man was often obliged to pause in his addresses. Weeping and agitated, he walked the chancel, exclaiming with broken sobs,

" 'This is the happiest day of my life. Oh my God, the happiest day that I have seen since I was born!'

"I went with the rest, and there, on the spot where God gave me being, dedicated to him anew my faculties and hopes, and asked his blessing on the homeward path upon which I shall enter on the morrow."

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3. *The Principles and Results of the Ministry at Large, in Boston. By Joseph Tuckerman.*

This book, which we see advertised in the Eastern papers, we have not yet received, but wait for it with impatience. It must be a very important work. The following anecdote will show the spirit of the book, the spirit of the man, and the spirit of the work in which he is engaged. The editor of the Register says that this book conclusively proves, that the doctrines which men have set up as *essential* are utterly useless as regards the great practical work which Christianity is to do; and that the great instrument to convert the heart is the simple, sublime, but overlooked doctrine, that God is a Father of Love.

" Of the connection of the filial sentiment in the human heart with God, and of the power which it may exert there in redeeming from sin, even in circumstances apparently most adverse to all hope of moral recovery, I will adduce an example which fell under my own observation. The case is an extreme one. But I have no doubt that even many not dissimilar cases might be adduced.

" Early in the year 1827, as I was one morning on my way to the north part of this city, my attention was arrested by a crowd about the door of the United States Court House; and upon inquiry into the cause of it, I was informed that two pirates were about to receive sentence of death. I immediately entered the Court, and was soon very near, and in front of the prisoners. Here a spectacle was brought before me more painful than language can express. Nothing can be more unlike than was the countenance of each of these prisoners to that of the other. That of one expressed all the

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rage of a demon, and that of the other the strongest possible contempt. Judge Story arose, and asked them if they had any cause to assign why the sentence of death should not be pronounced upon them? The first to whom I have referred, at once, and in all the madness of the most murderous rage, poured out a torrent of the most profane and revengeful language upon the District Attorney, and the Court. The other with a sardonic grin, for it could hardly be called a smile, replied only, 'the sooner the better.' Judge Story said that he had witnessed many very affecting scenes in the discharge of his judicial duties, but never one so painful as on that occasion. The sentence having been pronounced upon them, they were remanded to prison. It was quite impossible that I should take the course I had marked out for myself for the morning; and having followed these men to the prison, and obtained admission, I asked the turnkey to beg of one of them permission to enter his cell, with a view only to any services which it might be in my power to render him. The turnkey entered a cell, but very soon returned and said to me, 'he will not allow you to enter.' The door was on a jar; and I entered the cell, saying to the turnkey, 'please to come for me in an hour.' He adjusted the bolts, turned the key in the lock, and left us. I offered my hand to the prisoner, which I think he did not take. I assured him of my great desire to serve him. His reply was, 'I only wish to be in hell, where it is hot, and not in this cold place.' The hour passed, and the turnkey returned. Not the smallest apparent moral progress had been made in that hour, except in the circumstance that this unhappy man had consented to my request to pass an hour of the next day with him. He had said in reply to my request to visit him again, 'you may come if you choose. I care nothing about it.' I went the next day, and the next, and the next, and endeavored by every means in my power to get at his heart; and to make some impression there. I also closed each visit with prayer. It was now, however, quite perceptible that a change of feelings had begun in him. He had a father and mother living, and I had addressed myself in every way to his filial sensibilities. There seemed to be no other chord in his heart from which a moral vibration was to be obtained. I think it was on the fifth, or sixth day of my visits to him, that he said 'amen' at the conclusion of my prayers. He was now desirous and glad to see me. The remembrance of his parents was the great restorative of his sensibilities. On about the tenth, or twelfth day of my visits, he fell upon his knees when we prayed together. He had now a very deep sense of his guilt, and the character of his penitence was most peculiarly filial. God was revealed to him as his Father, and his heart was penetrated and bowed as the heart of a greatly guilty, but sincerely repenting child. Every thought, and care, and interest was absorbed in the single desire of the mercy, the forgiveness of his heavenly Father. I passed an hour with this man every day during, I think, thirty-four

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or thirty-five days; and never have I heard such supplications, such entreaties for mercy, as I heard from his lips. In the midst of one of my prayers, he broke out in such impassioned and importunate cries to God, that it seemed to me as if the very stones of his cell might have responded to them. My own heart was well nigh broken by his anguish. And he died, apparently the most contrite being I have ever known. Whether other modes of appeal to him might have been as effectual, I know not. It is enough, and I bless God, that this to which I have referred was at least a principal means of his moral recovery. This was the second of the men of whom I have spoken. The first committed suicide a day or two before the time appointed for his execution."

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4. *A Sermon occasioned by the Destruction of Pennsylvania Hall, and delivered the Lord's Day following, May 20th, 1838, in the First Congregational Unitarian Church. By the Pastor. Printed not Published. Philadelphia.*

This sermon is just what we should expect from Mr. Furness. It is a manly, affectionate, rational statement of the immense evils resulting from such events as that which occasioned it. It shows in the most conclusive manner, the impolicy of attempting to put down even the worst errors by brute force, the wickedness of impairing the freedom of inquiry and treading on the rights of the mind. We should like to print the whole of it, just as it stands. In the Monthly Record we shall notice this subject again.

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5. *Works of Mrs. Sherwood. Vol. XV. Harper's Edition.*

This volume contains the last part of Henry Milner. It has made, we understand, a considerable noise in the religious world, on account of the author's coming out in it with the expression of a belief in a final universal restoration. Mrs. Sherwood's works have circulated far and wide among the evangelical, and been highly commended by the most orthodox. The business now in hand, will be to condemn her in the most sweeping manner. As she herself remarks—"there are some opinions which the professing world cannot yet endure. As Luther was anathematized for preaching justification by faith, so will it be with all those to whom one inch of scripture ground has been opened beyond that which the mass of professors have hitherto trodden."

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We will give a few passages which will show that she has an independent spirit, and a deep vein of piety and charity.

"How have we flattered ourselves, because we acknowledge not the Pope of Rome—because we bow not before the image that can neither see, nor hear, nor walk—because the Bible has been translated and given to our people—because we have thrown aside multitudes of the grosser absurdities of the Roman Catholic church; how have we flattered ourselves, I repeat, that we are entirely set free from the spirit of Anti-Christ, and that we have ceased to put glosses on inspired text, though we still look rather to the interpretations of those who have gone before us than to the examination of the original version." p 174.

"There is a sort of religion which I abominate, and such precisely is that of Darfield; a gloomy, unsociable principle, which leads him to condemn every one who does not think exactly as himself, and makes him desirous of pulling down every authority to his own level. He is either for bringing the whole world to one way of thinking, and that way is his way; or, failing of this, utterly denying the work of salvation, by condemning nine-tenths, or rather ninety-nine out of a hundred of the human race to eternal misery. Such a man is enough to disgust every one who knows him with the very name of religion."

"I can bear, he thought, to hear worldly persons converse—I take no interest in what they say—they do not touch me in any way; but when people meddle in a bitter spirit with those things which have formed my happiness ever since I was a boy, I cannot bear it. When they tell me that God, who is the only being that can be called good, whose justice and mercy are infinite, is prepared to condemn vast multitudes of his creatures whom he has himself called into being, and whom he has reconciled to himself by such an act of omnipotent love as we cannot even now comprehend—when they tell me that he is prepared to condemn all who have never perhaps had an opportunity of hearing the name of Christ, to eternal damnation, and that he is ready too, to do the same by his own adopted ones if they offend, while at the very same time, these very same people acknowledge the entire inability of man to turn and prepare himself for any good, I am inclined to feel, if these are right, which God forbid, then was I in a dream through all my childhood." p 239.

We should like to extract also from the xvi. chapter, over which is written "To be omitted by all persons incapable of receiving a new idea," for we suppose our readers are generally quite capable of this feat. It contains a scripture argu-

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ment for the ultimate restoration of all beings. But here we must stop.

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6. *Emancipation in the West Indies. A Six Month's Tour in Antigua, Barbadoes, and Jamaica, in the year* 1837. *By James A. Thome, and J. Horace Kimball.*

We received this very interesting book through the politeness of the Editor of the Cincinnati Philanthropist. We have not yet read it sufficiently to express an opinion as to its merits on the bearing of the facts related. But we can say this, that whatever allowance must be made for men who undoubtedly went wishing to see every thing *couleur de rose* in Emancipation, that still the book contains statements which cannot be doubted, tending to show that the great and supposed perilous experiment of emancipation has thus far worked remarkably well in the British West Indies. We think all slaveholders ought to see this book. They ought to be able to speak understandingly on the subject of these great events. Whether they admit or deny the assertions of abolitionists, they should know what they say on this West India subject. The book has been printed very cheaply in a pamphlet form, and can be procured for twenty cents a single copy, from Dr. Bailey, Editor of the Cincinnati Philanthropist, or from the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, New York. The postage on a single copy is only 10 cents for any distance. The price per hundred is $12 50.

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7. *Christian Reformer. Jan.* 1838. *London.*

This English Periodical seems to be a very well conducted one. The number before us reviews Professor Norton's work on the genuineness of the Gospels. We are amused to see that Jacob Abbott and his brother, are accused in England of being Unitarians, constantly attending the Unitarian Church, and in conversation earnestly opposing the doctrine of the Trinity. Thus testifies the Rev. F. Ellaby, of Hastings.

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MONTHLY RECORD

FOR JUNE, 1838.

We perceive by an article in the Western Presbyterian Herald, that one of the careful souls of the Presbyterian camp has taken the alarm at finding the New Haven Christian Spectator commended in our Magazine. He inquires of the editor whether he does not think it a sign that the New Haven people are very like the Unitarians in their opinions. It does not occur to this writer, as a thing within the bounds of possibility, that we might speak well of a periodical which differed from us in its opinions. In the course of his experience, we suppose, he never knew before of such a thing being done. But to calm his fears, and also to relieve the New Haven people from the stigma of Unitarian approbation, we would inform "An old fashioned Presbyterian," that it is our fashion to find something good in most quarters, and to speak well of what we find good in those who differ from us in many points. We solemnly assure him that we do not agree in opinion with the Christian Spectator on points of doctrine. Let him cheer up—it is not a Unitarian work in disguise. We spoke well of it, because we find in it a certain freedom of thought and speech, because its conductors seem to have an enlarged way of thinking, and its contributors to write with spirit, earnestness, and some profoundness. It is not wholly occupied with cooking up again the cold dishes, ("the funeral baked meats," we were about to say,) of Calvinism. It does not spend the whole time at the old game of battledoor and shuttlecock—harping always on "Ability" and "Inability."

There is one thing for which we have no "affinity," and never expect to have any. It is that kind of "old fashioned" faith, which prefers looking through its grandfather's spectacles to using the eyes which God has given it. It is that kind of suspicious orthodoxy which is always looking for some more convenient test to apply than reason and scripture—which says, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" or, "Have any of the Elders believed on him?" or, "Birds of a feather flock together, and this man eats with publicans and sinners." With those who differ from us in opinion, we are ready to hold a calm argument, seeking for truth. But for such Pharisaic bigotry as this, we keep our spear in rest, and shall lose no

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convenient occasion of exposing its absurdity, pusillanimity, and Galatian-like spirit of bondage.

Mob Law.—The burning of the Pennsylvania Hall, in the night, by a mob, is a melancholy instance of that disregard for law, and of the rights of individuals as opposed to the wishes of the majority, which is one of the most dangerous signs of our times. This tendency toward anarchy has been steadily increasing from the first. Let us look at its history in this country, and observe *the fearful downward tendency of Lynch law.*

It began in those sections of our land where the laws were weak and inefficient. It seemed to justify itself by the necessities of the case. In repeated instances on the frontiers, there were men who defied the law, went armed to the teeth, shot down their enemies in the streets, and could never be convicted by a jury. After they had committed some half dozen murders, the community could bear it no longer. They seized them and hung them. In these cases, the following circumstances were to be noticed in excuse. 1. The guilt of the victim is excessive and undoubted. 2. The laws are utterly ineffectual to punish him. 3. The punishment inflicted is the same which the laws require. But on the 11th of August, 1834, a disgraceful outrage was committed in the burning down of the Ursaline Convent, by a mob in Charlestown, Mass. Here a new feature was introduced, that the crime was not certain, but *suspected.* Hereafter mobs act upon suspicion. Still however, life was spared, and no personal violence inflicted or threatened. And the mob also were firmly convinced that an actual and dreadful crime had been committed. But the principle of acting *on suspicion* being once established, it speedily becomes the custom. On the 9th of Aug. 1835, the city of Baltimore witnessed the sacking of houses in her principal squares, by those who suspected that they had been swindled by their inmates, through the fraudulent failure of the Bank of Maryland. Next, the country is shocked by the news of the Vicksburg gambler's execution; for life had thus far been held sacred. True, the men were villians and murderers, but we were horrified at the thought of five or six fellow beings hurried into eternity without a trial, without delay, without a moment's pause to prepare for judgment. The death however, was inflicted in the legal and usual way. But the next mob introduces a new feature. The common form of death will not slake its sanguinary thirst, and we hear, in June 1836, of the burning of Macintosh at a slow fire, in the streets of St. Louis. The dark ages and their savage cruelties, seem brought back upon us in an hour. But meantime, another and more dangerous feature has been insinuating itself into these transactions. Men begin to be punished, not merely for real crimes, actual or suspected, but for doing what no law condemns, if it

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happens to displease the majority of the community where they are. Thus, on the 31st of Oct. 1835, a mob of respectable gentlemen broke up an anti-slavery meeting in the city of Boston. It seemed a slight matter, this, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. But a storm has been brewing from it, that threatens to sweep every institution from the face of our country. Riots in New-York and Philadelphia follow. No great mischief is done to person or property. But this fatal principle is perpetuated and strengthed by each of them, that a man may be punished for doing what the majority disapprove, whether it be legal or illegal. This principle once sustained, and all our personal rights are gone. The minority every where are the slaves of the majority. Our constitutions and laws are only parchments, to be nullified at will. This principle is openly taught by a Judge in St. Louis, as law, and is maintained in practice by the destruction of Mr. Birney's press in Cincinnati, in July, 1838, and of the Observer press in St. Louis and Alton. Till, at last, the final blow is given to our rights as freemen, by the death of Lovejoy, killed for doing what no law had ever forbidden. And now we hear of the Philadelphians, quietly destroying, as a perfect matter of course, a new and beautiful hall, because it was not put to such uses as they were pleased to allow. Let it be understood now, that I am not writing to defend abolitionists. Granting that their course was foolish and wicked, my argument remains the same. *Legally*, they had not offended' they had not committed the shadow of an offence against the peace of society, as by law established.

See where we are then! See how fast and far we have come in a very few years! First a mob may punish an actual, atrocious crime; then it may punish on suspicion; then it may be allowed to inflict barbarous and horrible tortures; next it may punish whoever does what displeases the majority; yes, even by death, if they resist its will!

And what will follow? The principle being fairly established, that no man must do any thing unpleasant to the majority, it will next happen, that if a political or religious party chances to be in the minority in any place, it will be put down by force. If the Van-Burenites have a large majority in any section of country, why may they not, on this principle, destroy a whig press, which should abuse Mr. Van Buren and his cabinet? Or when the Whigs have a majority, why should not they do the same? They might reasonably say "This Editor is a nuisance—he publishes what is offensive to the sentiments of the community—he must be abated: throw his press into the river."

Is all this chimerical and imaginary? Let actual facts answer. Is it not a fact that in our large cities men have been prevented by force from voting in those wards where the opposite party was most powerful? Have they not been beaten for exercising the rights of citizens in opposition to the will of an accidental majority? And how far a re-

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ligious majority can go, let this fact declare, for which I have the authority of a respectable gentleman, who authorized me to state it. In a certain city a member of one of the churches, and a lawyer of some eminence, publicly advised that the Unitarian church should be burnt down by the people! He said that he would defend the act in a Court of Law! This may or may not have been said—but why not, if you once establish the principle that nothing must be done displeasing to the majority? For no doubt the Unitarian church was in the eyes of a large number a nuisance insufferable. It endangered, they honestly believed, the eternal interests of society! And if those who endanger our temporal peace may be put down by force, surely, by a stronger reason, those who injure the soul.

If this, then, is the *downward tendency* of Mob Law arouse ye good and wise, ye patriotic and courageous souls! Let the subject be held up to the light, until the community see the paramount importance of maintaining the dignity of the laws, the paramount danger of suffering them to be nullified.

Self-Praise.—The following paragraph is from the *Presbyterian.* We are glad to learn that our friends in that church have laid aside their sectarianism—have added to brotherly kindness, charity—become "strictly honest"—attained to "a large and comprehensive charity"—that they "have no narrow, selfish, or proselyting views or designs." We are glad to hear it, coming as it does from the best authority—*their own newspapers.*

"I have often thought that Presbyterians were more easily entreated—more ready to yield to the desires and wishes of other people than any other denomination. There is evidently less of what may be called nationality amongst them, than there is with others. This may arise from several causes. Being strictly honest themselves, they do not suspect others. They have no narrow, selfish, or proselyting views or designs. On the contrary, they have a large and comprehensive liberality, which is ready to yield to almost any thing which has the appearance of goodness and truth."

This is all very well, but would have been better, coming from any other quarter. For a wise man has said "Let another praise thee and not thyself, a stranger and not thine own lips."

Missionary Movements.—Mr. Jones, of the Monitor, passed through this city, a few weeks since, on his way to Illinois. Our preachers in Illinois, at present, are Messrs. Thompson, Farley, Huntingdon, Huntoon, and Jones. The Editor of this Magazine, proposes making a Missionary trip to Chicago in the course of July. Mr. Ripley of Boston, Mr. Muzzey, of Cambridgeport, and other gentlemen, are expected in the West this summer.

We are informed, through a private letter, that there has been an increasing interest taken in religion in the Unitarian churches in Boston; and that in one, (Rev. Mr. Robbin's,) there were fifty persons admitted to the church on a single Sabbath.

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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

Vol. V. AUGUST, 1838. No. 5.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

There are many persons much at a loss what they are to understand by the Sin against the Holy Ghost. Most of them conceive it to be some dread incomprehensible mystery, which has not been explained to us by the sacred penmen; and yet nothing can well be plainer than what the scriptures say on this subject. They tell us, that some of the Jews, when they saw the miracles which our Saviour wrought, attributed them to the agency of demons or evil spirits, and this they call sinning against the Holy Ghost. God had endowed Jesus with power to work miracles in attestation of his divine mission. Now if any of those who were witnesses of these miracles, attributed the power by which they were wrought, to evil demons, it is evident, that such could not be led by these divine manifestations, to believe in our Saviour. As they deprived the very means used by the Deity to bring them to a knowledge of the truth, of its convincing influence, their conversion became perfectly hopeless; or, according to the Hebrew phraseology of the sacred penmen, their sin was irremissible.

We, of the present day, are apt to wonder at the blindness of the Jews, who could thus wilfully shut their eyes to the evidence of truth; and there are but few among us who are aware that this sin against the Holy Spirit is by no means uncommon at the present time. I myself have met with frequent instances of it, of which I however intend to notice here but one.

A valued friend of mine, had received in his youth an excellent literary education, but his religious education had been neglected; and hence he had neither correct ideas on the subject, nor did he take any interest in it. Before he, however,

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had attained the age of thirty, he was aroused from his indifference, and became much interested on this important subject. But as he received his religious impressions among the Calvinists, he, by a very common error, connected in his mind the particular views of Calvinism with the sacred truths of Christianity, until he came to persuade himself that these are inseparably united, and that the former constitute an essential integral part of the latter. His fine mind could not, however, rest satisfied in such a system. Doubts would at every moment spring up to disquiet him, and to mar his happiness; but these he attributed to the temptations of satan; and instead of sitting calmly down to review his creed, to discover whether some error had not crept in, he would retire to his closet, and there pray—not for light, but to be delivered from the temptations of the devil.

Now here we have a clear case of sinning against the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of God was constantly striving with this worthy man, to bring him to the truth, and to free him from errors which marred his happiness and usefulness in life. It appealed without ceasing to that understanding with which God had endowed him, and which had been given him as his guide; but the appeal was made in vain. He mistook the voice of God for the voice of the Devil; he dared not trust himself to the guide which God had given him; and thus his conversion to the truth—to that truth which was to free him from the errors which made him unhappy, became a moral impossibility.

Such is the case of my unhappy friend, and it is by no means an unfrequent one. How many worthy persons are there not, harrassed by distressing doubts on the most important questions in religion, and yet who dare not inquire, because they mistake the voice of God calling them to the truth, for the voice of the evil one, seeking to lead them astray.

M.

MIRACLES.

In the Messenger for April there is an article on the "vexed question" of miracles, which has attracted my attention. If I understand the writer correctly, he endeavors to establish the three following points:

1st. That miracles are neither departures from the laws of nature, nor isolated, or as he calls it, arbitrary exertions of divine power, but are the result of the higher or spiritual powers of the human mind, and subject, like the physical operations of nature, to regular established laws.

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2d. That the conditions or prerequisites to the working of a miracle are, faith in the party working the miracle, and faith in the party on whom it is wrought.

3d. That the *primary object* of the miracles wrought by our Saviour, was not to attest the divinity of his mission, or the truth of his doctrine, but to make a moral impression on those who witnessed them; or in other words, that they were addressed, not to the understanding, but to the hearts of the spectators. (*a*)

These views are similar to those advanced by Mr. Furness, in his late book on the Gospels; and also, I believe, to those of many of the most eminent theological writers of Germany of the present day.

It is not my wish to take any part in the controversy respecting miracles. Neither my talents, my reading, nor my taste, qualify me for that task. I intend merely to set down a few remarks, which have been suggested to me by the reading of the article in the Messenger.

It appears to me, that if the naturalists and supernaturalists would commence by stating with precision, what each of them understands by the *laws of nature*, it would be found, that either the dispute has been one mainly about words, or that it has a deeper, and far more important foundation, than appears at first view.

What are we to understand by the *laws of nature?* According to the prevailing popular opinion, certain energies, powers, or tendencies, were, at the creation, infused into, or connected with our globe and all that is upon it, by means of which every thing is now either upheld and preserved, or is constantly renewed and reproduced, so as to secure a permanent existence to this world and all that belongs to it. These conservative powers are denominated the laws of nature.

Now it appears to me, that this popular opinion is not only essentially and fundamentally erroneous, but that it involves also a tendency towards Atheism. According to it, the present order of things is now permanently *self-existent*, in whatever manner it may have become so. It represents every thing as upheld and preserved, or renewed and reproduced by powers inherent in, and properly belonging to it, and as standing in need of no foreign support. But if the present order of things can maintain itself, even for a moment, *by its own power*, it may have thus maintained itself during the time that is past,

(*a*) I have not exactly followed the writer in the Messenger in the subdivision of the subject, but I believe that the above synopsis presents a correct view of the doctrines advocated in the first two subdivisions of his essay.

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and may continue so to maintain itself forever. To a system which thus renders the world independent of its Maker and its God, my mind cannot give its assent. (*b*)

Reason, nature, and revelation all unite in teaching, that God alone is self-existent, and that every thing else is dependent. Whatever has been created can never for a moment continue to exist by a power properly its own, but must always depend for the continuance of its existence on that power which at first called it into being. In all that is created—in the most exalted seraph, as in the worm of the dust—in the highest spiritual beings as in unorganized matter, there must be a constant tendency to return to that state of non-existence from which they were drawn; and if that power of the Almighty which upholds them, were suspended even for a moment, they would at once cease to be. Every organic atom, however combined, must, at all times, be the special object of God's care. Matter is essentially inert, and has of itself no active properties or powers. The occult powers which we call the laws of nature, are not inherent in matter. They are merely the varied operations of the Deity, by which the universe is supported, and by which every thing in it is upheld or renewed.

If these views of the universal dependence of every thing on God, be correct, it follows, that the birth of every insect, animal, or man, is now as much a direct act of creation as it was at the first; and that the sprouting of a blade of grass, of a leaf, or of the humblest plant, is as much the effect of the direct action of the Deity, is as miraculous, as was the raising of Lazarus from the dead. All the difference I can perceive between them is, that the one is an exertion of divine power, frequently repeated, and intended to answer a common purpose, while the other is an exertion of divine power, very rare in its recurrence, and intended to answer a special purpose. The frequency, the regularity, and uniformity of the reproduction of the animal and vegetable creation have rendered us blind to its miraculous character. We have ceased to con-

(*b*) What has tended, I suspect, to create and perpetuate erroneous opinions on this subject; is, that men have considered the universe as a piece of mechanism. They see many works of art, which, contrived with ingenuity, and executed with skill, continue for a length of time to perform the operations for which they are intended, with regularity, without any further agency of the maker; and they have looked upon creation as a piece of mechanism, merely distinguished from human works by its superior perfection, adaptation, and permanence. But those who take this view of the universe, overlook an essential distinction. The mechanician finds, in the material he uses, certain properties, such as cohesion, elasticity, &c., and of these he avails himself in the construction of his machine; *but to God matter possesses no essential properties.*

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sider it as a miracle, and speak of it as a common natural event. But when the sick are healed, the blind restored to sight, and the dead recalled to life by a word, we then see the immediate agency of God in the act, and are sensible of its miraculous nature.

When the esteemed writer of the essay under consideration says, that God always acts according to laws, I am not sure that I correctly seize his meaning. If it be that there is any law, (other than the law of universal benevolence) which is antecedent to God's agency, I doubt the correctness of the maxim. It is true, that that agency in nature is in a great measure uniform and stable; and this is absolutely necessary to our preservation. If we could not depend on the cohesion of matter, the regular return of the seasons, and the reproductions of the earth, we could neither build, form tools and implements, nor make any provision for the future; and the human race would perish at once. But in regard to all these, it is to the divine agency itself that men have applied the term *laws*, and not to any thing antecedent to it. If it mean that the Deity constantly acts through second causes, the maxim requires to be limited. The agency by which organic matter is kept in existence, or by which active powers are communicated to it, appears to me to be direct, and without the intervention of any second cause.

I have dwelt thus long on the first point, because that appears to me the important one. As to the second, there are several passages in the New Testament which appear to favor the idea, that to the working of a miracle, faith in the party on whom it is to be wrought is a pre-requisite; and yet there are other passages which militate with this position. The centurion's servant, mentioned Matt. viii.; the daughter of the Syro-phenician woman, mentioned Matt. xv.; and the ruler's son, John iv., were all healed instantaneously by the word of Jesus, though he was at a distance, (and from the latter at a distance of several miles,) at the time they were cured; and there is nothing in the narrative which can lead us to believe that they were at all aware of the application which was made to our Saviour on their behalf. The daughter of Jairus, Matt. ix., the son of the widow of Nain, Luke vii., and Lazarus, John xi., were raised from the dead by a word, and we have no evidence that the departed spirit is cognisant to what passes near the body. Elymas, who was punished with temporary blindness, Acts xiii., was certainly not a believer, and the miraculous multiplication of the loaves, Matt. xiv., and the blasting of the fig tree, Matt. xxi., were performed on inanimate

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matter. It would appear from all these, that faith in the party operated upon, is not, in all cases, a pre-requisite to the working of a miracle.

On the third point I shall say but a few words. The writer of the essay admits that the miracles of our Saviour were wrought as evidence of the truth of his religion. He merely thinks that this was not their *primary* object. The impression which the study of the scripture has made on my mind is, that the miracles were wrought to establish the truth of the religion, and that then the religion, thus established, became the means of creating in sinners the inward life of holiness. It appears to me that in the passages recorded John v. 36, John x. 25, 37, and 38, John xiv. 2, and in other places, our Saviour expressly appeals to his miracles as evidence of the truth of his mission.

Such are the reflections which suggested themselves to my mind by the reading of the article in the Messenger. The idea of the all-pervading providence of God is dear to me, and one on which I love to dwell. It enables me to realise, in some measure, that I am constantly in the presence of my God, and makes me feel, that I too am, at every moment, the object of a Father's care. E.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MANKIND.

Historical Illustrations of the Passions, and their Influence on the Conduct of Man, with some Subordinate Sketches of Human Nature and Human Life. (*Attributed to Sir Humphrey Davy.*) *In two vols. London.*

This is a very curious book. It is probably attributed to the right author. It bears the marks of Sir Humphrey Davy's peculiar style. The book appears like the metaphysical lucubrations of a chemist, and although it savors little of the mysticism of Davy's Consolations in Travel, it is written in the same barbarous English—the same chemico-spiritual style. It has little pretensions to being considered a metaphysical or philosophical work. As its title implies, it aims rather to give historical illustrations of the influence of the passions, than a philosophical analysis of their nature.

His view of human nature is the same as that which our age inclines to. He treats the passions and moral affections, as having their origin in instinctive faculties, and not as being altogether factitious, and the creatures of habit or association. If asked to classify him, we would call him a spiritualist, although his ideas are not very clearly defined.

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He writes with much faith in man's better capacities, and with deep reverence for virtue. He portrays the vices of mankind with seeming regret, and speaks glowingly whenever he is the recorder of any trait of manly honor or gentle affection. He trusts in the eternal life, but more in the spirit of Cicero than of Jesus. But our purpose is not to give a review of his work, but merely to glance at a subject treated in the last chapter—a subject which the last chapter of our own lives must clothe with solemn import.

The Last Moments of Mankind. All are at some time led to question, what their own last hours will be, and to look with interest on the great subject of death. Imagination not seldom conjures up a vision of the parting scene. The mind asks, shall we die among our kindred, shall the hand of affection close our eyes in the last sleep? Or shall we meet the king of terrors in some far off land, and no friend be near to sooth the parting spirit, and receive the last requests? Shall our departure be in youth or in age—by some gentle disease, or some fearful accident—shall our spirit be ready to meet the last messenger with Christian faith, or shall we cling fondly to the world, and rebelling against the Heavenly Father's decree be torn away from this mortal tabernacle. Such questions arise, and fancy from her pictured urn draws forth a reply to each.

The first thought that occurs upon contemplating the last moments of mankind, relates to the pain of body suffered. We have good cause to believe, that death does not bring near so much physical suffering as is commonly supposed. Much of that convulsive struggle that is taken as the mark of mortal anguish, is merely mechanical and little if any felt by the conscious mind. The seeming agony continues even after conscious life is known to be extinct. The remarks of the celebrated William Hunter, the physician, who had been present at so many death beds, would apply to many cases beside his own.—"If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." Seneca tells of Tullus Marcellinus, that he slowly weakened away, not without some sensation of pleasure, such he said, as is sometimes felt in swooning. The experience of persons who have been restored to life, after the agony of drowning, or freezing, justifies a similar idea.

The second thought, that the death scenes of mankind inspire, is, that death generally shows the real character. The ruling passion is strong in death!

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Soldiers have ever gloried in showing heroism in death. When a stone from the hand of a woman struck Abimelech's skull as he was assaulting a tower, "he called hastily unto the young man, his armor bearer, and said unto him, draw thy sword and slay me, that men may not say of me, '*a woman slew him.*'"

Alexander the Great, on being seized with a dangerous disease, when in quest of victory and fame, was deeply mortified, lest "he should die an obscure and ignoble death in his tent." A Danish monarch finding inevitable fate approach, the day after having been wounded in battle, ordered himself to be carried out that he might expire among his troops; for he also dreaded dying in his tent obscurely, and thus leaving a veil over his reputation. We read of Siward, an ancient Northumbrian chief, who appears to have been yet more sensible of equivocal celebrity from a private death, when true renown might have been purchased by a public one: for he cried aloud in the extremity of his distemper, as the ancient record declares; "O the shame of not having died in so many battles! Clothe me in mail, gird on my sword, and put an axe in my right hand, that as one of the boldest, I may die as a soldier, for thus it becomes a soldier to die." His command being obeyed, he expired.

Descending to more modern times, at the battle of Lutzen, where Gustavus I. of Sweden, led his army in person, he valorously charged the enemy "with hand and voice, though thrice shot, sustained the fight, doing alike the duty of a soldier and a king, till with the loss of his own life, he did restore the victory to his eternal credit: he died standing, serving the public, for God and his religion."

The death of men in exalted stations, such as nobles and statesmen, almost always displays much courage and dignity, at least to the eyes of spectators. The dignity, that has been the habit of their life is not laid aside, even at the last hour. With what dignity did Charles I. meet his fate. How beautiful were even the bloody deaths of Marie Antonette, Lady Jane Grey, Mary Queen of Scots. Womanly delicacy, pride of station, and we trust, Christian faith, conspired to make the deaths of these illustrious personages so calm and resigned.

Yet many a time the monarch's pride and dignity has fled away at the approach of the king of terrors. "Ah, what avails the pomp and splendor surrounding me," cried the unfortunate Gustavus III. to his physician when despairing of safety; "willingly would I exchange conditions with the

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poorest healthy young cottager in Sweden. Say, can you not procure me by your art a short respite? Can nothing arrest the blow for three short days. I have, alas, some painful matters to arrange." But the hand of destiny was irreversibly upon him. "Wa, Wa," shouted the wild, iron framed Clovis, barbarian founder of the French Monarchy. "What a mighty king this death must be, that he can thus take away the strength of so mighty a warrior as I."

No monarch's death bed was ever more pitiable that of Louis XV., so powerfully portrayed in Carlyle's French Revolution. The monarch, who forbade his courtiers mentioning the subject, and who forbade that the royal chariot should ever be driven near a burial ground, could find no escape from the common lot, and shared the fate of the meanest peasant whom he had oppressed.

The French Revolution, and especially Carlyle's record of its horrors, affords amplest opportunity for the meditations of him who would speculate upon the condition of mankind in their last moments. Here were men and women of all ranks, fortunes and characters. Princes, Statesmen, Soldiers, Priests, Peasants—philosophic and unlettered—infidels and believers —the virtuous wife and the profligate courtesan—all led away to death, in such manner, as to afford the world full opportunity to see their exit, and know in what manner they left this life. Now the Nuns of a convent are borne on the fatal tumbrel, and serene as angels pass to the guillotine, singing the hymn to the virgin, that had cheered so many lonely hours in their cells, and one by one the voices cease until at last the voice of the Abbess alone was heard, and then all was hushed. Now come a party of fanatic Infidels, whose power had been crushed by a mightier party: they pass through the streets, madly jesting, and singing, until their mocking lips are forever sealed. Now comes a self-possessed philosopher, calmly meditating upon the event which he is about to meet—scorning alike all coward fear and Christian faith—owning no God but nature, and denying that he shudders, save with cold. And again comes the wretched Robespierre on the fatal cart—a few days since the idol of the people, and master of life and death, marching in silk and gold at the head of the potentates of his nation and now the scorn and jest of all beholders, his face bloody and disfigured—his jaw horribly broken by his attempt at suicide—the most abject of all beings, a fallen demagogue, given up to the vengeance of the people whom he has cheated. And thus onward through countless horrors.

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The last moments of mankind afford curious instances of the influence of lesser traits of character, that we should little expect to witness, at such a solemn hour. One of these that has been frequently noticed, is the great solicitude shown by the dying concerning their dress. Women, when led to the scaffold, have been remarkable for their regard not only to propriety and delicacy, but even beauty of apparel. Nobles and monarchs have arrayed themselves for death, as for some splendid pageant. Criminals have been known to take off their gloves in the rain, in order to preserve them white and unsullied for the fatal hour. It is related by the survivors of a deplorable catastrophe at sea; that many of the crew of a ship of war, who had labored with the utmost alacrity during days of cruel suspense, at length attired themselves in their best apparel, when assured that they must be infallibly entombed in the ocean.

Time would fail us to go on with the subject, and speak of the deaths of the martyrs to Christianity, and of the great founders of our faith—of Moses and the Prophets, and of Christ and his faithful followers, who have borne his cross.

We here leave the subject, with the single remark, that a serene death can only be the reward of a holy life. The bad man may indeed die in stupid indifference, or in maniac blasphemy. The Christian alone can meet death with a spirit humble and trusting, and yet serene and dauntless. He who would die the death of the righteous must live the life of the righteous.

"Life's duty done, as sinks the clay
Light from its load, the spirit flies,
While Heaven and Earth combine to say,
'How blessed the righteous when he dies.'"

TO A POET'S NIECE.

"But though this maiden tender was of age,
Yet in the breast of her virginity
There was enclosed sad and ripe courage."

CHAUCER.

THE bashful grace which shrinks from touch,
Soft eye and tender heart;
"The modest charm of *not too much*,
"Part seen, imagined part."
Sweet child thy loveliness is such,
And such thy timid art.

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The hours, which swell the folded bud,
And melt the morn in day,
And lift the mist from vale and wood,
Will take this charm away;
But with the noon of womanhood,
For morning's loss repay.

A proud descent, fair girl, is thine;
Not such as others claim,
From titled race, or ancient line
Of nobles known to fame;
Thou art of lineage more divine—
Thou hast a poet's name.

The sparkling cross, and diamond crown,
Ancestral jewels rare,
By careful mothers handed down,
Let other daughters wear—
Thine ornaments, of more renown,
A poet's features are.

His eye, so soft and deep, hast thou—
And once again we see
His earnest lip and thoughtful brow,
New stampt for us in thee;
Unwritten and unspoken now,
'Tis living poetry.

The loud-voiced stream, which rocks displace,
In tumult dashed around,
In vales below again we trace,
Murmuring with quiet sound,
And so, throughout the poet's race,
The poet's heart is found.

The poet's heart, a birth-right high,
Imparts a keener sense
Of beauty and nobility,
And gives for excellence
A thrilling sensibility,
Deep love and reverence.

But ah! its nerves lie all as bare
To any touch unkind,
From strifes which common spirits dare,
Shrinks the poetic mind—
Fragile, as leaf whirled upward, where
Gushes a sudden wind.

No earthly cloud has passed, dear maid,
O'er that sweet heaven, thine eye;

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No thought too deep has cast a shade
  Across its happy sky,
Not yet upon thy soul is laid
  Life's solemn mystery.

Before those serious days come near,
  May strength from heaven descend,
A sacred reverence, hallowed fear,
  With earthly feelings blend,
And, from their mansions high and clear,
  Protecting angels bend.

Angels of holy prayer and thought;
  Faith, fixed on God alone,
Hope, from an unseen future brought,
  And kneeling near His throne;
And Love, in Christ revealed and taught,
  Which binds all hearts in one. J. F. C.

SCOTT AND SHAKSPEARE.

An article by T. Carlyle in a late number of the Westminster Review, has excited a good deal of attention. Many have been pleased with the striking views there presented; others, accustomed to reverence Scott as their ideal of genius and goodness, and grateful to him for manifold benefits, have been displeased because he is thought by Carlyle not to belong to the greatest kind of great men. Carlyle strikes at once upon his chief merit as a man and author—his *healthiness* of mind and character. In a morbid age, sick to the heart of various moral and spiritual diseases, Scott was always healthful, cheerful, active, strong. He never wailed and whined like the Byron school—he never withdrew from life and the day into a clique or coterie, as did the Lakers and the followers of Leigh Hunt. He was always simple, joyous, and light-hearted, like Spenser, Shakspeare, Homer, Cervantes. But if he was not out of joint with the times, neither was he the man "born to set them right." He had not enough of philosophy and depth to struggle with the diseases of the time and conquer them. He fled from them to the old days of health—he dwelt among border chiefs, bold knights, and the strong, wild and living men of former ages. Whenever he approached our own days, his wing flagged, and he caught the sickness of the century. Witness St. Ronan's Well, one of his best works, but full of the diseased modern spirit, and offering no corrective.

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Whoever therefore places Scott in the same class with Shakspeare, overlooks many important distinctions. Shakspeare was master and at home every where. He could fall back into the rude, wild spirit of former days, as in Macbeth, or by a more wonderful process throw his mind forward into a future age, as in Hamlet. For the character of Hamlet is essentially one belonging to a state of over-refinement, and excessive unbalanced intellectual culture. Romeo and Juliet breathes all the softness, the passions, the delicate sensibilities, of Italy. Anon we have the Saxon rigor and sternness in the plays from English History, or the Roman high yet narrow patriotism, in the classical dramas. Scott cannot transform himself in this way, and be at home every where. His department is much narrower.

Shakspeare's characters again, differ from Scott's, as Carlyle has well expressed it, that Shakspeare works from the heart out, and Scott works from the outward toward the heart, without quite reaching it. Scott gives us men as they are made by circumstances, Shakspeare as they are formed by nature. Skakspeare's characters are all individual, Scott's never. His most peculiar and eccentric characters are still only types of a class. Dominie Sampson is the type of Bookworms—of men moulded by books, and unacquainted with life. But Shakspeare's Richards and Macbeths are not merely the types of tyrants and ambitious men. They stand before us as individuals, with their original inner nature clearly seen. So nature aims always at producing individuals, and even the beautiful elm, which we lingered to look at this morning, remains in our fancy with all its peculiar gracefulness of outline, and not merely as the representative of *Species, Ulmus; Genus, Arbor.*

This distinction between Scott and Shakspeare appears especially in their female characters. It has been a common remark that in these Scott has more frequently failed than in his heroes. And the reason is obvious. Woman is not usually subjected to such peculiar external influences as man. The social arrangements of life do not allow it. Woman's position is very much the same every where in civilized lands. Accordingly we find that Scott, in whose characters originality is not the result of nature, but of circumstances and position, has seldom drawn female characters of much originality. His most striking female characters are always so, because removed out of the usual social positions. In Rebecca the Jewess, Diana Vernon, Meg the Gipsey, Jeanie Deans, Flora Mac Ivor, we trace the interest to the peculiar circumstances of their situation, which develope peculiar traits of character.

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Not so Shakspeare. The gentle Desdemona derives little interest from her peculiar marriage—her character throws a charm over her situation, and is not developed by it. When we think of Miranda, it is not as a girl educated apart from the world; it is of that sweet natural beauty which would have been the same in all circumstances. So Imogen, so Isabella, so Juliet—their circumstances add little to the interest with which we regard their personality, their exquisite feminine traits.

There is one modern writer, little prized apparently, and whose writings are in many things imperfect and objectionable, who has nevertheless shown far more of the Shakspearean power of delineation than Scott. This is the younger D'Israeli. His female characters remind you forcibly of Shakspeare. They are drawn "from the heart out." A few touches reveal a depth of feminine character and feeling, a few movements show an instinctive feminine grace. Do not Violet Fane, and May Dacre, linger in the imagination like Shakspeare's Miranda? It is singular that while the world is running mad after Bulwer's false and superficial creations, it should have neglected the writer whom Bulwer has continually imitated, and who is to Bulwer what genius is to talent. His Henrietta Temple is a book, whose excess of sentiment is richly redeemed by beautiful delineations of character, in which exaggeration is generally shunned, and is pervaded by a healthy moral. The dignity of religion shines with a holy light in the good priest, the beauty of self control and self renunciation appear in Miss Grandison and Digby, in a way that might serve for a lesson to many a professed moralizer.

In power of language, again, Shakspeare surpassed Scott as he did all the world. We find the most remote yet most happy analogies, brought together in every line, in every epithet. Take, as a random example, the following lines.

> "There are a kind of men whose visages
> Do cream and mantle like the standing pool,"

Here, in the first place, the rigid, self satisfied stupidity in the face of the pompous blockhead, is illustrated by the heavy surface of stagnant waters, ruffled by no wind, reflecting no form, sparkling with no light—what a happy, yet how unapparent an analogy! If a second rate mind had lighted on it, how it would have been drawn out and dwelt upon, and become a famous simile in our literature. But Shakspeare passes instantly to other images, as remote, yet as exact, to illustrate this one. The pool *creams* and *mantles*. The pond with its thick surface suggests to his imagination milk covered with

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cream—he snatches the word, makes a verb of it, and the pool *creams*. And then his light winged fancy darts away, and the covering is now a *mantle*, spread over it from without. And these images are all crowded in a single line, and immediately lost sight of in new images and thoughts. Such prodigality and power of language no other mortal has ever shown.

Our object in these remarks has been simply to touch upon one or two points of difference between the mind of Scott and that of Shakspeare. Scott was a great man, if that word has any meaning. If Napoleon was great, if Byron was great, if Chaucer and Spenser were great, then I think Scott was great. By nature he was as richly endowed as most of these. Vast energies, an intellect quick to observe, to discriminate, and to retain, a wealth of generous and noble sentiments, an imagination playful and free if not profound, are certainly a rare accumulation of gifts. He wanted only a philosophic and comprehensive power of reason, to make him complete in moral and intellectual endowments. His educational influences were unfortunate. His mind seems to have been drifted by accident, rather than to have deliberately conceived and grasped a plan of life. If to conceive and undertake a worthy purpose, be one part of greatness, in this we think Scott defective. Yet let us, whose minds and hearts have been fed by his generous and noble creations, forbear to criticise too minutely the genius which has done so much for us. Peace to his ashes. May the mind spent in honorable toil for the good of others, dwell in the grateful remembrance of all who read and speak the English tongue.

For thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
* * * * * * * * *
And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer?

J. F. C.

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THE ONE TRUE CONVERT.

[The following interesting tale is from the July No. of Gallagher's HESPERIAN.]

SOME who read this sketch will remember a lady, not many years since a resident of the West, whose great personal beauty and varied attractions were less remarkable than the simplicity of her manners, and her apparent unconsciousness that she was either beautiful or attractive. I lately became acquainted with an incident of this lady's early history, which may not be without interest, even to those that never met her.

When about thirteen years old she was placed at school in a small New England village, the clergyman of which was a relative of her father; and she lived, of course, in the pastor's family. In that family was also residing a young student of Divinity; one of those bashful northern youths, who blush when their mothers speak to them, and tremble when a strange face draws nigh; one of that class from which have come many of the purest and noblest of New England's sons, but a large proportion of which, after struggles and sufferings of which the world has no record, droops, and in silence passes away. Leonard was awkward, reserved, and diffident; the coming of a little girl to the table made him for a while unhappy; and he listened before he opened his door for fear he should meet her on the stairs. This continued for some time; for though the bright, quiet, fearless child produced a pleasant impression upon him, he could not shake off his horror of a new person in the house; and three months after they had been first sheltered by the same roof he would have gone a mile round in the dusty road, or would have crossed the wet fields of a dewy morning, rather than pass his fellow-boarder as she tripped to her school room.

But so lovely and loving a damsel as the one I write of, could not remain averse to him. With surprise, and almost terror, Leonard found himself looking at her, as she sat reading under the trees, by ten minutes at a time. Then he offered her the milk pitcher or a baked apple, as they sat opposite to each other at the tea table. By and by he spoke to her; explained to her dark passages in the books she was reading, and called her attention to books she had not before heard of. The grass plat under the elm was no longer the less pleasant because she was chasing the butterflies there; and more than once the villagers met him at evening walking with her by the rocky river, holding her slight fingers with one hand, and with the other pointing out the constellations, the Dipper, Cleopatra's chair,

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and all the wonders of night. Slowly, unaware to himself, and wholly beyond her dreams, a strong interest, deepening into affection for her, grew up in Leonard's bosom: when she was present he was happy, though he looked the other way; when she was absent his heart fell down flat, the sun had no brightness, the air no freshness to him.

Month after month rolled by, and every day broke upon the student with new glory, for his little friend came to him each day with increased frankness; and he on his part, was ever more kind to her and to others; for it is one of the many blessed consequences of love in a healthy spirit, that it makes it more kindly to the whole world.

Month after month rolled by; the time drew near for the student to go to his college, and he counted calmly but with a full heart the days that were to pass before his departure. Day went after day; and now but two remained before he was to part, probably forever, from the first human being that had taken a strong hold of his slow but deep affections.

In the afternoon of the second day before his departure, as he was sitting musing in his room, his little friend came in. He had been with her that day upon some long-talked-of expedition, and had been kinder than usual; and with a bright eye and kindling cheek, she now thanked him for his kindness.

"What have I done that you should be so good to me?" said she.

"You have been good to others," replied Leonard.

"And how can I repay you?" asked the little girl.

For some minutes the young man was silent; then taking both her hands in his he said—"My dear little girl, in a few hours you and I are to separate, perhaps forever in this life; and I will tell you all that I would ever ask you to do in return for whatever kindness I have been able to show you: it is to be true to yourself, to your own pure and high impulses. In a few years you will go into society; you will be told that you are beautiful, amiable, talented; every temptation that would lead you to forget that there is an eternal life beyond this, will be thrown in your way. When those days come, remember what I have so often said to you respecting the eternal nature of true affection, and seek it; remember the short-lived nature of admiration, and shun it. When flatterers are telling you (as they will tell you) of your perfections, do not forget that you are still as far from perfection as from those stars about which we have dreamed together so often; think, my dear girl, in that hour, of those ever-burning worlds, and the thought will shield you from harm." He kissed her forehead, and she left him.

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In due time Leonard went to Andover; he there completed his theological education, and became, at length, the clergyman of his native village. Seven years passed on; during five of them he heard nothing of her, whose form often floated before him in the light of the autumn sunset, and whose voice he heard in the still summer twilight, and the dark storm of winter. But in the sixth year after he left her uncle's house, rumors came from Boston of one, now about to enter the fashionable world, whose beauty and whose character were unequaled; the familiar name made his heart leap to his throat, and now again at midnight, his voiceless prayer went up for the child he had loved so well. Whenever a stranger came from the city, Leonard listened, half in fear, half in hope for news of her welfare: was she loved by those about her? or, was she a belle merely? As those questions were answered, his thoughts were pleasant or disturbed.

He had long been an invalid, and for a year or two the evidences of pulmonary disease were such as to lead his society to offer him leave of absence for the winter; this he had refused to accept, however, as his widowed mother would be left alone. The agitation of feeling produced by the revival of his old affection now added to the symptoms of his disease; he became too weak to preach, and after much persuasion, was induced to leave home for a warmer climate. By the advice of his physician, he went to Boston to take passage for Florida.

While at Boston, he was invited to a party, at which were many of the leaders of fashion, though the lady of the house was by no means one of them. Leonard went with

"Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,"

nor had he been long in the room before his eye fell upon one, whom, through the change of years, he knew to be her whose unconscious influence over him had been so great. Turning to an acquaintance he asked her name and character. "She is one," was the answer, "that seems to live in a magic circle: the sneerers of society stop when they come to her in their round of abuse, and go by silently; scandal cannot touch her. She is admired, of course, but loved far more than admired; and the impure, that cannot love, fear her. Flattery falls upon her, but does no harm; and our common fops dare not approach her with their empty compliments, for her simple, sincere spirit overawes them."

The young divine stood long with his eyes fixed on the form, which in its girlhood he had so loved to look on; every breath he drew marking the pulsation of his heart, and his head throb-

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bing as in a fever. By and by he moved nearer to her. A man distinguished and talented, sat by her side, and with the greatest skill addressed to her the most flattering remarks, and listened to her replies as to an oracle; but not a word or look on her part betrayed a consciousness of the admiration which he expressed. When he left her, a female friend that had listened to him, said to her—"How in the world is it that such attentions, from such a man, do not prove too much for your philosophy?"

"It is because my philosophy asks love which will live, not admiration, which will die."

"But how do you keep such things in mind at such a moment?"

"I will tell you," answered the fair girl, smiling, "but what I say will have no meaning to you, though there is one, somewhere, that would understand me. When my head begins to swim, I think of the stars."

Not a word of that reply escaped the invalid, as he stood behind her; the throbbing in his head ceased, his heart was still, his spirit at rest: "I have saved her," he said to himself, and soon returned to his lodgings.

The next morning he left, not for Florida, but for home; he told his mother that he was well again, and for a week or two appeared strong and happy. Then came the reaction and relapse, and he was weaker than ever; for the rest of the winter he was confined to his house.

At length, one mild March day, Leonard mounted his horse, and telling his mother that he should be gone a day, rode over to the village where he had resided previous to entering the divinity school. Leaving his horse at the tavern, he went on foot over the route which he had walked, seven years previous, with her, the last time they walked together: then he went to the parsonage house—up into his old room, and sat in the chair which he sat in, when he gave her his last advice, that which she had so well remembered. There was the same spreading elm tree; the tanyard with its piles of bark; the hill, where they had gathered blue berries, in the distance—all as he had seen them that evening after she left him; the same picture of the Prodigal Son hung against the wall over the mantle-piece; the same clock ticked on the stair-way. The feelings that rise when old scenes are visited all know, but none can describe.

He slept that night in his old room, and in the morning returned home. When he reached home his frame was chilled, and his feet very cold, so he sat down by the fire, and his

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mother took his feet in her lap, and chafed them. Leonard lay for some time leaning back, with his eyes closed; but, at last, raising himself, not without an effort, for he was very weak, he said—"Mother, I have saved her; I have made one true convert." The old lady was deaf, and thought he spoke of having saved his own life by his journey; so she smiled, and went on chafing his feet. But they grew colder and colder; she asked him how he was, but he made no answer; she looked up, and his chest was rising and falling as gently and regularly as that of a sleeping child. But still his feet grew more icy; she felt of his legs, and they "were as cold as any stone." The old woman, now alarmed, rose up; Leonard's head lay back, his eyes half closed, his lips just moving; "I have saved her," he said once again, as his mother believed afterwards, though then she scarce noticed the motion; a convulsive smile passed over his features, and she was left, standing by the clay that her son had dwelt in.

J. H. P.

SOLITUDE.

'Tis not solitude
To be alone when thought is pure and free,
And nature with her myriad voices speaks,
And revelation bends from her bright throne
With visitings of love. 'Tis solitude
When thought is prisoned—aspiration checked,
And the sweet music of the soul is fled:
When nature wastes her eloquence in vain
In speaking to our hearts from all her realms
Of life and loveliness—and when the God
Who made us, sends into this darkened world,
And to our souls, his various messengers
Of truth and love—that meet no kind return
Of sweet communion from our sinful race.
This is to be alone—this is to bear
About within us a bleak wilderness,
A desolate loneliness that sees no beam
Break o'er the dead, deserted soul, which looks
As through a darkened glass on all without,
That to its vision takes a darkened hue.

C. P. C.

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"THE SANDY FOUNDATION."

One of the strongest reasons, perhaps the strongest of all, why Christians cling to the doctrine of the Trinity, is its supposed necessary connection with that of the atonement: and whenever you can induce a Trinitarian to adopt such views of the latter doctrine as may be shown to be clearly consistent with the Unity, you have accomplished half the work of converting him to the true knowledge of Christ. Of this remark we have seen many verifications. It is hardly possible to get at the mind of a strict Calvinist, in regard to the Trinity, until you first show him that there is no necessity of the *kind* of atonement that he believes. Nor does he proceed upon a wrong principle; for our salvation undoubtedly depends on the atonement, and if the true doctrine of atonement were inseparable from that of the Trinity, we had indeed better cleave to the latter, however contradictory it may seem. But the truth is that there is no form of the doctrine except the Calvinistic, which is inseparable from the Trinity. We admit that if God requires the full payment of our debt, either by our own punishment, or by an equivalent thereto inflicted upon some one else, then something like an "infinite satisfaction," or the sufferings of an infinite being, would be necessary, and therefore the Trinity, with the strange inconsistencies therein involved, would be our best resort. In that case the part of wisdom would be to shut our eyes and try not to think.

But other forms of the doctrine of atonement, such as that of Abbott, and which is lately so zealously adopted by the Episcopal Churchman, may be received as well by Unitarians as by their opponents. By the adoption of such forms, therefore, which is becoming so general, the chief stumbling block in the way of the progress of Unitarianism is removed. The Trinity can no longer be shown "necessary to the scheme of salvation," and its strongest claim upon the faith of men is taken away. Evangelical Unitarianism then appears as *saving* a scheme as Evangelical Trinitarianism, and the former being more simple and consistent will be preferred.

This is precisely the state of the case as it now stands between us and those who hold to the expositions of Mr. Abbott and Bishop Onderdonk. Essentially we hold to the same atonement as they do, they together with the Trinity, we with the Unity. The controversy therefore can be fairly tried. The outcry can no longer be raised that without the Trinity is no atonement. The great step therefore, towards the vin-

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dication of God's unity is taken. Only let it be generally understood that Trinitarians and Unitarians receive the same doctrine of atonement, and prejudice will die and evidence be studied. The "Episcopal Recorder" therefore, shows a degree of discrimination when it calls the "Churchman," "a hot-bed of pestiferous perversions of gospel truth," and accuses Bishop Onderdonk of heresy, for it is certain that the doctrines taught by those dignitaries will not stop short where they now are. In giving up the "equivalent atonement," they have shaken the "sandy foundation," as William Penn called the Trinity, and the scripture truth that Christ is the "Son of God," and not *God the Son*, and that the Father alone is Supreme, will soon appear, written in men's hearts by the spirit of truth. W. G. E.

THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

A STORY FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

I saw in my dream two boys, Obedient and Wilful, going toward the land of freedom. Said Obedient to Wilful, "how do you expect to reach this land?" "By doing whatever I choose," replied Wilful, "this I think will take me there." "But I," said Obedient, "hope to find it by help of this book which my mother gave me. She told me to consult it, whenever I was in doubt, and it would tell me how to go, and make me see every thing more plainly after reading it. And when I opened it the first words I read were, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' So I think I shall get thus to the land of freedom."

Then I saw in my dream, and these two boys were knocking at an iron gate, in a high stone wall. Presently it was opened by an 'old, old man, with beard as white as snow.' "Sir," said they, as they entered, "is this the way to the land of freedom?" "It is," answered he, "and it is not." Here they looked astonished at each other, for his words sounded strange and contradictory, but they passed on without speaking.

Then I saw that the path led them to a beautiful garden, where clumps of trees and fragrant shrubs were pleasantly grouped, where fountains gushed from the rock, and filling marble basins, wound along amid beds of blue and yellow flowers. Many children were playing together on the smooth grass plats among the flickering shadows. They shouted to the two boys to come and play with them, and Wilful ran for-

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ward eagerly. But Obedient stopped to look at his book. Presently he ran forward and cried to his companion, "Take care, friend Wilful, for since I looked in my book, I see little spirits putting chains around the arms and ancles of these children, and fastening them to the flowers. And they have put one or two on your wrist already." Then Wilful was frightened, and with a great effort broke away, and the two boys pursued their course toward the Land of Freedom.

After leaving the Garden of Pleasure, they came toward a large and beautiful house like a palace. A colonnade of lofty pillars encircled it, the windows reached to the floor, a flight of marble steps led to the high portal, from which came sounds of music and gaiety. The boys entered, and saw a table covered with fruits and wine, and full of company. Servants came forward and politely asked them to seat themselves at the table. Wilful did so immediately. But Obedient first consulted his book which showed him something strange and fearful. For he saw that the guests were all strangely influenced by the food and wine. When the ruby cup beckoned to them, they were drawn to it as by force. They bent down their lips to sip, though their faces showed reluctance and disgust. When Obedient saw this he said, "Come, brother Wilful, we shall never get to the Land of Freedom if we stay here in this Hall of Appetites." And Wilful, when he was told of the danger, consented reluctantly to leave the place.

Now I saw, in my dream, that the two boys were going down a steep and dark path amid rocks and water. Presently they saw a group of fugitives coming hurriedly toward them. As they approached they shouted "Fly, fly! A horrible and gigantic figure is pursuing us. We were going toward the Land of Freedom but it has driven us back." But Obedient immediately opened his book, and read, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me." Then looking up, he encouraged Wilful by showing him that the supposed giant was only a torn cloud, driven before the wind. So they passed boldly on.

Then the path wound up through soft meadows, where wide spreading trees made a cool shadow, and the streams trickled with a drowsy sound across the pebbles. Many persons were sleeping upon the turf, and Wilful laid down also to sleep. But Obedient first opened his book, and when he had read in it, he shook Wilful violently by the shoulder and roused him. "See here," cried he, "these are the Indolent Meadows, and I see spiders weaving their webs over all the sleepers, and they are so strong that they cannot break away.

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And the spiders are already beginning to weave their webs over you. So wake up and let us go." And Wilful at last was roused, and they went on as before.

As they went forward I heard loud and angry noises approaching, and presently a group of men and women contending together with bitter words and blows. As soon as they saw the boys they ran toward them and surrounding them began to insult and torment them. Obedient had opened his book and read in it, "Resist not evil." He stood quietly with a firm and pleasant expression, as one determined not to lose his temper. So the tormentors went to Wilful, whose face glowed with rage, and abused him with such provoking words that at last he ran headlong at one of them, and pursued him, till they both fell over a steep precipice. Obedient ran, full of sorrow, and looked down, but he saw no more of his companion, and went sadly on.

Then the road grew steep, and tangled with thorns and briers, and the poor boy's hands were torn, and he could hardly crawl forward, so tired was he. Sometimes he slipped and fell, then he had to take hold of a root and draw himself up. As his strength and courage were failing, he took his book and read, "Be not weary of well doing, for in due season you shall reap, if you faint not." Then he went forward again, till at last he found himself on the summit of the mountain, and a broad plain spread out before him. But the path had come to an end.

As he stood, and looked, to find some traces of the road, a figure came toward him dressed in white. "Sir," said Obedient, "can you direct me to the Land of Freedom?" "You are now in it," replied the Shining One, "and wherever you go will be to you a Land of Freedom. For you have learned to *govern yourself*, and this is the only real freedom. All else is delusion and mockery. Wilful would never have found the Land of Freedom, for he was not seeking it. But you, who learned to control your love of pleasure, your appetites, your fears and doubts, your indolence, your passions, and lastly struggled up the path of discipline—you have been worthy of freedom—you are now and forever free." Saying this the form smiled with a heavenly expression, and I saw no more.

J. F. C.

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ULTRA REFORMERS.

[We take the following article, entire, from Brownson's Quarterly Review, No. 3, for July. We assure our readers there are in this number, an hundred pages more, as well worth reading. It is published at Boston, by B. H. Greene, at three dollars a year. The following article is upon a work on regimen, diet, &c. &c. written by a gentleman who wishes every one to leave off eating meat.]

THE author of this volume is a worthy, and, we would fain believe, a useful man. He is sincere, earnest, and ambitious to do what in him lies for the advancement of his race. He is quite a Reformer, and appears to doubt not that he shall soon be able to recover for mankind the long lost Eden.

According to him, so far as we have been able to collect his theory, the seat of life, thought, and virtue is in the stomach, and the Devil, or soul-destroyer, always makes his appearance in the form of roast beef, pig, mutton, fish, rich sauces, or some savory dish or other, and is to be vanquished only by inducing mankind to feed on apples, mush, cold boiled potatoes, with now and then a dessert of parched corn. Apples are the author's favorite dish for reforming the world, and curing all the ills that flesh and spirit are heirs to. His love for apples seems to be very great, even surpassing the love of women; and we cannot help fancying that should he be admitted into Paradise and find no apples there, it would be no Paradise to him. May apples go with him wherever he goes. We too are fond of apples. But as for mush, to be eaten without milk, butter, sugar, or molasses, Yankee dish under the name of Hasty-pudding, and immortalized by the immortal Barlow's song, though it be, we will none of it. Cold boiled potatoes unsalted, and no water even to wash them down—may the author of the delectable book before us, enjoy the sole monopoly of digesting them!

We have no doubt that many of the ills of life come from indigestion. We certainly would not be ungrateful to the man who labors to give us a good digestion. We moreover do by no means object to a simple diet. A simple diet, and by simple diet we mean one into which little animal food enters, is the most favorable to health, and to enjoyment. But because a man wishes to recommend a simple diet, he need not run mad. The earth is filled with a profusion of good things, suitable for food, and we see no reason why we should reject all of them, save apples, mush, and cold potatoes. The way to preserve health and enjoy life is not to starve oneself to death, or to compel oneself to feed on the coarsest and least nutritious

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provender. Why, therefore, may not the advocates of a simple diet speak with moderation, and content themselves with urging such changes only as the good sense of the community will approve?

The author of this book doubtless means well, and so may all those who are laboring with him; but we confess that we are sorry to find them calling themselves Reformers. They almost make a sensible man ashamed to enrol himself among the friends of reform, as the shape and tricks of monkeys do sometimes make us ashamed of our humanity. It is well to be reformers; it is our duty to labor for the progress of our race; but we should do it with a becoming modesty, feeling that it is but dimly we can see the new good to be obtained, and but little that we can do to obtain it. It is an unpleasant sight to a wise man, that of one of our modern Reformers astride the millionth part of an idea, cantering away as a Tenth Avatar, and fancying that he bears with him the universal palingenesia of man and nature.

In fact are not our modern Reformers carrying the joke a little too far? They are becoming, it strikes us, a real annoyance. The land is overspread with them, and matters have come to such a pass, that a peaceable man can hardly venture to eat or drink, to go to bed or to get up, to correct his children or kiss his wife, without obtaining the permission and the direction of some moral or other reform society. The individual is bound hand and foot, and delivered up to the sage Doctors and sager Doctresses, who have volunteered their services in the management of his affairs. He has nothing he can call his own, not even his will. There is left him no spot, no sanctum, into which some association committee cannot penetrate, and dictate to him what he may do or what he ought to suffer. What is most intimate and sacred in his private relations, is laid before the public, and he is told that he ought to be thankful that there is no dearth of disinterested lecturers, ready in public discourses to explain to his wife all the mysteries of the conception and birth of a human being.

Now this in our judgment is to be philanthropic overmuch. It is making philanthropy altogether too great an annoyance. No real good can come to the community from sacrificing the individual. There are things which an individual ought to be allowed to call his own, and over which he shall have the supreme control. Around each individual there should be traced a circle, within which, no stranger should presume or be suffered to enter. It is no service to virtue to keep us all forever in leading strings. If we are to be men and to show forth the

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virtues of men, we must be permitted to think and act for ourselves. That philanthropy which proposes to do every thing for us, and which will permit us to do nothing of our own accord, may indeed keep us out of harm's way, but it is a left-handed philanthropy, and will be found always to diminish our virtues in the same proportion that it does our vices.

It must joy the heart of every benevolent man to see efforts made for the advancement of humanity. There is room enough for reform. But we do wish our modern Reformers would enlarge their conceptions and seek to add knowledge to their zeal. It is well to be zealously affected in a good cause; but zeal in a good cause, if not guided by just knowledge, may work as much evil as good. The world is not to be regenerated by the exertions of Reformers who have but one idea, and who fancy that one idea embraces the Universe. Life is a complex affair. The good and the evil it is subject to are so intermixed, and run one so into the other, that it is often no easy matter to say which is which. There is no one sovereign remedy for all the ills of life, no one rule which is applicable at all times to all cases for the production of good. Good and evil both have their source in human nature. The one cannot be greatly increased, or the other essentially diminished, but in proportion as human nature itself is more fully developed; but in proportion to its general culture and growth. The tree of evil is not destroyed by pruning away a branch here, and a branch there. So long as its root remains in the earth, so long will it live and flourish. All classes of reformers see and deplore its growth. One class thinks all evils come from the breach of the seventh commandment, another class ascribes them all to the eating of flesh or fish, to the drinking of rum, wine, or cider; this class fancies that the world would move on as it should, if women were but allowed equal civil and political rights with men; that class is sure all things will be restored to primitive innocence, love and harmony, the moment negroes are declared to be no longer slaves; and this other class, when nations shall no longer appeal to arms to decide their disputes. Each of these classes of Reformers mounts its hobby and rides away, condemning all as children of the past, as wedded to old abuses, as the enemies of truth and virtue, who will not do the same. But not one or another of these classes shall succeed. All these classes of evils are mutually connected, and no one of them can be cured separately. The cause of them all lies deep in human nature, as now developed, and they must be regarded as inseparable from the present stage of human progress. The doctors, who are vaunting

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their skill to cure them, are merely prescribing for the symptoms, not the disease. War is a melancholy thing. Philanthropy cannot but weep over its doings. But as long as the passions of the human heart remain as they are, and the interests of the world continue in their present complicated state, it is perfectly idle to talk of the cessation of war. Every thing manly in our nature rises indignant at the bare name of slavery; but should the negroes be declared free, and all other things remain as they were, slavery would not be abolished. One of its forms might be slightly changed, but its substance would continue the same. Give woman equal civil and political rights with man, and if her present tastes and culture remain, her influence will be just what it now is. Intemperance is not a mother-evil. It is the symptom, not the disease. Temperance lectures will not cure it. It will remain in spite of Temperance Societies, in spite of law, in spite of religion, till the causes producing it are removed, and men are able to find an innocent source of the excitement they crave. Chastity may be commended, but it will not be universal, till the whole community is so trained that it can find more pleasure in sentiment than in sense. The object of each class of reformers is, we are willing to admit, good, and praiseworthy; but it can in no case be insulated and gained as a separate object.

The work of reforming the world is a noble one. The progress of man and society goes on. But it goes on slowly, much more so than comports with the desires of our one-idea reformers. These reformers, with one idea, are no doubt worth something. Each class of them may contribute something to aid on the work. But no one of them can do much, or run far ahead of the general average of the race. The evils of life rise as lofty mountains in our path. We cannot go over them, nor turn our course around them. They rise alike before all of our race, and form the same barrier to the onward march of all. We must remove them. If we take ourselves to the work with faith and energy, we can remove them. But we can do it only a little by little. Our generation works its brief day at the task, and worn out gives way to another; another comes and removes its portion, and gives way to yet another. Thus do generations labor, and yet centuries elapse before we can perceive that they have made any impression on the mountain. Ever and anon a company may undermine a portion of rock and earth, which come down with thundering noise and raise much dust, and some of the spectators may fancy the work is done. But when the noise has subsided, and the wind

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has brushed away the dust and smoke, it is seen that many of their number have been crushed under the falling masses, and that fragments have rolled back and blocked up the path which had already been cleared. There may be something sad and depressing in this view. Life is full of deep pathos to the wise man. Sorrow springs from experience. He, who knew most of man and his trials, was said to be a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Man's path from the cradle to his union with God, is not of smooth and easy ascent, strewed with flowers, and shaded by groves from which the sweet songsters are ever warbling their wild notes. It is steep and rugged, and we ascend not without labor and difficulty. Yet is there no cause for complaint. Man has some strength; let him use it, and not murmur because he has also some weakness. Something he can do; let him do it, and complain not that there is something he cannot do. Each generation has its alloted work; let it take itself cheerfully to its performance. The race is immortal; and as one generation does its work and passes off to receive its reward, a new generation comes on to take up the work where its predecessor left it. The work shall then go on, and the race be ever achieving its destiny. What is it then, though this generation cannot do so much as to leave nothing to its successor?

We have no fellowship with the philosophy, that teaches us to regard with indifference the efforts of a single individual, however puny, to advance the cause of humanity. True philosophy teaches us to find a sufficient reason for whatever occurs, and to see good in every thing. We ought therefore never to condemn outright any class of reformers, or plan of reform, we may meet; but we cannot refrain from regarding most of the reformers who fill our age and country as extremely short-sighted, and their plans as most wofully defective. We would not make war upon them, nor in our sober moments treat them otherwise than with great tenderness; but we cannot bring ourselves to act with them. Whoever would pass for a man of correct feelings, and of some degree of philosophic wisdom, must see and deplore the ills that afflict himself and brethren; he must labor with all his might to cure them: but he will proceed always calmly, with chastened hopes, and with the conviction that the only way to cure many evils is to bear them. The lesson, To Bear, though difficult to learn, and one that many of us never do learn, is one of the lessons most essential to man in his earthly pilgrimage. Even these evils, of which we complain, may be made the ministers of our virtues and the means of our spiritual growth.

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The human race makes its way through the centuries, step by step, to its destiny. The evils we now see and feel will one day be removed. But new evils we know not of will doubtless spring up, new mountains arise whose highest peaks are not seen in the distant horizon. The lessons of the reformer will be ever repeated, and his trials, labors, sufferings, martyrdom, ever renewed. Well, be it so. The brave spirit will not shrink from the prospect. Life is a struggle. Who would that it should not be? It is from this struggle that Humanity derives her strength, obtains possession of her powers; in it she finds her life; in it she lives; by it she fulfils her destiny. Let us accept it as our heritage, and go forth with strong arms and stout hearts—and yet not with over sanguine expectations of wonders to be achieved—to the work that lieth nearest us in time and space, and leave the result to Him in whose hands we and all things are, and with whom it rests to grant or withhold success.

PAST AND FUTURE.

Give me back the hours that flew
Swift as music-birds in air;
Give me back the fragrant flowers
Blooming once so fair.

Clouds are gathering o'er my soul,
Life is all a cheerless doom,
Not a ray of sun light breaks
O'er the spirit's gloom.

Give me back—O give me back
Joys that once were wholly mine,
Darkly spreads the gathering cloud—
Will *no* sunbeam shine?

Give me back—but once, but once,
One brief glimpse of days long flown—
And I will ask no other boon
But this—but this alone.

In vain, in vain. Fond, fruitless guest!
Thy light is quenched—thy joys have fled.
Dark thy soul and desolate
As the voiceless dead!

Ask no more then—ask no more—
Call not on the buried Past:
Fix thy heart on higher things—
They will cheer at last.

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Then call not back the hours that flew
Swift as music-bird's in air—
Call not back life's fading flowers,
Be they e'er so fair.

Though thy soul be dark and sad,
Though its starry wings are furled,
Light shall dawn—thy soul may rise
In yon better world.

C. P. C.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

NO. III.

We propose to take a brief view in the present article of the doctrine of Ultra-Universalism, or *no* Future Punishment. Those who hold to this view contend, that all retribution takes place in this life—that the sinner is fully punished and the righteous adequately recompensed here, and that the joys of Heaven are for all indiscriminately, without reference to the deeds of life.

This doctrine appears to us to be opposed to observation, reason, human nature, conscience, and the scriptures. We shall therefore contend against it strenously. We wish it to be remembered however, that it is against the opinion, and not the man who holds it, that we contend. Some of its advocates, of either sex, we have been familiarly acquainted with, and can testify that they appeared to us to be excellent Christians, full of faith, piety, charity, holiness. The doctrine however, we contend, does not produce these graces, and we oppose it.

Be it understood also, that it is specially this doctrine of NO Future Punishment which we oppose. The doctrine of a final restoration is a wholly different thing, to be decided upon afterward, upon its own grounds. We are glad to see that Restorationists are separating themselves from Universalists, and are strongly opposing the peculiar tenets of the latter. The Independent Messenger, published at Boston, is the organ of the Restorationists. It is a highly respectable paper, and strongly opposes the Ultra-Universalist dogma.

The doctrine of No Future Retribution is opposed

1. To observation.

It is a matter of daily observation that no equal retribution takes place in this world. The vast inequalities in human fortune have no reference to character. There are some persons who go through life surrounded by prosperous circum-

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stances. Every thing smiles upon them. Love, friendship, esteem, sympathy, attend their footsteps. No cloud of sorrow droops along their path. Their children are virtuous, healthy and happy. They never have to struggle against bitter fate. Their wheel rolls softly along a smooth road. They sink to death in a ripe old age, surrounded by all that life can offer of comfort and tender care.

On others, the storm bursts in childhood, and pursues them through their whole day. They are neglected and ill-treated as infants, they are outcasts from home, their earnest struggles after fortune are baffled by capricious chances, a blight falls on their home, and they are bereaved by death of their children, and stand alone in the world. Or worse than this, their sons disgrace and torture them by sin and wickedness.

These things we see every day. We see the honest man cheated by the knave—we see the hypocrite reverenced through life as a saint—we hear of integrity being blackened by slander, and never able to shake off the foul imputation. In fine, there is no sentiment so common in the history of all nations, and the literature of the world as this, that outward fortune does *not* correspond to worth and virtue. If the only retribution is here, the good man might say with David, "Then have I cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. For all day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning."

To all this, however, it is answered, that the outward condition is no test of happiness—that *conscience* punishes and rewards every one in this life according to their deserts.

It is true, that outward condition is not a certain test of happiness, but it is also true that it does have *some* influence upon happiness. It is idle to say that the good man, unsuccessful, desolate, tormented, is just as happy as the good man who is surrounded with a happy home. The blessings of this life are not to be so underrated. The good man, persecuted and forlorn, has, God be blessed, a support within. He "is troubled, but not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair." Yet, to say that he is just as happy as if he was not persecuted nor tormented, is taking away half his virtue, for what fortitude and faith is there in bearing trial, if it is no trial.

But besides, observation shows us, that these inward agonies of conscience are not dealt out according to desert in this life. If there was no suffering, nor joy, except what flow from conscience, there would still be no equal retribution in this life.

For the conscience grows callous as one goes forward in sin. The great sinner is a hardened sinner; his conscience is stupi-

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fied, and does not trouble him at all. On the other hand, we find that the best people are apt to be tormented by a constant apprehension that they are doing wrong. Their conscience is always watching and rebuking their most trifling faults. And again, those who are immersed in worldly pursuits and pleasures, do not suffer at all from the rebukes of conscience. It sleeps in an undisturbed repose. Hence, observation plainly shows, that there is no equal retribution here, whether in outward or inward condition.

It is also remarkable, that it is the direct object and aim of the Book of Job to refute this idea, that the enjoyments and sufferings of this present life are any test of character. His friends argue that they are, Job contends that they are not, and God decides that the confutors did not speak the right thing concerning them, as his servant Job did. The whole argument of this book then, may be considered as a complete confutation of the theory of a full retribution in the present world.

2. Reason is opposed to the Doctrine of No Future Punishment.

Men are continually dying with their hearts full of iniquity and sin. Will the act of dying fit them for heaven? It is irrational to suppose it. The pirate is blown up with his ship, while full of fiendish purposes—the duellist is shot down while aiming at his neighbor's life—the tyrant is killed while marching an army to ravage and subjugate a neighboring kingdom. How are these men to be fitted for Heaven?

Will you say that there is some process unknown to us, which changes their characters in the dying hour, and purifies them? This would show an entire ignorance of the nature of goodness. A man cannot be made good as an instrument is put in tune, by an outward power. Virtue is something *personal.* It demands personal struggle, effort, resolve—the fervent prayer—the battle with oneself—the conquest over sin. How will the dissolution of the body cause all this?

Again, if this doctrine be true, life is not a scene of discipline. And if it is not a place of discipline, what is it? Why are all our present trials, sufferings, discipline, if at the end, all their results are to be obliterated, as we wipe a slate with a sponge, and all are to be made holy in a moment.

Once again. Our reason teaches us that *in the case of others,* a future retribution is demanded.

The following case is stated by B. Whitman.

"Do you doubt the soundness of this conclusion? Let me give one example to render it more evident. You have read of Nero.

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He was a monster in human form. He ordered his own mother to be murdered. He killed his own wife. He set fire to the city of Rome and thus made thousands wretched. He persecuted the early Christians in the most cruel and barbarous manner. No language can describe, no words can recount the inhuman and wicked acts of his life. About the same period there lived one Paul. He went from place to place preaching the gospel. He converted thousands from idolatry and siofulness to the worship and service of the universal Father. He gave instruction to the ignorant, advice to the doubting, reproof to the erring, consolation to the afflicted. He filled many souls with gladness. And during all this time, he was calumniated and persecuted; he was exposed to sufferings the most intense; he experienced trials the most severe; he even laid down his life in the promotion of human happiness. Now would it be justice to place these two persons on an equality when they enter the next existence? Let the honest feelings of your heart answer. Nay, I appeal with confidence to the experience of every individual in every age and country in support of my position."

'In the city of Louisville, last winter, a tragedy occurred which filled every heart with horror. There were two men who were friends. The one was dissipated and idle, the other sober and industrious. The latter, out of his small means, by which he supported a family, assisted the other repeatedly in the want which his vice produced. One day the spendthrift took advantage of the confidence reposed in him by the other, came behind him as he stood at his desk, and fractured his skull, to rob him. Being interrupted he attempted another murder, but failing, shot himself through the head. Now, shall both of these souls pass together from the gory floor, the murderer and the murdered, to equal and perfect happiness? What did common sense dictate to the crowd who stood around. They turned with disgust and loathing from the murderer, and gazed with pity and compassion on the murdered man. Suppose a Universalist preacher had come by at that time, and said, "Friends! I have good news to communicate. God is love. He cannot punish us. Both the spirits which dwelt in those bodies have gone together to bliss and glory." Would not the common reason of those who heard, have rejected the monstrous doctrine?

3. The doctrine of no future retribution is not suited to the wants of human nature.

There are two great classes of emotion implanted in human nature by its Author, and for a wise purpose. There is on one side, Hope, Joy, Love, Pleasure—on the other, Fear, Sorrow, Hatred, Pain. These are the two great springs of action, the two great motives which influence all our conduct. And with

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respect to these we find this remarkable principle, that like the antagonist muscles in the human frame, both are necessary to the right action of either. Destroy one class, and you make the other powerless.

Thus if you destroy a man's hopes, he becomes reckless and fears nothing—we call him a desperate man, indicating that despair, or absence of hope, takes away fear, which is the opposite of hope.

So too, destroy a man's fears, and he ceases to hope. Hope then becomes certainty, and it ceases to act as a spring of action. The man enters into quiet possession of his property, the lover has obtained his mistress's consent to his suit, and all anxious effort ceases. The great excitement of the gaming table lies in the fact, that it appeals at the same moment to both principles—fear and hope.

It is a common remark, that no one can enjoy health till he has experienced disease. Here pain gives a new relish by contrast to enjoyment. The sick man recovering goes forth to enjoy every thing.

> "The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note which swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening Paradise."

Now, Universalism dispenses wholly with the motive of fear as regards the future world. Therefore, it weakens the other spring by taking away its balance. It is unsuited to human nature. Who is there that does not feel that the motive of fear is necessary to him occasionally, to tighten the nerves of a languid purpose—necessary as the dark background in the picture to display its beauty.

4. Conscience teaches a different doctrine from Universalism.

A sense of guilt has in all ages prophesied to men of future punishment. On this fear all religions have been based, in a greater or less degree. The problem of all has been how God was to be appeased and reconciled. And perpetually, at this day, death-beds are testifying to the permanence of the same feeling. It is true, that the feelings of a dying man are no sure test of his character. Some villians die with composure, some saints shrink from death. Yet the general rule is, that as death draws near, and earthly things shrink away, the soul begins to tremble in view of a retribution. Ah! how it longs back toward life—how it shrinks from the brink! Now prayer bursts from lips unwont to pray. The irreligious man grows fervent in his supplication for pardon and mercy. The proud man

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humbly confesses his sin. You will say that this is all the result of early prejudices, the remains of education, the device of priests. If you say this, you have a high notion of the credulity of man and the ingenuity of priests; higher than mine. Their must be something for the most artful to build on. The most cunning architect could not build his house on air, and neither can any priestcraft create feelings in man, not originally there. Priestcraft it is true, has used this strong sense of guilt for its own purposes, but it did not make it.

What can be more horrible than the death-bed of a wicked man! Too horrible to dwell upon or analyze.

Once again. Conscience demands a judgment.

Even if we grant that a perfect retribution takes place in this world, conscience demands a future judgment. It is not enough that a due measure of pain and joy is meted out to the guilty and the virtuous. Our sense of justice requires that the truth be made known—our feeling of right calls aloud that hypocrisy be unmasked—that villians be shown as such to themselves and the universe—that tyrants and their slaves be placed side by side—that the selfish seducer be confronted with his wronged victim—that the hard and cruel oppressor be shown as he is before an assembled universe—that calumniated innocence, which has gone to its grave amid misrepresentations, be vindicated and approved. Do not our hearts demand that God's truth and justice be thus made clear? A secret award of pain and pleasure is not what we want. Our conscience cries aloud for a judgment, in which all that is dark may be explained and uncovered.

5. We now pass to scripture.

And here the only embarrassment is, to select passages from the innumerable testimonies which scripture gives against the doctrine of no future retribution. We shall be very brief in our selections.

We believe it is generally admitted on all hands, that the Jews and Gentiles, in the time of Jesus Christ, believed in a future retribution. If so, we should expect that a religious teacher would correct this opinion, if it was a mistaken one. He certainly would not have said what might confirm the error in their minds. But where have Jesus and his Apostles taught the doctrine of no future retribution? Where have they explained away the Jewish notions of Gehenna, and the Gentile ideas of future punishment, and taught that there was no such thing?

The passages which prove a future reward are so numerous that very few can be quoted. Thus the Saviour (Matt. v. 2,)

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says, Great shall be your reward in Heaven. (Matt. xix. 21,) Thou shalt have treasure in heaven. (Luke xiv. 14,) Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. (Matt. vi. 19,) Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.

Of the passages which teach future punishment, these are among the most significant.

Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation. (John v. 28, 29.)

Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do, but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell: Yea, I say unto you, fear Him. (Luke xii. 4, 5.)

If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body be cast into hell. (Matt. v. 29, &c.)

For it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after this the judgment. (Heb. ix. 27.)

And have hope toward God, as they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. (Acts xxiv. 15.)

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in Heaven. And whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in Heaven. (Matt. x. 32, 33.)

One of the strongest arguments however, to prove that the scriptures teach a future retribution, is to be found in the way by which the Universalists seek to explain the passages quoted against them. These explanations are so curious and original that it may be safely averred, that no man from the Christian era down, in reading his Bible, ever imagined that such was the meaning of the passage, until it occurred to Mr. Ballou, or some others in our own day. These explanations are too ingenious, that is their fault. It supposes that Christ involved his meaning in such an allegory that no one has understood it for eighteen centuries, and that it is yet doubtful. For Universalists have very different explanations of the same passage.

Let us take as an example of Universalist criticism, the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Christians never supposed there was any difficulty in understanding this passage of scripture. They all understood it in the same way, as teaching the doctrine of future retribution. But listen to the Universalist explanation as given by Mr. Whitman.

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"The exposition which some of your writers have given of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus openly violates these fundamental principles of interpretation, and consequently cannot stand the test of sound criticism. I will examine the one which your oldest and ablest divine has published. I will suppose for the sake of avoiding names, and making my remarks more direct, that you have adopted this explanation as your own, to all intents and purposes. Now you draw from this relation not a single lesson of doctrine and duty. On the contrary you find in it a full account of the gospel economy, of the whole Christian system, as you think it should exist. In order to make consistency you are obliged to give the most forced interpretations possible to every circumstance, and to magnify the most trivial incidents into matters of high and deep import. You call the rich man the high priest under the law. But these priests were never wealthy; in fact poverty was entailed upon the whole fraternity. You give an allegorical interpretation to the man's property. You say that "his riches consisted in the righteousness of the law." You make the beggar represent the Gentiles. The beggar in the parable however desired to be fed with the crumbs from the rich man's table. And what do you make of the high priest's table to which the Gentiles looked with such earnest longings? "The tables of stone on which the oracles of God were written." A little knowledge of the Greek language would have shown that a table to eat on and the one written upon were never called by the same name. And what are the crumbs from these tables? Instructions. Now is this supposed fact verified by any historical evidence? Were any portion of the Gentiles ever peculiarly anxious to derive instructions from the two tables of stone? Suppose they were, according to your own statement they never received the desired information. Though the Jews compassed sea and land to make a single proselyte, yet the person you call the high priest is unwilling to bestow his instructions on these longing Gentiles. The dogs however were more merciful, for they came and licked the sores. And who were these dogs? No less personages than Socrates, Plato and all such characters; the ancient heathen philosophers who endeavored to cure the moral infirmities of their disciples. But notwithstanding the care of these kind dogs, the Gentiles die. Die to what? To idolatry, and after death they are carried by angels, that is, by the apostles, to Abraham's bosom, that is, to his faith. Would it not be a better figure to represent the apostles as angels of death, since they were the agents in making the heathen die to idolatry? But you employ these same angelic apostles on a most eccentric mission. You send them to convert the Gentiles to Abraham's faith which most believers suppose the gospel was designed to supercede. And what do you understand by the death of the rich man? The close of the dispensation of which the high priest was minister. And what by his burial? "His being closed up in the earthly character and nature." This is a little beyond my depth, but no

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matter. Lifting up his eyes in hell represents the high priest feeling a conviction of the condemning power of the law. Is this according to history? And also the raging of the fire represented by that on Mount Sinai and by the flaming appearance of the first stone on his breastplate. Seeing Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom, indicates the fulfilment of these words of our Saviour, "Ye shall see them come from the east and from the west, the north and the south." Lazarus being willing to go to the rich man, implies a missionary spirit in the converted Gentiles with regard to the Jews, and the great gulph an indisposition on the part of the Almighty to have that spirit gratified. Moses was this high priest's father, the dispensation of the law his father's house, and the five brethren that part of the house of Israel represented by the five foolish virgins. Which part this was we are not informed. Sending one risen from the dead means "one possessed of a knowledge of the gospel, being dead as before described."

"Now I suppose every sound critic will pronounce this exposition a miserable tissue of nonsense and absurdity and ignorance. For my own part I refrain from all remarks, for I dare not trust myself to give utterance to my honest opinions respecting many of the writings of your sect which I have been obliged to peruse in preparing for this discussion. I would merely ask, if this explanation looks any thing like the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus? Is not unity of design the prominent characteristic in the parables of our Saviour? Must not this one be necessarily an exception? Remove a single component part of your structure and the whole fabric falls to the ground. Not only so. If you have given the true exposition, this parable was altogether impertinent to the occasion. Nothing had previously been said concerning the high priest or the Gentiles or Abraham; nothing that would lead to such a meaning as you suppose. But this is not the worst of the case. It is very manifest that those who heard the story could have no conception of its true import. We are very certain the inspired apostles never penetrated so deeply into its design. Nay, it is in the highest degree probable that none but the author of this exposition ever ascertained the whole meaning of the anointed Jesus. And if his book containing this specimen of originality should now be lost, there is not one chance in ten thousand that any other person would again discover so much hidden wisdom in the parable of the rich man and Lazurus."

These are a few reasons which lead me to the conclusion that the doctrine of no future punishment is unphilosophical, irrational and unscriptural. In the next number of the Messenger I shall examine another theory. On this subject as on all others, I would say with Thomas Burnet, in his work on the "State of the Dead." "Fiat Lux. Cupio refelli, ubi aberrarim; nihil majus, nihil aliud, quam veritatem efflagito."

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MODERN JESUITISM.

I HAVE been reading lately the Provincial Letters of Pascal, a work unrivalled for wit, logic and eloquence. It is said to have been a fatal blow in the side of the Jesuit order. But in reading it, I have been struck with the reflection that opinions and practices are perpetually reproducing themselves under new names. There is enough of Jesuitism in the Protestant churches, as has indeed been shown by a late ingenious writer. Two points of resemblance between modern practices and ancient ones especially struck me. The modes of speculating and deciding upon the *next power* and upon *sufficient grace* have a striking family resemblance to those now employed with respect to the Trinity and Human Ability.

Thus in the first letter Pascal describes his endeavour, by conversing with the Jesuits and Jansenists to find out what the dispute between them was. He discovered that the Jansenists were entirely agreed with the Jesuits in doctrine, and admitted the point in dispute that the just possessed full power to obey God. He therefore expected that the dispute would end. But he was mistaken.

"He was so serious that I could not disbelieve him. and I instantly returned to my first doctor to assure him, with the utmost satisfaction, that I was confident peace would be restored in the Sorbonne; that the Jansenists were agreed upon the just possessing power to perform the commandments; that I would answer for it, and would make them all sign it with their blood. "Hold," said he, "a man must be an excellent divine to discriminate these niceties; so fine and subtle is the difference between us, that we can scarcely discern it ourselves: you therefore cannot be supposed to comprehend it, but rest satisfied that the Jansenists will tell you, that the just always possess a power of fulfilling the divine commandments, which we do not dispute, but they will not inform you that this is *next power*. This is the point."

This term was to me quite new and unintelligible. I understood the matter till this moment, but now all was obscurity, and I could imagine no otherwise than that this kind of phraseology was invented solely to confuse the subject. I therefore requested some explanation, but he made a great mystery of it, and dismissed me without any further satisfaction, to inquire of the Jansenists whether they admitted this *next power*. My *memory*, you will observe, retained the expression; but, as to my *understanding*, verily it had no concern with it. Fearful of forgetting it, I hastened off to my Jansenist, and after the first compliments, "Pray," said I, "do you admit of a *next power?*" He fell a laughing, and coldly replied, "Tell me

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yourself in what sense you understand it, and I am then prepared to say what I believe." But as I was not wise enough for this, I could find no answer; but unwilling to lose my visit, I answered at random, "I understand it in the sense of the Molinists." "O," returned my gentleman, without the least emotion, "and to which of the Molinists would you refer me?" "All of them," said I, "as they constitute but one body and are animated by one spirit."

"You know little," said he, "of the subject. They are so much disunited in opinion, that they are quite opposite to each other. In one thing, however, they are all agreed, *to ruin Mr. Arnauld;* and accordingly have determined by mutual consent, to use the term *next*, though they understand it in very different senses, that by a similarity of language and an external conformity, they may seem to constitute a more considerable body, and be able to seek his ruin with the greater confidence of success."

How exactly this corresponds with the state of things in regard to the Trinity. The Unitarians believe that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself," but they will not use the word Trinity. This barbarous, unscriptural, and unintelligible term is the Shibboleth of faith. Those who will use it are true believers, no matter what they understand by it. If they understand nothing by it so much the better. Those who profess to believe in the Trinity differ as widely from each other as those who professed to believe in the *next power*. "They are so much disunited in opinion, that they are quite opposite to each other. In one thing thing however, they are all agreed, to ruin" the Unitarians, "and accordingly have determined, by common consent, to use the term" Trinity, "though they understand it in very different senses, that by a similarity of language and an external conformity, they may seem to constitute a more considerable body, and be able to seek their ruin with the greater confidence of success."

The following passage is yet more entirely after the manner of modern controversialists. Here the object is to make people use a particular term even though they use it in an exactly opposite sense to what we do ourselves. So long as they use the word, all is well with them. The heresy consists in not pronouncing this phrase with the lips. Thus, there are an immense number of Trinitarians who believe Christ a distinct being from God and dependent and inferior. But they do not reject the *word* Trinity. So they are perfectly Orthodox.

"Excellent, indeed, very excellent," exclaimed I, in my turn: "but according to your opinion, the Jansenists are orthodox and M. le Moine a heretic; for they affirm that the just have power to pray,

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but efficacious grace is nevertheless essential, which you approve: he says that the just can pray without efficacious grace, which is the statement you condemn." "True," said they, "but then M. le Moine calls that power by the distinguishing epithet of *next power*."

"But really, good Father," continued I, "it is a mere play upon words, to say that you agree respecting the same common term, but use it in a contrary sense." To this I had no reply; but most fortunately, in came the disciple of M. le Moine I had before consulted. This struck me at the time as a marvellous coincidence; but I have since learned that these fortunate *accidents* are not uncommon, as they are in the habit of perpetual intercourse.

Addressing myself instantly to M. le Moine's disciple, "I know a gentleman," said I, "who maintains that all the just have always the power to pray, but that nevertheless they never will pray without an efficacious grace to impel them, which God does not always vouchsafe to all the just. Is this heretical?" "Stop," said the doctor, "you take me by surprise—hold a little—*distinguo*—if he call that power *next power* he is a Thomist, and therefore orthodox; if not, he is a Jansenist, and consequently a heretic." "But he neither calls it next, nor not next." "Then he is a heretic—I appeal to these good Fathers." However, I did not take the opinion of these judges, for they had already given consent by a significant nod, but proceeded—"The gentleman refuses to adopt the term *next*, because he can obtain no explanation of it." One of the Fathers, upon this, was going to favor us with a definition, but the disciple of M. le Moine interrupted him, saying, "Why do you wish to renew our quarrelsome disputations? Have not we agreed not to explain the term *next*, and to use it on both sides without defining what it signifies?" To this he instantly assented.

I was now let into the secret; and rising to take my leave, "Fathers," I exclaimed, "verily I feel extremely apprehensive, that the whole of this affair is mere chicanery, and whatever may result from your meetings, I will venture to predict that, whatever censure may be inflicted, peace will not be established. For, if it should be agreed to pronounce the syllable *next*, who does not perceive that, as no explanation is given, each party will claim the victory? The Dominicans will say it is understood in their sense. M. le Moine will affirm it is in his, and there will arise more disputes respecting the signification of the word, than about its being introduced; for after all, there would be no great hazard in receiving it without affixing any meaning, since it can only do mischief by its meaning. It would, however, be unworthy of the Sorbonne and the faculty of theology to make use of ambiguous terms without giving some explanation; but, Fathers, I beseech you, only this once, what must I believe in order to be an orthodox Catholic?" "You must," said they, all speaking together, "you must say, that all the just possess the *next power*, without attaching any meaning to the words—*Abstrahendo a sensu Thomistarum, et a sensu aliorum Theologorum.*"

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"That is to say," returned I, taking my leave, "this word must be pronounced with the lips through fear of being stigmatized with the name of heretic. Is it a scriptural term?" "No." "Is it used by the Fathers, the Councils, or the Popes?" "No." "Is it patronised by St. Thomas?" "No." "Whence then arises the necessity of using it at all, since it is neither supported by any authority, nor has any peculiar signification of its own?" "You are prodigiously obstinate," they exclaimed, "but you *shall* pronounce it or be accounted a heretic, and Mr. Arnauld also; for our party constitutes the majority, and, if it be necessary, we can compel as many of the Cordeliers to vote as will carry the point."

So might we say of the Trinity. "This word must be pronounced with the lips, through fear of being stigmatized with the name of heretic. Is it a scriptural word? No." Should Protestants be compelled to follow any thing but the scriptures? No. "Whence then arises the necessity of using" the word Trinity "at all, since it is neither supported by any authority, nor has any peculiar signification of its own?" "You are prodigiously obstinate, they exclaim, but you *shall* pronounce it, or be accounted a heretic, for our party constitutes the majority."

The other point debated in the Sorbonne, related to *sufficient grace*. This is precisely the dispute which has been raging in the Presbyterian church. Our readers may find a resemblance between what follows and that which is contained in Dr. Beecher's trial and defence.

The difference, then, on the subject of sufficient grace is chiefly this; the Jesuits maintain that there is a general grace bestowed upon all mankind, but in such a sense subordinated to free will, that this grace is rendered efficacious or inefficacious as the will chooses, without any additional assistance from God, and without needing any thing exterior to itself to make its operations effectual; on which account it is distinguished by the epithet *sufficient*. The Jansenists, on the contrary, affirm that no grace is actually sufficient, unless it be also efficacious, that is, that all those principles which do not determine the will to act effectively, are insufficient for action, because, they say, no one can act without efficacious grace.

Wishing afterwards to be informed respecting the doctrine of the new Thomists, "It is," exclaimed he, "quite ridiculous; for they agree with the Jansenists, to admit of a *sufficient grace* given to all men, but insist that they can never act with this alone, and that it is still necessary that God should bestow an *efficacious grace* really to influence the will, and which is not bestowed upon all." "Then," said I, "this grace is at once sufficient and insufficient." "Very true," he answered; "for if it be sufficient, nothing more is requisite to produce the action, and if not, it cannot be called *sufficient*."

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"But," I inquired "where is the difference between them and the Jansenists?" "They differ," said he, "in this, that the Dominicans at least acknowledge that *all men have sufficient grace.*" "I understand you; but they *say* so without *thinking* so, because they proceed immediately to state, that in order to act, we must possess *efficacious grace, which is not given to all;* and hence, although they agree with the Jesuits in using the same nonsensical terms, they contradict them in the substantial meaning, and agree with the Jansenist." "True."

How entirely this resembles the controversy between the Unitarians, the genuine Calvinists, and the modern, new school, half and half Calvinists. Unitarians say that man is able to obey God with the help of that grace, which is freely bestowed on all. The Calvinists say that man is unable to obey God at all, or to do any thing to prepare himself for repentance. The new school men agree with Unitarians that man has full power to obey God and do his duty, but then they say that he has not the *will* to do this, and never can have the *will* till God shall change his heart. So that he is at once able and unable. They admit he has full power, but go on to say that he never can exercise this power. Was ever resemblance more exact than exists between these Doctors and Pascal's Dominicans? Thus again.

"But to the point, Father. Is this grace, which is given to all men, sufficient?" "Yes," said he, "and yet it is of no avail without efficacious grace!" "No." "And all men have *sufficient*, but all have not *efficacious* grace?" "Exactly so." "That is to say, all men have grace enough, and all have not grace enough—this grace is sufficient and it is not sufficient—that is, in fact, it is nominally sufficient and really insufficient. Upon my word, Father, this is a very fine doctrine! Have you forgot since you quitted the world, what the term *sufficient* signifies? Do you recollect that it includes all that is necessary to an action? You cannot have forgotten this; for, to take a very obvious illustration, if your table were only supplied with two ounces of bread and a glass of water per day, should you be satisfied with your Prior, upon his pleading, that with one thing more, which however he would not furnish, you would have quite sufficient for your support? How then can you state that all men have sufficient grace for acting, while you confess something more, which all do not possess, is absolutely necessary?"

Dr. Beecher's school would also do well to consider the following.

"Pray," said he, "in what respects do you agree with the Jesuits?" He replied, "In this, that we both acknowledge that sufficient grace is given to all men." "But," returned he, "there are two things in

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the term sufficient grace; the sound, which is mere air, and the sense, which is real and significant. So that when you avow an agreement with the Jesuits in the *word*, but oppose them in the *sense*, it is obvious that you disagree with them in the essential matter, though you accord in the term. Is this acting with openness and sincerity?" "But," said the good man, "what cause of complaint have you, since we deceive no one by this mode of speaking? for in our schools we publicly declare that we understand the expression in a sense quite opposite to the Jesuits." "I complain," said my friend, "that you do not declare to all the world, that by *sufficient grace*, you mean a grace which is *not sufficient*. Having changed the signification of the usual terms in religion, you are obliged in conscience to declare, that when you admit of sufficient grace in all men, you really intend that they have *not* sufficient grace. Every one understands the word sufficient in the same sense, the new Thomists alone excepted."

The following picture of the church, too, has not grown obsolete. It is still a good portrait.

"Shall I present you with a picture of the church amidst these different sentiments? I consider it like a man who, leaving his native country to travel abroad, is met by robbers who wound him so severely that they leave him half dead. He sends for three physicians resident in the neighborhood. The first, after probing his wounds, pronounces them to be mortal, assuring him that God alone can restore him; the second wishing to flatter him, declares he has sufficient strength to reach home, and insulting the first for opposing his opinion, threatens to be the ruin of him. The unfortunate patient, in this doubtful condition, as soon as he perceives the approach of the third, stretches out his hands to welcome him who is to decide the dispute. This physician, upon examining his wounds, and ascertaining the opinions already given, coincides with the second, and these coalesce against the first to turn him out with contempt; and they now form the strongest party. The patient infers from this proceeding, that the third physician agrees with the second, and upon putting the question, he assures him most positively that his strength is sufficient for the proposed journey. The wounded man, however, expatiating upon his weakness, asks upon what he founds his opinion? "Why, you have still got legs, and legs are the means which, according to the constitution of nature, are sufficient for the purpose of walking," "Very true," replies the wounded traveller; "but have I all the strength which is requisite for making use of them; for really they seem useless to me in my present languishing condition?" "Certainly they are," returns the physician, "and you never will be able to walk unless God vouchsafes some extraordinary assistance to sustain and guide you." "What then," says the the infirm man, "have not I sufficient strength in myself to be fully able to walk?" "O no, far, very far from it." "Then you have a

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different opinion from your friend respecting my real condition." "I candidly admit, I have."

"What do you suppose the wounded man would say to this? He complains of their strange proceeding, and of the ambiguous language of this third physician. He censures him for coalescing with the second, when he was in fact of a contrary opinion, though they agreed in appearance, and for driving away the first with whom he really coincided; and then, after trying his strength, and finding by experience the truth of his weakness, he dismisses them both; and recalling the first, puts himself under his care, follows his advice, and prays to God for the strength which he confesses he needs. His petitions are heard, and he ultimately returns home in peace."

The following, too, is still a melancholy reality. People are compelled to profess what they do not believe through fear of persecution. If a preacher in the Episcopal or Methodist church ventures to doubt any of their articles, what a clamor is raised against him! If a teacher of a school is supposed to be heretical, what efforts are made to break him down, and destroy his influence. If a private member of any congregation goes for a few times to the wrong church, what cold looks he meets with, and how in some instances is even his wordly prosperity injured! Like the poor monk, we have ourselves seen men, who disbelieved the orthodox articles but were silenced by fear of persecution, and said—"What do you suppose would become of me?"

"But after all, what do you think, my good Father, of applying the term *sufficient* to a grace which, you say, it is a point of faith to believe is really *insufficient?*" "You," said he, "are at liberty to speak whatever you choose upon these subjects, being a private person; I am a monk and belong to a society. Cannot you perceive a wide difference? We are dependent on our superiors; they depend elsewhere, and have promised our votes. What do you suppose would become of me?"

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CHRIST THE SON OF GOD.

WHAT a field is laid before the reflecting mind in the birth, life, and death, of Jesus Christ. God ordained, that a virgin should have a child on whom the spirit from heaven descended in the form of a dove, saying this is my beloved child in whom I am well pleased. The object of Christ's mission, the fruits, and results of it, could only have been conceived and created by the Deity. From the manger he is taken and carried without the bounds of the destroying hands of his enemies, he again appears unto men, to act the part he was to perform on earth. When I attempt to lay before me the living Christ, and to fathom his virtues, my senses become dazzled as the eye is by the rays of a noon day's sun. His character as it was we cannot comprehend, only so far as in contrast with those on earth he was surrounded with. Such exalted faculties given to one walking on the face of the earth like other men, were enough to make his enemies look upon him as one filled with majesty. In his acts of healing the sick, casting out devils, and raising the dead, Christ showed who he was, and by whom he was endowed; then there was no longer time for mystery to act on the mind. What a scene is that of his restoring the widow's son to life. When we look upon the cold and colorless corpse of a brother, sister, son, or daughter, clothed in the habiliments of the grave; when we reflect what that form was to us when filled with life, and what we anticipated it would be; when we look on the eyes that shone so bright, now sightless; when we look on those lips now stiff, and immovable, that spoke with such sweetness and affection, and when we despair in our grief of all hope and comfort, then should one approach in whom lay the power of restoring, with a touch of his finger, to life, all that is dead. Bring the scene home, how could we in our surprise and gratitude, look upon the restorer of life and suppose we knew him and all his virtues. Scorned and scoffed at, struck and spit upon—can it be that men lived who did such acts—can the earth have been so polluted, and man the image of his God been so debased and deluded, as to insult one whom God himself acknowledged, not only as being made after his own form, but as his only begotten Son. In all his glory and might he did not aspire to all that his followers acknowledged him to be: what meekness and humility of spirit is portrayed in his answer to the ruler when he is called good—there is none good but one, that is God. Had it not been of service to men of future ages, in developing the character of men at

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that time on earth, we could have wished that the thorns which encircled his brow, might have been blasted ere they reached it, and that the trees of the forest might have decayed ere any could be found to have made a cross of. The creator of heaven and earth, the creator of the sun, moon, and stars, the giver of life to man, sends on this earth his own son, to show to man, by his examples and words, the difference between good and evil. The messenger comes, he expostulates with his fellow beings, he solicits them as they love their own lives to follow his precepts, and be like him, and then they would be like unto their Father in Heaven. Did they profit by his admonitions? did they follow his examples? No! they laughed him to scorn—still he was the meek and lowly Jesus—still his brow was not lowered by anger, a smile of forgiveness followed every insult. Who is that ascending yon hill, followed by a multitude? who is it that bears up under his trials with such fortitude? and whose face is like the rising sun, beaming forth rays of heavenly light? who is it the multitude are calling the Prince of the Jews? it is Jesus Christ the Son of God, that God that is too infinite for the mind of man to comprehend. The cross is raised, on its extended arms are nailed the hands of our Saviour—no murmur is heard, he condemns them not—his body is exposed, still his features and bearing say, I am yet greater than you all, you can crucify my body, but not my soul. The spear is raised—the plunge is made—the surrounding multitude hear his words—Father forgive them for they know not what they do—the Angel of Death flies with his spoil to Heaven to record it in the book of life, the deeds of men to Jesus Christ, God's only Son: and as his head fell on his bosom, then was the power of God and his love for his son made known, by the darkness that veiled the earth, the rocks were rent asunder, graves opened, and the dead came forth. What a proof of Christ being the Son of God, in whom God was well pleased. The multitude now believe he was the Son of God, and too late are ready to acknowledge their errors and sins.

C.

Buffalo, N. Y.

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MUSINGS IN THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

SELECTED.

MAN can build nothing worthy of his Maker:
From royal Solomon's stupendous fane,
Down to the humble chapel of the Quaker,
All, all are vain!

The wondrous world which He himself created,
Is the fit temple of creation's Lord;
There may his worship best be celebrated,
And praises poured!

Its altar—earth; its roof, the sky untainted;
Sun, moon, and stars, the lamps that give it light,
And clouds, by the celestial artist painted,
Its pictures bright.

Its choir, all vocal things, whose glad devotion,
In one united hymn is heavenward sped,
The thunder-peal, the winds, the deep-mouthed ocean,
Its organ dread.

The face of Nature, its God-written Bible,
Which all mankind may study and explore,
While none can wrest, interpolate, or libel
Its loving lore.

Hence learn we that our Maker, whose affection
Knows no distinction—suffers no recall.
Sheds his impartial favor and protection
Alike on all.

Thus by divine example do we gather,
That every race should love alike all others,
Christian, Jew, Pagan—children of one Father,
All, all are brothers.

Conscience, heaven's silent oracle, the assessor
Of right and wrong in every human breast,
Sternly condemns th' impenitent trangressor
To live unblest.

The pious and the virtuous, tho' assaulted,
By fortune's frown, or man's unjust decrees,
Still in their bosoms find a pure, exalted,
Unfading peace.

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Hence do we learn that hardened vice is hateful,
Since Heaven pursues it with avenging rod,
While goodness, self rewarded, must be grateful
To man and God.

O thou most visible but unseen teacher,
Whose finger writes its lessons on our sphere!
O thou most audible, but unheard preacher!
Whose sermons clear—

Are seen and read in all that thou performest—
Wilt thou look down and bless, if, when I kneel,
Apart from man-built fanes, I feel the warmest
And purest zeal!

If in the temple thine own hand hath fashioned,
'Neath the bright sky, by lonely stream or wood,
I pour to thee, with thrilling heart empassioned,
My gratitude;

If in thy present miracles terrestrial
Mine eyes behold, wherever I have kneeled,
New proofs of the futurity celestial
To man revealed:

If, fearing Thee, I love thy whole creation,
Keeping my bosom undefiled by guilt,
Wilt thou receive and bless mine adoration?
Thou wilt! Thou wilt!

A RIDE OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

I SIT down to write you some account of my recent journey across the mountains, through the state of Virginia. On my way from Washington City, I stopped some days at Richmond, Va. The rapid journey to that place, (about 12 hours travel,) the beauty of the city itself, and the delightful friends with whom I there sojourned, all contribute to render my recollections of this trip exceedingly pleasant. What a fountain of waters to the wandering pilgrim I there found, few can know.

On Sunday, the last sabbath of "the leafy month," I went to the Unitarian church, intending to go merely as a listener; but as Mr. Chapin, the present pastor of the church invited me into the pulpit, I could not decline. A large and attentive congregation was assembled. I did not preach in the morning, but merely assisted Mr. C. in the services. He preached well.

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The matter, spirit and delivery of the discourse all pleased me. I was glad to see an awakened feeling among the Unitarians and other liberal Christians, and an increase in their attendance at public worship. The Rev. Mr. Skinner from Utica, N. Y. has preached for some months among them, and under his auspices, the good cause seemed, at least outwardly to flourish. In his temporary absence, the present gentleman is filling his place. They are both in their theology what are in New-England termed Restorationists. The name "Unitarian Universalist," which they seem to prefer I do not exactly like. It confounds them in the mind of many persons, too much with Universalists proper, or those who deny *all* future retribution, whereas there is the very widest distinction between them. But this is by no means a matter to quarrel about.—In the evening I preached—and had a good audience, and attentive. I think we have good reason to hope that the light of a sound theology and of liberality still dwells and is diffused in this place.

From Richmond I proceeded on my western course. One day's ride by steam-cars, and stage-coaches brought us to Charlottesville. We found the hotel where we stopped for the night crowded with travellers and students from the University. At 2 o'clock A. M. we were awaked for the stage-coach. By 10 or 11 o'clock A. M. we arrived at Staunton. Here we stopped only long enough to change horses, and book our names for Lewisburg, and the Springs. We slept that night at a neat little country tavern, called Cloverdale. At 3 o'clock next morning we were again rolling in our stage-coach—passed in the course of the day several high mountains, the warm and hot springs, which are quite curiosities, and luxurious bathing places for invalids, and in the afternoon reached the central point and grand fashionable resort, of all watering places in Virginia, the White Sulphur Springs. Here I concluded to stop for a day, as I was fatigued and was quite desirous to see the place. It is a delightful resting place, a lovely spot surrounded by mountains, full of trees, and cottages and beautiful walks, and not crowded with visitors. After resting here about twenty-four hours, long enough to begin to feel lonely amongst strangers, where little enough of sociability was to be seen, I kept on my way, reached Lewisburg the same evening and slept. At the usual hour, we were once more on wheels. Mountains, and steep gorges and pathless forests and lonely rivers, and mists, and the warm sun and the bright moon were our companions. Here and there a solitary tavern hung out its faded primitive looking sign in some

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sequestered valley. Hostlers silently brought fresh horses. Country landlords mechanically opened the stage-coach door, and led the way into the eating room. Drivers blew their long horns, passengers opened their purses, parting with reluctant specie. Talking, laughing, joking, scolding, nodding, jolting, we rolled along, through sunlight and moonlight, up hill and down hill, till we reached Guyandotte, a good five day's journey from Richmond. From Guyandotte we took a steamboat to Cincinnati, which occupied another day.

The scenery on this route is justly esteemed among the finest in America. The celebrated Hawksnest and the Kanawha river, are alone enough to make a journey through this romantic country an object. It was on the Fourth of July, about sundown, that I was permitted to stand on the Hawksnest. Almost every one has heard of this famous cliff. A minute description would be unnecessary, if not impossible—I shall not attempt it. The stage stops on the road, in the forest —a well beaten path leads you a few steps into the wood, and you find yourself 1200 feet above the river, on the verge of a perpendicular precipice 1008 feet in height, by actual measurement. I had seen it described. I could now behold it for myself—I could now see and feel the wonderous sublimity and beauty of the scene before me. I crept to the very verge, and trembling looked over. Immense forests, uninhabited and lonely, were far down beneath me. Apparently almost at the foot of the cliff, dashed the winding and lonely river. The awful stillness was intense. Had I been alone I might have felt the truth of these lines of the poet,

> "So lonely 'twas, that God himself,
> Scarce seemed there to be."

I tried the common experiment of endeavoring to throw a stone into the river, but as is always the case, without any success. The pebble vanished in air somewhere, and fell unseen into the forest. I shouted, to hear if there could be any echo. There was none. My voice fell dead, as if I were shouting against some vast impenetrable wall. It was the deep wall of the fathomless atmosphere which was before me. I shuddered as I thought where one single step would take me. I felt my insecurity, and my insignificance in the scale of physical size, almost to pain. But the distant view—the spirit of beauty and stillness which pervaded every thing—the mountain forests—the foaming river wandering from its far mountain home, the sunset clouds around and above, calmed down the momentary thrill of fear. I gathered some sprigs of pine,

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and some moss which grew at the verge, with some pieces of the rock itself, as memorials, and was hurried away. Never, but in leaving Niagara, have I lingered and looked back with such deep regret, as when turning away from this spot. It stands alone in its singular sublimity. It is a place to kneel and worship in *alone*. I should have been alone. There should not have been that heartless, irreverent trifling, noise and jesting—those cold, tame, common-place remarks. I was provoked with my companions, and would have shunned their company, to gaze alone upon the majesty and beauty of God's wondrous works.

After leaving the Hawksnest, as night came on, and I rode outside, I was more undisturbed in my feelings. Never did I ride on such a night, and through such scenery. It was a wild, cool, misty moonlight. As we whirled down the steep mountain roads, I could see all around me. Enormous cliffs, in some places two hundred feet high, towered right above me. Beneath lay mountains upon mountains, half wrapped in the moonlit mists. Sky, and cloud, and mountain, seemed *one*. Every thing was transfigured. A dim ghost-like beauty brooded on every thing. Now and then the brawling river far down below, gleamed through the steep dark forests—and when at length we reached its banks and followed it along, how beautiful it was. I wish I could picture it to the imagination of my readers. Here was river scenery worth seeing. Say nothing of the Hudson and the Ohio—give me the wild romantic Kanawha, and such a night to see it.

> "Not vainly did the early Persian make
> His altar the high places and the peak
> Of earth-o'er-gazing mountains, and thus take
> A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek
> The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,
> Upreared of human hands. Come and compare
> Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
> With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
> Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!"

How exciting is such scenery! My seat on the driver's box was transformed into a throne, from which I could look down and around as on a spirit land. Those steep cliffs—that soft dark river, with the lonely little fire-fly flitting over it in the moonlight fog—the cool dashing of the rapids—the full foliage of the bending trees—these

> ——"Well may be
> Things that have made me watchful; the far sound
> Of your departing voices, is the knell
> Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest."

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Long shall I remember these scenes—yet with a sweet, confused dreamy feeling—a lingering sense of undefined beauty—more cherished perhaps than any sharp graphic outline.

I will conclude with saying that I arrived in Cincinnati, without any accident. I shall be here a month or two.

C. P. C.

A PLEA FOR LAW AND ORDER.

A SERMON *preached in Washington city, on the Sabbath after intelligence had been received of the Anti-Abolition Riot in Philadelphia. By S. G. Bulfinch.*

"The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."—*James* i. 20.

So long as man continues what he is, an imperfect being, liable to sin, so long must some means exist for controlling and repressing his crimes. In some periods of society, these means have consisted simply in the exertion of physical force, by the individual wronged, or by those whom accident made acquainted with the circumstances of the case. Every one was then his own protector, or if others ever associated themselves with him, it was by no regular organization, but on the impulse of feeling excited by a particular instance of injury real or supposed. The opinion of the civilized world has been strongly, and until of late we may say unanimously, unfavorable to this system, if system it can be called. As the power of correcting injuries was thus divided among all the members of society, good and bad, alike, with no other regulation than each man's conscience, the result often was that this power was greatly abused. Even when actual wrong had been committed, the punishment which followed was seldom in just proportion to it; and often what was inflicted as punishment was itself grossly unjust, and thus regarded, resented, and in its turn punished by the party it aggrieved. Hence arose continual oppressions, quarrels, and feuds between families, handed down as part of their inheritance from father to son: private wars, and often public wars also, when mutual injuries were committed between members of neighboring tribes or states.

A better system has been adopted by the general consent of civilized mankind. It is to embody the principles of justice as they are felt by all, in the form of laws, to commit to individuals selected for that office the execution of these laws, while the community at large are bound to obey these regulations, and to assist in enforcing them. The laws are not subject to change, except in some appropriate mode, which, in the wisest systems, they themselves point out and sanction. There is no-

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thing of human origin so noble and venerable as this institution of laws. Under this, in one or in another form, have cities, states, and empires been established, and afforded security to those who constituted them. They are indeed, like all human institutions, imperfect and liable to abuse; but the wisdom of six thousand years has been employed, and not in vain, in searching out the best forms; and even in the most imperfect it would seem that no question could for a moment be sustained, with regard to the comparative advantages of a government of laws, and one where the only rule should be the right of the strongest.

It is, we trust, something better than national vanity which makes us believe that our own system of government and laws is the most perfect on the face of the earth. When therefore we perceive a tendency increasing to undervalue this glorious system—to dispense with or disregard it at pleasure—to substitute for its calm and wise, though cautious proceedings, the sudden and uncontrollable effervescence of popular feeling; when such excitements have become so common that many think they should be, and some appear to believe that they are already, part and parcel of the law of the land—then is there a solemn call on the friends of peace, good order and good government, to exert whatever influence they possess in behalf of the best interests of the community. Then is there a call on the pulpit, on those who declare to their fellow men the laws of the *Prince of Peace*, to make known to mankind the sanctions which religion lends to the good order of society. We live in an age of excitement, one in which numerous conflicts of opinion are raging, with a violence which must unsettle the conduct of many, unless it be based on fixed and correct principles. It is these *first principles*, apart from all the dissensions with which the accidental circumstances of the times have connected them—the great original elements of truth and law, and right, which the preacher is now called upon to enforce. If he fail to discharge his duty here, he may lead his audience through the flowery fields of religious literature, or bewilder them in the labyrinths of metaphysics, or soar with them in the regions of enthusiastic fancy, but he obeys not the awful instruction of scripture—"Son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore shalt thou hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me."

My object then, my friends, at the present time, is calmly to examine the claims upon our adoption, of this mode, which has recently become so popular, of punishing crimes whether real or supposed, by the action of some portions of the com-

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munity, exerted without recourse to, and in actual defiance of the laws of the land. This subject has been suggested to me by a recent instance of this description, in one of our Atlantic cities. My remarks however, will have no peculiar reference to this individual case of popular violence, or the cause which excited it. There may have been cause; there may have been provocation; but the principle which I hold is, that no cause, no provocation, can justify commotions of this kind.

When a portion of the community, laying aside the legal forms of proceeding, undertakes to dispense punishment at its own discretion, the offender, even if he be indeed such, is deprived of rights to which he is fully entitled. The most notorious criminal has certain rights—he is entitled to a fair trial conducted with due deliberation; he is entitled to the advantage of whatever considerations may be urged in extenuation of his offence, to prompt to the exercise of the prerogative of mercy. Above all, he is entitled to have the punishment he must endure, duly proportioned to the actual atrocity of his crime, for whatever goes beyond this, is not punishment, but injury. These rights of the criminal are sacred—all rights are so. The best systems of laws have been extremely careful to secure these rights; but the individual is at once deprived of them all, when his case is taken out of the hands of constituted authority, and disposed of at the discretion of a mob. Where is the jury, no one of whom must have expressed an opinion as to the merits of his cause, until it is, at full length, pleaded before them? Where are the judges, selected for their intimate acquaintance with the rules of decision, and for the confidence which the community reposes in their impartiality. Where is the sacred oath, which all these must take, to render justice as in the sight of God? Instead of these, behold a confused assembly, with inflamed passions, few if any of whom are suitably acquainted with the case before them, but have formed their judgment on it in the loosest manner, not acting under oath, or according to any of the forms of law, but in violation of them all. Where now are the rights of the accused party? Where is his hope for justice or for mercy?

Again, in such a case, whether the objects of popular indignation are really guilty or not, it is highly probable, nay almost inevitable, that others who are undoubtedly innocent, must share in their suffering. To some degree, a very large part of the community will share, through the excitement, the terror, the interruption of social order, which are inseparable from a popular commotion. But some will suffer to a still greater degree. When, a few years since, a religious estab-

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lishment in one of the northern states was destroyed, did it occur to the rioters that the suffering would fall not only on those whom they, with very little reason, believed to be guilty, but also on numbers of innocent children, who were residing within those walls simply for purposes of instruction? Did they contemplate the terror and suffering of others in that vicinity, poor foreigners, who for some time after, dared not to sleep under their own humble roofs, but spent the night in the open air, in constant apprehension, that they too would be attacked? Or did they take a view of the alarm which ensued among yet another portion of the community, who fancied, though without foundation, that the friends of the injured parties would retaliate, and that one riot would lead to another. In every such proceeding, there is nearly a certainty that some will suffer, whom there was really no intention of annoying.

A third objection to this lawless mode of redressing supposed injury, is, that it may be used by any party which for the time may be the strongest, and for any purpose which may for the time be popular. Will it be replied, that the voice of the people is the voice of God? I admit the assertion, with regard to that voice of the people which is expressed through their deliberately constituted representatives, the voice of the people's *laws* is in a highly important sense the voice of God; but such is not the voice of popular commotion. Was it the voice of God which bade the populace of an English town destroy the house and property of a philosopher, profound in every branch of human investigation, the friend of liberty, the learned and independent theologian—which bade them seek his life, and scatter to the winds his papers containing the treasured thoughts of his wonderful mind for many years—and all because he was in opposition to the English ministry of that day? Was it the voice of God which spoke through the language and conduct of the half insane British nobleman, when his Anti-Catholic mob filled London with dismay and excesses of every description for days together? Was it the voice of God which, in the instance referred to in our own country, impelled individuals of a community, generally distinguished for its good order, to attack within the walls of their consecrated mansion, a band of secluded females and helpless children, destroy the building which piety and charity had erected for their abode, and even violate the hallowed decencies of the tomb? And yet, public opinion at the time, as far as it was expressed by those engaged in the transaction, authorized these measures. If one party on any disputed point claim the right to put down their opponents by force, their opponents will in all probability

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claim the same right, where their power is superior. It may even be, that a decided minority in a community, through the suddenness of their action, and the irresolute conduct of those to whom they are opposed, may for a time carry all before them, and treat the rights and principles of the majority at their discretion.

Of course if this be so, popular violence is no test of truth. We may add that popular violence is no cure for error. Admit that there may be a delusion of a dangerous kind, extending itself in the community. Admit that its extension calls for the regret of the philanthropist, and the care of the patriot. But how is such a delusion to be terminated? By popular violence? What! convert a mistaken enthusiast into a rational man by violent opposition, by personal attacks, by destroying his property and threatening his life? Such opposition is the very food that enthusiasm lives on. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." This old proverb is as correct with regard to the progress of any modern error, as it ever was with regard to ancient truth. Persecution always defeats its own ends, unless it be thorough and systematic, scattering its spies through the land, and lighting its Autos da Fe on every plain, like the Spanish Inquisition. And for this, the American people are not yet prepared. Never may they become so!

Those institutions which derive their dignity and value from the consent of mankind, should be guarded from contamination and neglect with the utmost caution. It is thus with the laws. Their power to preserve society in peace and good order, is not nearly so much physical as it is moral. Especially is it so in this country and this age; for the dignity of law consists not in guards, and officers, and prison walls, but in the feeling of the community, in the respect they pay to it, and the confidence they repose in it. If that respect be lost, if that confidence be impaired, the strength of the law is gone. And how can that respect and confidence more effectually be impaired, than by permitting the idea to gain ground, that the law is inadequate to the purposes for which it is intended, and that its deficiencies must, ever and anon, be supplied by the voluntary and utterly unlawful intervention of popular violence? Every one must admit that there are cases of evil which the law cannot reach; but there must be unnumbered cases also, which neither the law, nor popular violence itself can reach, crimes which must be left to the sole jurisdiction of conscience and of God. The question occurs, whether it be desirable, in order that a few offenders may be brought to punishment, to sacrifice the dignity, and bring into suspicion the efficacy of

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those laws, to which the community must after all look for the maintainence of good order, and the punishment of offenders, in the vast majority of cases? Every instance of such summary proceeding, whether in itself just or unjust, does far more harm in breaking down the respect of mankind for law and order, in fomenting a spirit of violence, in arresting the progress of civilization and bringing us back to the barbarism of the middle ages, than it can possibly do good, by the punishment it inflicts on the obnoxious individuals, supposing it even to be no more than they deserve.

In a republic like ours, there is less excuse than under any other form of government, for such popular excitements. Elsewhere the people may be driven into outrage and rebellion, by the misgovernment of others. Here, if they rise up, it is against the government and laws of their own making, against themselves. They set at naught the power which they themselves have delegated, they declare the inefficiency of laws which they themselves have enacted, and which they can render more strict, at their own pleasure. At Constantinople there may be some excuse for the tumultuous assemblage of the people before the palace, to demand the redress of grievances, for such an assemblage is the only way in which the people can make themselves heard; but in our republic, where law is but the deliberate will of the people themselves, a popular tumult must be either the act of a minority, and therefore a gross usurpation, or the act of a majority, effecting in an irregular and disorderly manner, what they had the right and the power of effecting through their regular legislative assemblies.

My friends, let us contrast this widely extending spirit of disorder with the spirit of the Gospel and the commands of God. What is there is in such scenes as have been lately witnessed, congenial to the mild, long-suffering, forgiving character of the Saviour. Can the conduct of the actors in them be reconciled with his instructions and those of his disciples, not to return evil for evil, to overcome evil with good, to render unto all their dues, to respect and obey the constituted authorities, and in as much as lieth in us, to live peaceably with all men? "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." The blessing of heaven cannot rest on conduct which offers defiance to its laws.

And what, if these things are so, what is the practical duty of good Christians and good citizens? Plainly to avoid giving, in any manner, whether in conversation, writing, or by any exertion of influence, sanction to the too prevalent doctrine, that popular excitement may with propriety take the place of

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law in certain cases. This is the ordinary duty of every citizen; there arises, when peculiar circumstances call for it, the further duty of bearing firm and consistent testimony against this evil, of exerting whatever influence rightly belongs to us, to prevent its extension. There may occur a still more serious and important duty, that of affording efficient support to insulted law; and when the call is made, the citizen should feel that he owes it to himself, his country, and his God, to meet it calmly, but with decision and courage. In most occurrences of this kind, there is only needed a display of energy on the part of those who are entrusted with authority, to prevent evils at their beginning, which it would be impossible to arrest at a later period. Such then especially should feel that with them irresolution or indolence is unfaithfulness to duty, and treason to the best interests of the public; while the private citizen, though on him the responsibleness rests with less weight, should remember that his opinion and his influence, unimportant as they may seem in themselves, it is yet his imperative duty to exert on the right side. Under this view of my own duty, my friends, I have now spoken, not indeed with the expectation of securing universal assent, but feeling that I should thus better discharge my trust, than by shrinking from the task of defending the cause, however unpopular, of truth, of order, regulated liberty, and our country's venerable laws.

THE GONDOLA.

Rocks like a cradle on the wave this lightly moving bark,
Upon the top, a small black house, most like a coffin dark—
Between our cradle and our shroud 'tis thus we float below,
And on the great canal of life, so carelessly we go.

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MONTHLY RECORD

FOR JULY, 1838.

ST. LOUIS, June 11, 1838.

"*Dear James*—You invite me, among others, to send more frequent communications in relation to the affairs, spiritual and temporal, of the church, and the progress of the good cause. Enclosed I send a statement of our financial concerns, which was drawn up with the hope of obtaining a loan sufficient to discharge us from debt to sundry mechanics and others. It will give a fair account of our temporal condition. If we could but get the said $3500, we should feel very prosperous. The taxes as now assessed, on pews sold or rented, amount to nearly $1400. Our annual expenses are estimated at nearly $1600.

"As to the things spiritual, I am encouraged, although without reason to be elated. The congregation increases perceptibly. The number of communicants gradually. One individual recently left our communion to join another, but under peculiar circumstances. We have a number of converts, both from scepticism and from other churches. But our whole number is only thirty or thirty-two, so great is the deadness where life ought to be most vigorous. The spirit of truth tarrieth, but will come in God's good time. Lately I have preached some doctrinal sermons, which have excited some attention. I have talked about nothing for three weeks, but Theology; have had long conversations with several pious and strict Trinitarians, and have succeeded in convincing some. But not by controversy do I love to prevail: by the practical, the spiritual character of our faith, we are most sure of overcoming opposition and building up the Redeemer's kingdom. We rejoice in the prospect of seeing you here. Our spirits are refreshed exceedingly, even by the prospect; make your arrangements to give us a long visit. Next Sunday I exchange with brother Huntingdon, and preach at Hillsboro. Are you not glad that brother Jones is about making his home in the West? I hope to have him somewhere near me.

"My Sunday School is only commenced, but we have good teachers and a good library. We have just had a noble present from the Hollis Street Sunday School, Boston, of their library, for which we return our hearty thanks. We will strive to make good use of the same, and thus give the only reward to the donors which they desire or would receive.

"In love and faith,

"Your brother,

"W. G. E."

"The Trustees of the First Congregational Society of Saint Louis, Missouri, wish to effect a loan of thirty-five

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hundred dollars, for a term of three or more years. They offer security for the same, by mortgage on the church, and property belonging to said society: personal security being given for the punctual payment of interest, semi-annually.

"The Church stands on the corner of Fourth and Pine streets, in the most central and most improving part of the city. It cost, together with the ground on which it stands, and the furniture, twenty thousand five hundred dollars; which is less than the present value, in consequence of the increased value of the ground.

"The ground is paid for, and the whole property is free from incumbrances. Insurance is kept on the building, at twelve thousand dollars. The assessed value of the pews, is fifteen thousand dollars; of which only to the value of seven thousand dollars have been sold; one half of the remainder being rented. The basement story is finished, and yields an income of six hundred dollars per annum.

"A building lot, back of the church, and belonging thereto, is valued at twenty-five hundred dollars. The society is rapidly increasing. The legal interest of the state will be given, being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum."

Saint Louis, June 8, 1838.

Chicago, Ill. June 26, 1838.

Rev. James F. Clarke,

Dear Sir: — Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Salem, Massachusetts, arrived in our city about the 10th of this month, and has preached to our infant society three Sabbaths. Considering the very limited time Mr. Thompson has been able to spend here, I can truly say much good has been done; our Municipal Court Room was well filled, and never in my life have I heard truth listened to with more interest, or more clearly brought home to the understanding and the heart.

Mr. Thompson will, on his return to Massachusetts, interest himself in sending us a clergyman who will occupy this station for a time. I have good reason to hope that the time is not distant when we shall be able to erect a church and pay a Clergyman, but for the present we must depend in some measure on such assistance as the Unitarian association are able to extend towards us.

There are probably few, if any, fields in the great western valley, where so much may be accomplished in the same time with the same means: nine-tenths of our male population is composed of young men just entering the field of enterprise and usefulness, their opinions and habits, both moral and religious, are yet to be fixed, their minds are free to receive correct ideas, and their hearts susceptible of good impressions. If the doctrines of Unitarian Christianity can be ably and zealously taught here for the next five years, I have no doubt, our society (now numbering about 50 males,) will become one of the largest in the city. Mr. Thompson leaves us in a day or two for home.

Yours, &c. G.

We extract the following letter from the Christian Palladium. It gives an account of the conversion of a Trinitarian Clergyman to Unitarian sentiments. Such changes are not rare. The name of the writer is Jabez Chadwick, and the place of his residence, Medina, in New York.

Dear Sir: — Herewith, I send you a copy of a pamphlet which I have just published, containing "candid reasons for becoming an anti-trinitarian;" which you will please to accept as a token of respect, although I have not had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance. But I have often heard of you, and of your persevering efforts in the cause of of truth. Br. Adams informed me that he had notified you of the recent change in my religious views; but a brief sketch of the subject from my own pen may not be uninteresting to you and others. I have endeavored for many years to hold my mind open to conviction on all subjects, and have sought diligently to know the mind of God relative to the various points in dispute among the professed followers of Christ; and I have resolved to follow where the Bible should manifestly lead. Accordingly, after long and patient research, I found occasion some years ago to change my

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opinion respecting the proper subjects of baptism, and ultimately respecting the mode; so that I now hold that believers are the only proper subjects of the ordinance, and immersion the only scriptural mode. In connection with this subject, my mind was led to examine the doctrine of the Sonship of our Lord, as great stress appeared to be laid on the inspired proposition that Jesus is the Son of God. I am one of those who were educated in the belief that he is the Son of God by an eternal generation, and in a sense that implies equality with the Father. But I found that many modern Trinitarians reject this notion, and base his Sonship upon his miraculous birth of Mary. Reading and examining their arguments created some embarrassment; but still I held on to the old idea. Examined also Watt's theory of his pre-existence. But being warned that this was dangerous ground, I proceeded with caution and trembling. My mind, however, was so intensely drawn to the subject of his Sonship, that I continued to investigate it; and in the course of my inquiries, I became embarrassed with the common notions of the Trinity. I was more and more sensible of the vanity of methods which are adopted to explain this subject, and that several of them are little if any thing different from Unitarianism. My access to authors on the anti-Trinitarian side was somewhat limited, but I examined the Bible with diligence and constancy, and collected the arguments for and against my original principles. And the more I examined, the more I became embarrassed with the doctrine of the co-equal persons in one God. At length, having resigned my charge of the Baptist church in Medina, I resolved to sit down and soberly and fearfully review the whole ground, and if possible, settle my opinion as one that must give an account. Under these circumstances, light, as I firmly believe, broke into my mind in a wonderful manner; and I became confirmed in the belief that God is one in person as well as essence, viz: the Father; and that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, begotten or created before all worlds, the next in dignity to the Father, but unquestionably inferior and dependent, and that for our sakes he divested himself of his primeval glory, &c., became united to a human body miraculously prepared for him, and thus became our brother and Redeemer; and that by believing and obeying him, we have redemption and life through his blood. This view of God and of his Son Jesus Christ, which I once regarded as of most fatal tendency, I now esteem as most precious, delightful and sublime, and as the true foundation of Christian union and hope. I make no pretence to comprehend the Almighty; but I am happy in having my mind relieved from the mysteries and contradictions pertaining to the Trinitarian view of these subjects, and in being able to understand the great proposition to which my attention was first arrested; viz. that "Jesus is the Christ, the son of the living God." This change has subjected me, as you will readily perceive, to much inconvenience and reproach; but I have become willing to advocate the truth, and risk all consequences.

Believing, as I do, that the foregoing view is based upon the inspired Scriptures, it is my earnest prayer that it may prevail; that God will excite its friends to greater zeal, and crown their efforts with more signal success; and that the false and mischievous opinions which were imbibed in the dark ages may be wholly relinquished. How lamentable it is that men professing the religion of Jesus, should be divided respecting its cardinal principles; and that those who humbly and sincerely believe that "the Father is the only true God," and that Jesus Christ is the one "whom he hath sent," agreeable to what is expressly taught in the 17th of John and throughout the Bible, should be represented by grace divine as enemies of the truth, and classed with infidels! O! when will the spirit of censoriousness and bigotry terminate, and the traditions and dogmas of men cease to take the precedency of the pure maxims of the Bible! When will the precious sons and daughters of Zion be delivered from the blinding and mischievous influence of human creeds! Let us trust in God to usher in the delightful era; and labor in our respective departments to disseminate knowledge and promote the interests of godliness. Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season, we shall reap, if we faint not. May the Lord be with you, dear brother, and with all who labor in the common cause; and give you

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an abundant entrance into his eternal Kingdom.

THE EPISCOPAL TRINITY. — The editor of the Southern Churchman, says (Editorial, July 13th,) that with respect to the Trinity, Episcopalians "are one, so far as it regard the fact that God is three in one sense, and one in another, but they differ, and they have a right to do so, in relation to the mode of explaining that fact."

This, then is the Trinity of Episcopalians. I am bold to say that Unitarians believe in exactly such a Trinity as this. We also believe that God is three in one sense, and one in another.

Thus, as regards his attributes there are three distinctions in the Godhead. There is Power, or active energy; there is Wisdom, or intellectual energy; there is Love, or moral energy. God is three as regards these three great distinctions of his nature.

Or if that does not suit—we believe that God is three in another sense. There are three and but three manifestations which he has ever made of himself. We see him in Nature and Providence, as Creator and Father. We see him in Jesus Christ, the Son. We recognise him in his spirit, speaking to the heart and inward soul. There is no fourth way of knowing God.

We might then, without scruple, enter the Episcopal Church to-morrow according to this test of Orthodoxy. What is a doctrine worth which is so easily explained away?

FOURTH OF JULY. — The following account of the celebration of our Sunday School is from the pen of one of the Teachers. The average attendance of the children at the Sabbath School, has been steadily increasing during the last five years. At present, it is from 70 to 80. Our Church has also been much more full this summer than it ever was before. Let us thank God, and take courage. In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

"Truth, crushed to the earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
While error, wounded, shrieks with pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

LOUISVILLE, 5th July, 1838.

MR. EDITOR: — Yesterday being the Anniversary of our National Independence, it was celebrated by the Sabbath School of the Unitarian Church in this city, by appropriate religious exercises. The day was delightful, and the heavens seemed to smile upon us while engaged in those acts of devotion which are the offerings of sincere and grateful hearts. In accordance with previous arrangement the children assembled in the vestry, at 4 P. M., and from thence adjourned to the Church. The number belonging to our school was about 100. A public invitation having been given to the children of other Schools to join us increased the number to between 250 and 300. The Church was filled to overflowing with the parents of the children, and spectators. While among the latter we saw with gratification many who belonged to other denominations.

The order of exercises were as follows.

1st. Hymn,
2d. Prayer,
3d. Hymn,
4th. Reading Scripture.
5th. Address,
6th. Hymn,
7th. Address,
8th. Hymn,
9th. Benediction.

The singing was performed by the children, and the first address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Clarke. The second was by Mr. Dickinson superintendent of the Methodist School. The remarks of both were confined chiefly to the children. After the services the children and parents partook of a collation prepared by the Teachers. The room was beautifully decorated, and the tables tastefully spread, by the ladies of the society.

In this celebration there was much that was calculated to inspire the heart with deep and heartfelt gratitude to God. When we look back upon the past and remember how much prejudice existed on the part of others, and reflect that that prejudice is gradually dying away, and a better feeling pervading the community what may we not anticipate for the future? How much then does it become us to carry out the great law of charity in all our intercourse with our fellow creatures, so that the time may be hastened on when party feeling shall

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be done away, and Christian love and unity be the prevailing sentiment of all true followers of Jesus Christ. The Sabbath School system has done much in accomplishing this object; for it has exerted a beneficial influence upon the hearts of parents by subduing those harsh feelings which education and a mistaken zeal have fostered. The infant mind has gone forth as a missionary, though unconscious of it, and is repaying the teacher for the many acts of kindness and affection it has received.

Since our last celebration the grave has closed over two of our scholars, and we have been called upon to mourn the departure of one of our female teachers. While the heart is saddened by the reflection that we shall not behold them again, a cheering ray breaks thro' the gloom when we remember that they were prepared to die. Our friend was taken from a labor of love and usefulness and transported to a better world. May this event have such an effect upon our hearts as to inspire us to a greater diligence as teachers; so that while we are preparing the infant mind for eternity, we may also prepare ourselves for the kingdom of heaven.

INCIDENTS IN KENTUCKY. — There is a certain town in this state, where the people are of different persuasions, consisting chiefly of Methodists, Baptists, Cumberland Presbyterians and Unitarians. There is no meeting house, but the people assemble together to hear the preachers of any denomination who happen to come by. It so fell out that the Unitarians had never had any one of their own persuasion to preach to them, though the others had had their tenets laid down and explained repeatedly. They therefore sent to a Unitarian clergyman, requesting him to come some Sabbath day and teach that way more perfectly. He came and preached, and was listened to with interest by the different sects, who saw nothing wrong therein. It seemed to them generally, very good Bible preaching. The only objection publicly made, was, that in one of his discourses he had spoken as if many Christians thought that the Eternal God suffered and died. This, a Presbyterian preacher declared in his sermon to be a mistake; "no one," said he, "ever taught this doctrine." But as the Methodist, Baptist, and other Hymn Books abound with expressions of this sort,

> "When God the Mighty Maker died,
> For man, the creature's sin."

this objection was easily set aside, and it appeared that in contending against this doctrine the Unitarian was fighting no man of straw, but a dogma existing in all the churches.

But after the Unitarian had delivered his sentiments and departed, the news went forth that this seed had fallen into the good ground of honest and candid hearts, and it became absolutely necessary to eradicate it, before it should spring up and bear fruit. Therefore, at a meeting which took place shortly, the attempt was made, and the proceedings at it are thus detailed in a letter from a Unitarian gentleman residing in the place, to the aforesaid Unitarian preacher.

"JULY 4th, 1838.

"I should long ere this have fulfilled my promise of writing you, had it not been for the approaching meeting (quarterly) of the Methodist church. Your visit to this place has caused no little stir in the ranks of this denomination, and I felt a strong desire to know, before writing, what course they would take in reference to us and our "dangerous doctrines," and the consequences of the measures they might adopt for the suppression of "heresy." The meeting was such as I had anticipated, being characterised throughout by sectarianism of the severest kind.

"Services continued two days. Every discourse was thoroughly spiced with "Trinity." Rev. Mr. C. their Principal. After a sermon on Sunday morning from Mr. C. he administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. I saw from his sermon and the remarks previous to his invitation,

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an evident design to exclude Unitarians from the table. The invitation differed widely from any that had ever been given out previously. After the very liberal request for all to come forward "who had truly repented of their sins, and had determined to lead a new life by faith in the Son of God," in comes—"provided they hold all the fundamental doctrines, viz. a belief in a divine redeemer" —(here a pause, and the words, "divine redeemer," again pronounced; he had told us what was meant by a divine redeemer, in his sermon—"the very and Eternal God,") in the great atonement, *i. e.* that the death of Christ was a *sacrifice* for sin, in the full and literal sense of the word. They must also trust in the merits of Christ's death alone for the pardon of their sins." This proviso you see, deprived me of the privilege of the Christian Church, unless I would make myself liable to the charge of hypocrisy. Accordingly I did not approach the table of our common Lord. As I had gone up to the house of God with the expectation of enjoying this holy season, in commemorating the dying love of our Saviour, I felt grieved at being thus debarred, by one of his weak and erring servants. When the services were concluded, and the audience dismissed, I rose and stated to the congregation, that on the 1st Sunday in August, at 4 o'clock P. M., the arguments which had been brought forward by Mr. C. in his two last discourses, to prove that Jesus Christ is God, would be replied to; and that I should also notice the unauthorized manner of administering the Sacrament of the Supper, by which some of the professed followers of Jesus had been deprived of their dearest rights and privileges. And further, that the assertion of Mr. D. in one of his discourses, that "he who has not the faith to acknowledge that Jesus Christ is the *very and Eternal God*, has not a *saving* faith," would also be considered.

This was wholly unexpected. They gazed upon one another in mute astonishment. After a short pause Mr. C. replied—I rejoined —again he replied—I again rose and stated that the remarks of brother C. were unsatisfactory—that I wished to have no discussion at that time—that my only object was to make an appointment for a meeting. This affair has produced a good deal of excitement. Many of my friends were displeased at the course they have taken, and now Mr. C. and his friends are endeavoring to clear themselves of the difficulty, by saying that nothing personal was intended, that Mr. C. did not know that I was a professed Unitarian. But this the people will not swallow. The fact, that I have been the superintendent of the Sabbath School, and have had devotional exercises in our day school ever since I have been in the place, affords such strong presumptive evidence in favor of my being a member of some church, that all were not willing to believe the assertion. You shall hear more anon. I heartily wish you were nearer, that you might visit us oftener. I believe a society might be built up here if we only had a resident minister. Your visit will be of

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great service. It is leading the people to examine for themselves. This is what is most needed."

When we hear more we will communicate it. In the mean time we pray for our friend that it may be given him what to say and to speak, in defence of one of the original long clouded doctrines of Christianity, and may the Holy Spirit bestow on him a spirit and power which none of his adversaries may gainsay or resist.

CONVERSIONS. — Conversions from one form of faith to another are evidences of the power of truth, according as the church relinquished is inferior to that joined, in worldly attractions. If a preacher relinquishes his position in a rich, popular, and fashionable church, to join a small and unpopular one, this is *prima facie* evidence of its being the result of honest conviction. But if he leaves the feeble and unpopular body to join the fashionable one, the *prima facie* evidence is against his honesty. Such a proselyte adds nothing to the evidence of the opinions he adopts. He may be perfectly sincere and honest, but his change of sentiment carries no moral power with it. If in the days of primitive persecution, a Christian preacher went over to Paganism, it weakened Christianity no jot, it added nothing to the strength of the old superstition. His brethren might mourn over the weakness of his apostacy, but would not be discouraged by it. Such things were predicted by Christ himself —"These have no root in themselves, but when tribulation and affliction ariseth for the word's sake, by and bye they are offended." So, in modern times, if a popular Presbyterian preacher should become an Unitarian, it would strengthen the cause of the latter greatly, because he would do it at the certain risk of being denounced and persecuted by a most powerful religious body, and losing their sympathy and support. But if he should change from the Unitarian church to the Presbyterian, it would create no surprise, and prove nothing either way. The natural inference would however, be, that he had grown tired of standing alone, a solitary champion of oppressed truth, and that he longed to enjoy the sympathy and support of more of his fellow Christians.

THIRTEENTH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. — From this Report we learn that the receipts last year of this Association were about $3000, and the expenditures $4759. For missions in the West and elsewhere, $1785 were expended. For printing Tracts $1417. The Secretary, Mr. Briggs, has confined his labors this year chiefly to New-England. He has formed 31 auxiliary Associations. About 70,000 Tracts have been published during the past year. These have been sent to Europe, as well as disseminated through our own country. Fourteen Missionaries have been employed during the past year, which is double the number of the previous year. Six preached in New England, five in the West, and three in the South.

The following instances of liberality toward the association,

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among many others, are given as examples of a spirit which is beginning to prevail somewhat extensively.

"A lady was asked if she would visit Saratoga Springs. She inquired what would be the expense of a journey there. And was told that it would be thirty dollars. 'Thirty dollars?' said she. That sum would make me a life-member of the American Unitarian Association. No. I cannot go this year.'

"After an address of the Secretary in one of our neighboring cities on the spiritual wants and moral dangers of the country, the Mayor of the city spoke eloquently upon the necessity, in a civil point of view, of such objects as the Association is engaged in, and remarked that those objects were of vital importance to the moral growth, the freedom and salvation of our country. He likewise expressed his interest in the Association by liberally aiding its funds.

"A Sabbath School teacher, who, in the bloom of youth, was wasting away by consumption, said to her clergyman, as he stood by her bed-side, that she had fifty dollars which she wished to devote to some charitable object; and that having looked around upon various objects, she had come to the conclusion that she could in no way do so much good with it as by giving it to the American Unitarian Association. She left the same sum to furnish fuel for the poor widows of the parish; and died as the saint dieth.

"A most estimable and highly esteemed young clergyman, whose hopes of usefulness were suddenly blasted by ill health, and who sought in the islands of the South relief from the rigors of a Northern winter, which seemed fast consigning him to the tomb, felt in his last moments, as indeed he had long felt, that nothing was of so much importance as the promulgation of the precepts of Jesus, the consolations and hopes of the everlasting Gospel; and accordingly made provision in his will for a generous bequest to the Association."

We hope that during the present year the Association will be enabled to enlarge yet more the sphere of its operations. We hope it will send out double the number of missionaries of the past year.

The following are the Tracts published during the last year.

"No. 120. "Come over and Help Us." A Letter to the Rev. George Putnam. By E. Peabody.

No. 121. "To the Law and to the Testimony."—A Discourse on the Deference paid to the Scriptures by Unitarians. By James Walker.

No. 122. Remarks on Creeds, Intolerance, and Exclusion. By William E. Channing, D. D.

No. 123. Charges against Unitarianism. By E. Peabody.

No. 124. A tribute to the memory of the Rev. Noah Worcester, D. D. By William E. Channing.

No. 125. The Nature, Reality, and Power of Christian Faith. By Henry Ware, Jr. D. D.

No. 126. The Sunday School. A Discourse pronounced before

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the Sunday School Society. By William E. Channing, D. D.

No. 127. What is Truth? By Rev. Andrew P. Peabody.

No. 128. A Young Man's Account of his Conversion from Calvinism. A Statement of Facts.

No. 129. True Grounds of Christian Unity. By Rev. George Putnam.

No. 130. A Rational Faith competent to the Wants of Man.

No. 131. The Thirteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1838."

We presume the article in the present number of the Messenger on Future Punishment, together with our concluding article on the same subject in the next number will satisfy our correspondent, whose communication we have just received.

New Richmond, O., July 28.

Dear Sir: — I have been taking your periodical for three years, and I have never seen any that suited my taste half so well. It may be well called the Messenger, for I am convinced there never has been a work of its size so complete in diffusing truth and light on religious subjects, notwithstanding the force it carries with it. It has been frequently and strenuously urged to me that there is no difference between Unitarians and Universalists, and that Universalists were nothing more than Deists under a new name, and as a believer in the Unitarian doctrine, and not being blessed with language, as many others, to express my ideas, I am many times defeated and pointed at with the finger of scorn, by many of the orthodox in New Richmond. I would be glad if you think my request worthy your attention to state the difference in your next number at large, and by doing this you will confer a favor on me besides satisfying and silencing many of our opposers.

This from yours, &c. ——

Bishop Smith.—We see that our article about Bishop Smith and his pseudo-trial, has been bandied backward and forward thro' the Episcopal Journals. The New York Review first notices it, but not with sufficient severity, inasmuch as that work seems to agree with us in opinion in respect to this trial. Then other periodicals in "*the* Church," abuse the Review for not abusing us. Thus the matter seems to rest at present.

Ministerial Changes.—Mr. Huntoon has left Cincinnati, and gone to Peoria. Mr. Farley, we are sorry to learn, proposes leaving Alton. Ill health is the cause.

From the Tenth Annual Report of the Boston Sunday School Society, we extract the following account of Proceedings at its Annual Meeting.

"Anniversary Meeting. — The tenth annual public meeting of the Sunday School Society,

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was held at the Berry Street Church, (Dr. Channing's,) on Wednesday evening at half past seven o'clock. Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, the President of the Society, in the chair. After a few remarks from the venerable President, the exercises were commenced with an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hall of Providence. The annual report was read by Dr. F. H. Gray. The topics which were treated of in this interesting report, were manuals, juvenile libraries, teachers' meetings, general lessons, music, and Sunday School celebrations. The schools in connexionwith this society were represented to be in a flourishing and prosperous condition, and great activity of mind and feeling was indicated as existing among the friends of this institution. Exact statistical returns had not been received—but more than 130 schools had been reported to the Secretary in connexion with the society, giving a total number of their pupils at about 13,500, with 2300 teachers. Their correspondence with sôcieties in England exhibited a spirit of sympathy and co-operation in this good work, which met with a warm response from every heart.

"The acceptance of the report was moved by Mr. Judd of the Divinity School at Cambridge, who advocated his motion by some original and very eloquent remarks. He urged the importance and value of Sunday Schools on broad and general principles, as the last means which had been given us by Providence to reform our country, and redeem the world. The millenium hope, he said, had always existed, and he believed that glorious period was to be accelerated and perfected by the instrumentality of Sunday Schools through the religious education of the young. This he proceeded to urge by many interesting considerations. One idea he enforced with great success, viz: that a public religious education through these institutions would create a public religious sentiment, which did not now exist. At the present day our men in public life, and in the discussion of public measures, give but little proof of their Christian feeling or character, which he illustrated by reference to our legislation in regard to the late difficulties with France. The want of true Christian principle on that occasion had well nigh brought our country to the verge of a destructive war. This, he said, would be otherwise when our Sunday School generations should come upon the stage of action. A public religious sentiment would then exist, and war, slavery, intemperance, and all the more general and public vices would be swept away, and the reign of peace and purity be extended over the earth.

"He was followed by the Rev. F. T. Gray of this city, who spoke forcibly and feelingly in favor of these institutions, with which he had long been connected. He addressed himself to teachers, and gave them the right hand of fellowship, and the words of sympathy and encouragement. He spoke of the two great principles by which they should be guided—Love and Faith—as exhibited in the life and precepts

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of the holy Jesus, who was to be their constant study and model. He illustrated the power of these principles as he had seen them manifested in the closing moments both of teachers and children. The touching instances which had come under his own personal observation, some of which he related, give a great value, in his view, to these institutions—and he encouraged the teachers to persevere in the good work in which they were engaged and to consider the great responsibility of their situation, as those who had the care of immortal souls.

Rev. C. F. Barnard then made some remarks on the providence of God as displayed in the establishment of most of the great philanthropic enterprises of the day, especially of the Sunday School. He closed with proposing a resolution, which being of a business character not immediately connected with the object of the meeting, was laid upon the table.

"Rev. Mr. Farley of Providence, then rose and expressed the thought that there might have been too much of mere indiscriminate panegyric lavished upon Sunday Schools; if however, said he, they had not, as he thought they had not, fulfilled all the hopes, or warranted the too unqualified representations of their too partial friends, they had exerted a most salutary and delightful influence in many cases, upon both the young and the old. He expressed a fear that parents had not done all they might or should, to obviate one of the earliest objections raised against the institution, viz: that it would tend to make them negligent of that more than angel office confided to them, that of training the immortal spirits of their offspring for the light and bliss of heaven. Parents did not sufficiently keep in mind the infinite solemnity of that trust which had been committed to them with the birth of every child. From these considerations he took occasion to enforce the truth, that parents were the natural teachers of their children, and insisted that they should never content themselves with getting their children ready for and sending them to the Sunday School, thinking they had thus performed their whole duty in their religious education; that while they should welcome the Sunday School as a most desirable auxiliary in this great work, they should never permit it to supercede the more precious nursery of home and home's affections, or remove from their bosoms the sense of their own responsibility, "to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

"He was succeed by the Hon. Samuel Hoar of Concord, who rose to give his public attestation to the utility and great advantage of Sunday Schools. He enforced the idea that the character of every Sunday School depended upon the character of its teachers, and insisted upon the necessity of a high moral and religious standard with them, if they would benefit rather than injure their pupils. If a teacher, said he, does nothing more than teach the literature of Christianity, the child will think that Christianity has nothing to recommend

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it but its literature; but if the teacher feels and exhibits the power of its great truths in his precepts and example, the child too will feel and copy them. This general idea was further illustrated and enforced by reference to the books prepared for the young and placed in their Sunday School libraries.

"Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland, rose for the same purpose, to bear his testimony in favor of these schools. At the period of their establishment he said he had doubts whether children were capable of being instructed in the principles and truths of our holy religion. But all these doubts had long since been removed. The fact of the great interest which uniformly characterised their manner on the return of the period for the re-opening of the school, was a sufficient proof of this. Such indeed was the degree of feeling which they manifested in his own school, that the teachers were incited by the children, rather than the children by the teachers. He called upon the older members of the community to engage in the business of these schools, and for all to deepen their sense of responsibleness, in relation to their adequate support.

"Mr. Morton of Plymouth, made a few remarks on the best means of inculcating in the minds of the young, the "truths once delivered to the saints." His idea seemed to be, to recommend that the community should return to the simplicity of habits and manners, living and dress, which characterised the Apostles and earlier teachers of Christianity, if they would secure the best effects of teaching in Sunday Schools.

"The Rev. Mr. Taylor the friend of sailors and of Sunday Schools, indeed of every good word and work, brought the meeting to a close by some very original and striking remarks. He referred particularly to his own busy life, which took him so much from his home, that he was unable to give his own little lambs the religious instruction which they required; and he thanked God that the Sunday School was in existence to supply his omissions. He believed the world around him was equally busy. They were engaged in their merchandise, their stocks, their speculations, and their various worldly interests—and they were too absorbed in these, to give their children the necessary religious instruction. Every man was designed by Providence to be a priest to his own household; but we had long since departed from this original simplicity, by our refinements, and had shut ourselves out from this blessed privilege. We had therefore necessarily to give up our children to the instruction of those in the Sunday School. God had laid the corner stone of this noble building, and it had been reared up by man until its apex was in the heavens. His ideas on this subject were illustrated by many happy and original figures, and striking and glowing expressions, but which it is impossible for us to convey to the reader. He was listened to with intense interest and delight." Adjourned by singing.

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THE

WESTERN MESSENGER;

DEVOTED TO RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

NO. III.

BY S. G. BULFINCH.

ARIUS.

ALEXANDRIA, the capital of Egypt, lay beautiful in the stillness of a summer evening. Its inhabitants, old and young, thronged to the gardens of Cleopatra, which extended their long avenues of ancient trees by the waters of the Nile. Here, after the hot sun of Africa had set, they enjoyed the refreshing breeze that was wafted from the Mediterranean. The moon was out in all her brightness, and the stars, exhibiting many a constellation unseen by the tenants of colder climes. The beacon of the Pharos, the most ancient of light houses, shone from its lofty tower; the vast fields of the Delta, the granary of Rome, lay around, far as the eye could reach. Many a structure might be discerned rising amidst that green expanse, while the variety of style they exhibited marked the political changes which the country had experienced. Here massive pyramids, or long avenues of sphynxes, called to mind the days of ancient Egyptian greatness; there the symmetrical form of some Grecian temple, indicated the age of the Ptolemies, while elsewhere the florid style of more recent structures, exhibited the degeneracy in arts of those who now ruled the world.

Among the groups whom the coolness of the hour had tempted from their homes, was one, consisting of three men and a young female. One of the former was a man of military bearing, somewhat advanced in life, and apparently hardened by much service. The respect with which he was saluted by those whom he condescended to recognise, betokened the possession of some high station, which was indicated also by the attendance of a lictor, at some distance in the rear of the party.

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This dignitary conversed with a person of grave aspect, and age similar to his own. A youth and a maiden accompanied them, engaged in such earnest conversation as implied the existence of some subject of deep interest between them.

"Is it true, as I have heard, venerable Arius," said the official personage, "that you declined the election to this office of Bishop, and procured it to be conferred on Alexander?"

"I cannot say that it was ever in my power to decline that station, but it is certainly true that when some of my friends offered me their assistance, I thought it best not to create dissension in the church by the appearance of another candidate, and advised them to adhere to the worthy Alexander."

"Your modesty influenced you too far, my friend. If you thought not of your own interests, you should have regarded those of your niece. When I permitted Perdiccas to engage himself to the fair Theodora, I considered it no unequal match between the son of the Governor of Alexandria, and the niece of her future Bishop."

"The office is not one to which I could aspire from such views. I trust that I should not have shrunk from it were the times such as I remember in my youth."

"Indeed there was nothing tempting in such a dignity then. I was stationed at Rome, in the days of the (1) divine Galerius, and we that were Christians in the army found it difficult to save our lives. Two centurions, the same rank I then held, were put to death for the Gospel. Poor Cassius! had he followed my advice, he might have been living now, and high in favor with the Emperor."

"May I enquire what your advice was?"

"It needs not speaking of it; it is long since. Cassius was a very conscientious man; but there was no necessity for placing himself in the very way of destruction, by opposing openly the religion of the Emperor. But now happily, times have changed, and I hope the august Constantine will go on as he has begun. I should take great pleasure in receiving an order to put down these idol temples, that are such a scandal to the Christian empire."

"It is even so," thought Arius, "this man who betrayed his religion while it was persecuted, is now the first to disgrace it by the persecution of others."

"You are silent, good Arius; would you not wish the divine Constantine to be active in the good cause?"

"I am grateful to Augustus, and as one humble member of the church, I am more than satisfied with what he has done for it. I fear indeed that there is now too much prosperity for us to bear. Before the persecution under Diocletian—"

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"The *divine* Diocletian, my friend. Remember that I am an officer in the Imperial service."

"I am not fond of giving to any one, much less to a persecutor of the church, a title which savors of idolatry. But before that persecution, the church had enjoyed so long a period of rest, that corruption of manners had been introduced. There was much wealth expended on buildings indeed, and much external show was made of interest in the worship of God; but all was not sound within. How many fell away from the faith when that persecution commenced."

"Yes," said the Governor, somewhat disconcerted. "It was undoubtedly wrong for those who had professed themselves Christians, to offer incense afterwards. For myself, I had made no profession, and was in fact not fully decided as to the truth of the Gospel, till I heard of the blessed miracle at the Milvian bridge." (2)

"And of the blessed victory that followed it," thought Arius.

"But let us return," continued his companion, "I would that you had chosen with more wisdom, worthy Arius, and taken the station which every one was willing to confer on you; but be that as it may, my son thinks he cannot live without Theodora; and I am not disposed to break off a treaty long since formed, on one disappointment."

"Especially as Theodora's own fortune"—

"True, true," said the Governor, "her father indeed left her well provided for, and in no respect better than in committing her to be brought up by yourself, the light of the Alexandrian church."

"I have endeavored to do my duty to my brother's child," said the presbyter; and at the gate of the proconsular palace, they parted from the official dignitary; while his son, the young Perdiccas, accompanied Arius and his niece to their more humble abode.

Months had passed since the conversation of Arius with the prefect Zonaras, in the gardens of Cleopatra; but there was now no longer that cordiality which once subsisted between them. Consistently with the mercenary ambition which governed him, Zonaras had sought the friendship of Arius, the most distinguished among the presbyters of Alexandria, and whom he had fully expected to see elevated to the Episcopal throne of that city. Disappointed in this, he yet had such confidence that Arius would share largely in that favor with which Constantine was now bestowing wealth and honor on the Chris-

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tian leaders, that he saw with satisfaction the strengthening affection between their young relatives. But an event soon occurred which entirely changed the views of the worldly-minded magistrate.

Alexander who had succeeded to that station for which Arius had declined to become a candidate, expressed in an open council of his clergy, some views respecting the union between our Saviour and the Supreme Being, from which Arius felt himself compelled to dissent. The bishop represented the Son of God as *consubstantial* or *of the same substance* with the Father. The presbyter would not admit that so entire an equality subsisted between them, but considered the Father as alone supreme, and Christ as the first of beings, dependent upon him. The difference led to a bitter controversy, in which many other persons of all classes took part; and at length Alexander, exercising the temporal power with which Constantine had in an evil hour entrusted the rulers of the church, not only excommunicated Arius, but banished him from the city.

On the evening of the day when this sentence had been pronounced, the young Perdiccas approached the dwelling of the deposed Elder. He entered, and was greeted kindly but with sadness.

"You at least are still our friend, Perdiccas," said Arius. "You at least do not shrink from those in adversity whom you have caressed in prosperity."

"Think not too harshly of my Father," said the young man. "He has not power to reverse the decision of the Bishop; and from the office he holds, it is requisite that he should reverence that authority which is delegated by the Emperor, though it may not be exercised in a manner he approve."

"He is your Father, Perdiccas, and I would not say one word to diminish your regard for him as such, or to wound your feelings as a son. I leave you for a time with Theodora, for I have much to arrange. From her you will learn our views for the future; and if there be any thing in them that causes distress to you, believe me I feel your suffering even more than my own."

"I am come, Theodora," said Perdiccas, after the first expressions of affection and regret were over, "to be the companion of your departure. You never would desert the venerable Arius in his affliction. I would not ask it of you. No. Let me be the companion of your journey, let me defend you and your reverend relative, if exposed to danger by the way. Give me the privileges of a son and a husband."

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"And your father."

"My father has long since given his consent. Arius is not less virtuous, you are not less worthy now than then. Why should that consent be withdrawn? How can it be withdrawn with any show of reason?"

"But it *is* withdrawn, Perdiccas. You need not explain or qualify it. I know it, I know it too well."

"Kind friend," she resumed, after a pause, "you have the same noble heart as ever. My uncle's disgrace is nothing in your eyes, for you know it is undeserved; but it is much to your father, and it must be to me. No, Perdiccas, I will not be the cause of your deserting your filial duties. Now, all they can charge against Arius is, that he holds certain views which are not agreeable to this imperious bishop, though they may accord with scripture and reason. They shall not have it to urge against him or his family, that this supposed heresy has led to dishonorable conduct. No, Perdiccas, live respected and happy; let not your bright days be overclouded by association with the outcasts."

"But I am with you, I must be with you," said the young man, "in my belief. I am from conviction an *Arian*, as they have begun to call those who agree with your venerable relative. You, you my Theodora, would not have me deny my faith?"

"Far from it, my Perdiccas. The example of the blessed martyrs, who suffered within my father's recollection, and almost within yours, is not lost, I hope, on either of us."

"No," said the youth, springing up, "I was but a child indeed, but well do I remember seeing the holy Charilaus and his brethren glorify God in the Amphitheatre. My father took me there to give me a warning against the danger of avowing Christian principles. His love for me overbalanced his devotion to the truth. But the sight had precisely the opposite effect on me to that which my father intended. I admired the courage of the holy martyrs, and felt that I would joyfully die with them for the cause of truth."

"So have I felt in reading of the sufferings of Perpetua and Felicitas, (3) at Carthage, more than a hundred years since. Do you remember, my Perdiccas, the noble answer of Perpetua when she was entreated to renounce her religion?"

"Her father threw himself at her feet, and kissed her hands, entreating her to have compassion on his grey hairs, and on her mother, brothers, and child. Though deeply affected, she only returned the answer, "I am at God's disposal, not at my own."

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"Dear Perdiccas, let us think of such examples. Can we not sacrifice our own wishes at the call of duty, when others, no stronger than ourselves, have laid down their lives?"

"Ah! Theodora, the task is scarce less difficult. I think I could die bravely like Charilaus, if the eyes of a whole Amphitheatre were turned on me; but to tear my dearest hopes from my heart, and still live on unrepining in commonplace duties, is a worse martyrdom than that; yet no one knows or praises the sufferer."

"But he has his reward on high. Do not think, my Perdiccas, that you suffer alone. With the feelings I have had of late, I could almost envy Perpetua the short agony of her death. But it is our duty and it must be borne. For your father's sake, for your own, for the sake of Arius, for mine—the reputation of all may be implicated in your conduct—think no more of accompanying our journey. Remain in the regular discharge of your duty as a son. Your participation in my father's sentiments need not be concealed; half the Christian world shares them also: but if persecution arises—"

"Then," said the youth, "I will meet it, and it shall be seen whether truth cannot strengthen her votaries now, as against the persecutions of former days."

"If it must be, Perdiccas, I doubt not your constancy. But if you can then, without a desertion of duty, leave this dangerous city, do so for the sake of us all. Then join us in Palestine, whither we now go. Arius will welcome you as a son, and Theodora as a friend and brother. But while your father refuses his consent, tempt me not, my Perdiccas, to call you more than those names express."

It was late when the young lovers departed; and at early dawn, Arius and Theodora, escorted by Perdiccas and a few intimate friends, ascended the ship which was to bear the banished elder and his niece to Cæsarea. In that retreat they were received with honor. The bishops and presbyters of Palestine, in assembled council, opposed their authority to that of the Alexandrian Patriarch, and the church became divided into two great parties, whose mutual opposition was to endure for ages.

The expulsion of Arius from the church and city of Alexandria had, like most instances of persecution, contributed rather to strengthen the influence of the sentiments it was intended to suppress. The Emperor Constantine saw with pain the church of Christ, of which he had assumed the supreme con-

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trol on earth, divided by the opinions which had thus been placed in opposition to each other. Nor was this the only instance in which his imperial protection and counsels had proved ineffectual for continuing to the church the blessings of peace. A violent controversy had arisen with respect to the rival claims of Cœcilianus and Majorinus to the bishopric of Carthage; and the repeated interference of the Emperor had only increased the dissention which he sought to heal. But undeterred by his ill success in this instance, Constantine endeavored, at first by a conciliatory letter to both parties, and afterwards by convoking a general council of the church, to terminate the schism which had arisen respecting the sentiments of Alexander and Arius.

At this, the famous Council of Nice, held at the city of that name in Bithynia, in the year 325, a creed was adopted, declaring that the Son of God is consubstantial, or of the same substance with the Father. The opinions of Arius were denounced as heretical, and that religious leader, with several of his adherents, was sent into banishment into Illyricum, on the distant confines of the empire.

Into that banishment the faithful Theodora accompanied her uncle. Her lover, meantime, strengthened by a sense of duty, had continued to discharge, though with an aching heart, the obligations of a son towards a parent whom he could not respect. The mercenary Zonaras, who perceived the vast influence which the Christian clergy were then exerting, selected that occupation for his son, as one which might lead him, especially if aided by powerful friends, to the high places of wealth and station, the control of the people, and the confidence of his sovereign. With far different views did Perdiccas willingly acquiesce in his father's choice. He regarded the ministry of the Gospel as the noblest of callings, not for the distinction it might aid him in attaining, but for the good it might furnish him with means of effecting. The path too was not less inviting because beset with dangers. He was decidedly of Arian sentiments, and these sentiments he was determined never to conceal. He expected persecution, and had he remained in Alexandria, he would have shared it, for the zeal of the bishop was now aided by the still greater warmth of the young and ardent Athanasius, by whom he was afterwards succeeded. This remarkable man, known in later times by the title of Saint, combined in his character many great and good qualities. He was a fearless champion of what he believed to be the truth, and when the occasion demanded, an unshrinking sufferer in its cause. It is however, generally acknowledged,

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that he united not a little arrogance with his heroic resolution. But any difficulty to which Perdiccas might have been exposed through a collision with the ecclesiastical powers of Alexandria, was prevented by the course which the ambition of his father marked out for him. Through his influence, the young ecclesiastic was received into the retinue of Princess Eudosia, the sister of Constantine, and thus withdrawn from his native city to the more tolerant air of the imperial residence.

We pass an interval of some years, and transport ourselves in imagination to Constantinople, the new capital of the Roman world, and to the palace of its imperial founder. Constantine was seated in an apartment whose excess of magnificence exhibited some indications of declining taste on the part of the artists of that day. That remarkable man was now beyond the middle period of life. There were traces of care on his brow, and the lines of his countenance indicated one accustomed to exercise command over himself, not less than over others. Though eminent and always successful as a soldier, it was rather for the toils of the statesman that he seemed to be formed. The Emperor was not alone. A young man stood before him, whose demeanor united the respect due to his sovereign, with the self possession imparted by conscious worth, and by a belief in higher realities than those of earthly state. Constantine spoke, and there was sadness in his tone.

"I have sent for you, young man, at the request of my late sister. The princess commended you to me with such earnestness, as renders me desirous of advancing you. But I must consider not my own wishes alone, but the interests of the empire, and the consistent observance of my own laws. You are, I have heard, imbued with the sentiments of the Porphyrians? (5) Speak freely. I seek candor from you, and desire your advancement."

"Augustus," answered the youth, "I am deeply grateful for your kind notice, and feel still more deeply towards my late noble mistress. But the objection which you have urged, I have felt and anticipated. I am one of those to whom your imperial edict has given the name you mention. I hold the sentiments of Arius, and I am aware that those sentiments must exclude me from your patronage. I am not the less grateful for your wish to bestow it."

"You are but little used to the ways of courts, young man, to reject good fortune by so blunt an avowal. But it is the candor that I wanted, though more than I expected. We will let that subject pass. If you will sacrifice your prosperity to your opinions, I cannot help it. But tell me, young priest,—

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you were Eudosia's favorite religious counsellor,—have you reason to believe that the Augusta held the same views with yourself?"

"My sovereign, the opinions of the Augusta were not fully decided. Her own judgment was strongly inclined to the views you disapprove, but with deep humility she shrunk from opposing her opinion to the sentence of the General Council, and of her brother and king."

"The decision of the Sacred Council must indeed be binding. It is the declared sentence of the Christian church; and when I require the submission of others to it, I demand no more from them than what I render myself."

The youth held his peace, as he could not assent to the opinion, which yet it did not beseem him to contradict. But the Emperor was desirous to try him further.

"How can your Porphyrians oppose their private judgments to the decision of the Christian world?"

"Augustus, there is a voice within us, which we must obey. It is vain that we try to believe what reason and scripture seem to us to contradict. We may be silenced, but not convinced. Our bodies may be banished by the authority of an Emperor, but the mind cannot be thus subdued."

"Pride, mere pride. I who exercise unbounded power, have more humility than you. I thought this whole dispute exceedingly trifling, and should have rejoiced if both parties continued to profess their sentiments together in peace. But the Council ordained otherwise. I submit, and enforce but the same submission upon others. Those who yield the respect that is due to the united Christian community, I receive to my favor; and I again offer you that favor young priest, if you can bring your pride down to this condition."

"My sovereign, at the risk of your displeasure, I must decline the distinguished honor you do me. It would ill become me to purchase advancement by the sacrifice of those principles, for maintaining which, my friend and father, the venerable Arius, is yet in banishment."

"You know the heresiarch then," said Constantine. "Tell me of his manner of life. I have heard that before his unhappy fall into these errors, he was regarded as a virtuous man by his brethren and by those of the old religion."

"As a virtuous man Arius must ever be regarded by all who know him. Oh, my Emperor, if you could but hear the lessons of wisdom and piety that flowed from his lips, if you could have seen his submission under the trials to which he has been exposed, the uncomplaining meekness of his resignation, bend-

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ing before the will of Providence, which he recognised in all things, and never returning any reproaches for the railings with which he was assailed; if you could have known him, personally, you would never have banished such a man because he had believed and professed as his own judgment and conscience obliged him to do."

"When were you last in his company?"

"I was of those who accompanied him farthest on his way from Nice to his place of banishment."

"And how did he bear his adversity? Proudly enough, no doubt, for pride was the occasion of his fall."

"Augustus, if I could judge, if my veneration for him does not blind me, pride was, of all emotions, furthest from his heart. He said but little respecting his calamity, except in reply to the remarks of others, who endeavored to console him. He appeared grave indeed, but scarcely more so than his usual venerable deportment. If others spoke of his sufferings and seemed to exaggerate them, he would himself suggest circumstances which diminished their severity. He did not refuse the sympathy of his friends, yet reminded them that the same Providence reigned in barbarous Illyricum as in civilized Egypt. 'And here,' said he, 'how much more happy are we than our ancestors. If they were banished to a foreign land, they left their religion behind them; for the gods of Greece were unknown beyond the Adriatic. They went to a land to whose deities they were strangers; but *our* God is everywhere, and if I feel that he approves my course, my friends, I shall not be desolate.' Some spoke with indignation of those whom they called his enemies—of the Bishop Alexander, Athanasius, and others; but he always mildly yet firmly checked them. 'Let it be ours, my friends, to bear these evils, not as injuries from the hands of men, but as trials from the hands of God. It may be that they who have condemned and pursued me, are approved by their own consciences. Whether it be so or not, it is not ours to judge them, for to their own master they stand or fall.'"

"My name was mentioned doubtless, by these indignant friends, and perhaps in no gentle terms."

"One indeed spoke of you, as he has since repented; for that one was—I am not afraid to say it, noble Cæsar—myself. But Arius checked me, instantly, and with some sternness. 'What, my son,' he exclaimed, 'but recently we have had the blessing of a Christian Emperor, and already shall we complain ungratefully of his sway? If like me, you had known the time when the life of a disciple was constantly in danger from hea-

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then persecution, you would bless with me the illustrious Constantine, who has given peace and safety to the church, though he has seen fit to subject one humble Presbyter to this disgrace.' "

"This is well; but Arius knew, that at such a time every word he uttered would be observed. Do you know any thing of his life in private? It is there that the character of the man is seen without disguise."

"Yes, gracious Emperor. I have known the Presbyter since my childhood; and at home or abroad, in public or in private, his character is always consistent with itself."

The Emperor leaned his brow upon his hands, for a few moments, in thoughtful silence. "Go, youth," he said at length, "your candor has not injured you in my esteem, and may perchance benefit your friend. Remain attached to my service, as you were to that of my sister." The young ecclesiatic bowed and withdrew.

The words he had spoken made a deep impression on the mind of Constantine. (6) He sought from the governor of the province to which Arius had been banished, accounts of that leader's mode of life, and the spirit in which he bore his misfortunes. A few months passed, and then on a cloudless and starry night, such a night as seems made for love and piety, a noble Trireme made her way through the magnificent pass of the Bosphorus; and on her deck, amid the officers of the Emperor, who had been sent to conduct him with honor to the Capitol, sat the venerable form of Arius, watching, while a benignant smile beamed through the gravity of his features, the converse which his lovely niece held in low tones, with Perdiccas, the young presbyter, who, now that the consent of his mercenary father could not be doubted, was again her approved and betrothed lover.

NOTES.

1. "Of the divine Galerius." "*Divi Galerii*"—the customary style of honor to deceased Emperors, as the title Augustus was to the living.

2. The miracle referred to was the vision of a cross in the heavens, said to have been witnessed by Constantine and his army, before his decisive victory over Maxentius, at the Milvian bridge near Rome.

3. Perpetua and Felicitas. These females with other Christians were put to death at Carthage, under the reign of Severus, about A. D. 202. There was a general persecution throughout the empire not long before Constantine's accession, but the name of the martyr Charilaus is imaginary.

4. Rival claims to the bishopric of Carthage. These resulted in the schism of the Donatists, which was not only a religious controversy but a civil war, deluging the provinces of Africa and Numidia with blood. This division in the church, kindled by the ambition of two rival ecclesiastics, endured about three hundred years!

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5. Porphyrians. After the Council of Nice, Constantine issued a decree, commanding that the followers of Arius should be thus called. It was a term of opprobrium, derived from the name of Porphyry, an early writer against Christianity.

6. The recall of Arius from exile is said to have been determined on by Constantine in consequence of information obtained from a priest, whom the Princess, his sister, had recommended to him with her dying breath. The language ascribed to Arius is imaginary, but such as appeared consistent with that union of gravity and gentleness of deportment, which even his adversaries describe him as possessing.

TO A HUMMING BIRD.

Tell us—tell us whence thou comest
Little thing of the rainbow wing;
Tell us if thou always hummest,
If thou canst not sing.

Tell us when thou fell'st in love
With the honeysuckle flower—
That thou comest every eve
To her fragrant bower.

Or art thou her guardian sprite,
Ever hearkening to her sigh—
And robed so bright with colored light,
Droppest from the sky?

Take me to thy viewless nest,
In the far off realm of Fairy,
Where thou sinkest to thy rest
When thy wings are weary.

When a child, I often dreamed
Wondering what thou wert, and whence,
And thy quivering winglets seemed
Scarce like things of sense.

Darting here and darting there,
Now half buried in a flower,
Now away—and none knew where,
By mysterious power.

When the rosy twilight came,
Softly down the slumbering sky,
Thy emerald wing and throat of flame
Flashed before my eye,

Round the lattice and the porch,
Ere the dew began to fall,

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Kissing all the bashful buds,
  Clambering up the wall—

But like a suspected lover,
  Darting off into the sky,
Ere we could with truth discover,
  Half thy brilliancy.

I will not blame thee, little thing,
  That thou wert then a mystery,
When life and thought were in their spring,
  And fancy wandered free :

For I was like thee, gentle bird,
  As wild and gay, and strange and shy,
And all my hours were with the flowers,
  Or in the deep blue sky.

But now that I've become a man,
  I'd have thee come and tell to me,
If the boyish dreams are true
  I have had of thee.

Tell me why and whence thou comest,
  On thy little rainbow wing—
Why unto the flowers thou hummest,
  And dost never sing.

But I hear a sober spirit
  Talking as unto a child,
And so sweet that I must hear its
  Accents low and mild.

" Question not all things around thee—
  " Things there are thou canst not know.
" Learn from thy own boyish dreams,
  " Not too far to go.

" Thou canst seldom track THE SPIRIT,
  " Whence, or how, or why it is :
" Ever in its unseen deeps
  " Are those mysteries.

" Be content to see—and seeing,
  " On the threshold pause and bow,
" To the great, all-loving Being,
  " With an humble brow."

C. P. C.

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PARABLE.

THE LIGHTNING AND THE LANTERN.

It was midnight. The loud storm was abroad on the face of the earth. The lightning flashed incessantly. The thunder shook the skies. The wind blew a hurricane. The rain fell in torrents. And a wanderer passed along on the lonely road. He had lost his way, and was uncertain where he was going. And oftentimes he stumbled in the dark, and went astray from the road, and fell into pools of water, and tottered on the brink of precipices. And ever the loud storm roared after him—and danger yawned around him—and his heart was nigh sinking within him. Now and then a lightning flash, broad and blinding, lit up the heavens and the earth, and for miles before him his road was illuminated, and for a few seconds shone as in the broad daylight. But in an instant all was dark again, and again he stumbled and went aside—

For he trusted to the lightning to guide him.

Then I saw a hand reach through the dark towards him, and in the hand was a lantern—and the lantern followed at his side till the wanderer reached forth and took it with joy—for he saw that it sent forth a steady clear light in the dark. And I saw that he watched the sky no more for the lightning flash, but committed himself unto the lantern which he bore in his hand, and walked steadily and safely by its light, till he reached his home.

And the Interpreter said to me—"So is it in the strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life. He who trusts to sudden flashes of good feeling and excitement, follows no safe guide. For though they seem to come from heaven—they are not in the highest heaven where the calm light of the stars shineth—but are too much of earth, and come and go, and are glorious for a while, but leave the soul in as great or even greater darkness than before. It is only the steady light of habitual religion, seen and felt and followed at *all* times, which can be "a lamp to our feet and a light to our paths." Good feelings—religious excitements—revivals—can do us no good unless they can be arrested, and made to minister to constant and habitual good *works*. The light we follow must be steady, calm, unfailing, or it can be of no use in guiding us to our heavenly home." C. P. C.

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EXPRESSION THE MOTHER OF SENTIMENT.

It is a great and universal law of nature, that expression strengthens thought and feeling. This explains the reasonableness and beauty of the exercise of prayer. It tells us also why we need churches, and assemblies for united prayer—that the religious feelings may be deepened and strengthened. It tells us why the poet needs his pen—and the musician his instrument—and the painter his pencil—and the little child his puppets and card houses. It tells us why the heart warms within us as we sit down to our desk to correspond with a dear distant friend. It tells us why we love the more after we have once expressed our love. Expression calls back thought on the feelings, and fixes it, and takes its impress in the mind and heart—makes it echo and reverberate like sound in the deep chambers of the soul, till we have caught the *key note* of the new harmony that comes chiming in upon us. The linked sweetness is long drawn out, as we pause and ponder upon that which gave it rise. Like some glorious opening flower, we stand and gaze upon its unfolding vision, as it grows more and more strong and beautiful, in all its delicate tints and shadings—in all its rare and majestic proportions. Without words—without pen, ink, and paper, these thoughts might vanish all unnoticed or unremembered. These outward signs form a scaffolding for the fairer and more durable structure within—and give a local habitation and a name to the erratic, volatile spirit of the soul.

Especially does expression seem to have prevailed in her work, when we succeed in making another person see and feel as we do. We then begin to feel a certain *faith* in the reality of what we have uttered, which before we had not. The testimony of two is better than that of one; and there is a satisfaction—a triumph in having opened a way for another besides yourself into the light of that truth which you are in. And in proportion as others receive this light, is your first faith in what you have seen and expressed, strengthened. So mysterious and mighty is the power of the union of minds under one common truth.

C. P. C.

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ON HEARING TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

THAT joyous strain,
Wake—wake again!
O'er the dead stillness of my soul it lingers.
Ring out—ring out
The music shout!
I hear the sounding of thy flying fingers,
And to my soul the harmony
Comes like a freshening sea.

Again—again!
Farewell, dull pain—
Thou heart-ache rise not while those harp strings quiver,
Sad feelings, hence!
I feel a sense
Of a new life come like a rushing river
Freshening the fountains parched and dry
That in my spirit lie.

That glorious strain!
O! from my brain
I see the shadows flitting like scared ghosts!
A light—a light
Shines in to-night
Round the good angels trooping to their posts—
And the black cloud is rent in twain
Before the ascending strain.

It dies away—
It will not stay—
So sweet—so fleeting. Yet to me it spake
Strange peace of mind
I could not find
Before that triumph strain the silence brake.
So let it ever come to me
With an undying harmony.

C. P. C.

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FUTURE PUNISHMENT.—NO. IV.

In our preceding articles we have considered the doctrines of everlasting punishment and universal salvation. We saw reason to doubt whether the scriptures authorized either of them. We saw many reasons for not assenting to either. What other hypothesis then remains? The next which I shall consider is that of the *Restoration at some future period, of all mankind to a state of happiness.*

In justice to this opinion, it is proper to declare that it is a very different one, in itself and in its consequences, from the doctrine of no future punishment. In fact, those who hold it, strenuously disclaim all connection or sympathy with the ultra Universalists.*

The difference between the two doctrines may be seen in this, that the Universalist is entirely debarred from preaching any future retribution. He can call no motive to his aid from the eternal world to influence the conduct of man in this. The Restorationist, on the other hand, can set forth the terrors of future woe as strenuously as the Calvinist, to deter men from transgression.

The doctrine of the Restorationists is, that as God is set forth by Christianity in the character of a Father, his punishment must be paternal; that is, must be inflicted not in anger but in love; that is, must have for its object the good of the child, his reform, his purification—and that punishment inflicted with this object, by an all-wise and powerful Being, cannot entirely fail of its end. Hence, at some indefinite period, all will be brought to the knowledge and love of God and restored to his favor.

In support of this hypothesis they quote the texts which teach that God will have all men to be saved, that he takes no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, &c.

They also quote a class of passages from the New Testament, which seem to indicate an ultimate restoration of the whole moral creation.

In looking carefully through the New Testament with the object of finding what texts appear to teach a restoration, the following seem to me to be the strongest.

1. *Acts* iii. 20, 21.—"He shall send Jesus Christ, which before was appointed for you, whom the Heavens must receive *until the times of the restitution of all things*, which God hath spoken of by the mouth of his holy prophets, since the world began."

* See the "Independent Messenger," published at Boston by the Restorationists.

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2. *Romans* viii. 20, 21.—"For the creature was made subject to vanity, (not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same) in hope that the creature also itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God."

3. *I. Cor.* xv. 25.—"Then cometh the end, when he (Christ) shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father, when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. *For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.* The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

4. *Eph.* i. 10.—"Having made known unto us the mystery of his will according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself concerning the dispensation of the fullness of times, *that he might gather together in one, all things in Christ, which are in heaven, and which are on earth.*"

5. *Philipp.* ii. 9, 10, 11.—"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and hath given him a name that is above every name; *that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue confess* that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

6. *Coll.* i. 20.—"For it pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell, and, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him *to reconcile all things unto himself*, by him, I say, whether they be things on earth, or things in heaven."

Now these texts are certainly not to be overlooked. They do appear to me to indicate that at some future day the creature *shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption*—that all the enemies of Christ shall submit to him—that all God's moral creatures shall be collected into one great and harmonious family and brotherhood—that all shall believe in Christ and acknowledge him as Lord—and be reconciled through him to God the Father. This appears to be the plain and simple meaning of these passages, and we may regard them as given us to keep up our faith in the triumph of truth, and the power of goodness and love. Yet we must admit on the other hand, that in number and prominence, they fall far below those which teach of a terrible retribution, and fiery trial which is to precede this restoration. Moreover, we should remember that we can never be restored except by becoming holy and obedient, that the question is, will we be drawn now to God by his offers of love and mercy, while the way is open, and escape all punishment; or will we wait and harden ourselves, so as to need the retributions of spiritual anguish and fire to move us to repentance. Even if we believe that scripture encourages a hope that there will be a final restoration, we should not give an undue prominence to this idea. A physician may think that his patient will at last recover, but if, instead of telling him that he is sick

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now and must take medicine, he should satisfy himself with telling him that he will get over his attack in a few weeks, he would not be doing his duty. And if the patient should think only of the probability of his getting well, instead of his danger of remaining sick or growing worse, he would not be likely to use the means which would relieve him.

The different errors on this subject seem to me to have arisen as they do on most other subjects—from a too exclusive and narrow consideration of one particular view. The human mind is so limited that it can rarely see more than one truth at a time; but it is so presumptuous that it thinks it sees the whole and denies every view beyond its own.

Thus we shall find that all the views we have been considering contain a portion of truth, and that all contain a portion of error. There is truth in Calvinism—there is truth in Universalism—there is truth in Restorationism—but there is error also in all of them. Let us endeavor to separate the truth from the error in each system—let us reject the error—let us retain the truth.

1. The scriptures teach plainly and repeatedly, that *now* is the accepted time—that now is the day of salvation. They consider that this life is a period of great importance in our probation—that after this life will be a judgment—and that it requires great watchfulness and earnestness to obtain the joys and avoid the woes which will grow out of that judgment. The Bible is full of exhortations and teachings of this kind. To give only one instance take that in Mark ix. 43–50. "If thy right hand offend thee," &c.

Now this is the truth which Calvinism has taken possession of. And by preaching this truth it does a great deal of good—for every truth has a great moral power with it and needs only be proclaimed to impress very deeply the mind and heart. Accordingly, Calvinism has a tendency to rouse men and make them thoughtful and earnest; it breaks up the lethargy which we are so apt to fall into, and produces a serious and solemn sense of the necessity of seeking the Lord while he may be found.

But the difficulty is, that men when they become interested in any one truth, and perceive its wholesome influence, exaggerate it, and neglect all others, and carry it out to an extreme. So here. The doctrine of a judgment and retribution is solemn and excites awe and terror. But to make it *more* solemn, *more* awful, and *more* terrible, the Calvinist teaches that this judgment is a final one, that this retribution is an everlasting one, that there is no more hope after death of any return.

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But this is going beyond scripture. Scripture is satisfied with announcing a judgment and a retribution. But as every extreme produces a reaction, so in this case. Endeavor to make a solemn doctrine *more* solemn and *more* terrible, and you make it less so, because you diminish men's faith in it. The doctrine is so terrible that no one will believe it. Even he who utters it hardly believes, and does not assert it in the confident and earnest tones of assured conviction.

And besides this, every excessive and extreme doctrine excites hostility. Antagonists rise up against it on all sides. If you draw the human mind too far one way it will swing back to the other side. Thus in attempting to force the mind to believe in the terriffic doctrines of Calvin, it ran out into the other extreme and denied all punishment.

2. The doctrines of Universalism, however, have a grain of truth in them. If they had not they never would have succeeded as they do. For men do not adopt pure error. They adopt an error for the sake of some truth which it envelopes.

The truths of Universalism are, that God is the Universal Father—that he loves all his creatures with impartial love—that he regards none with displeasure—that he will neglect or pass over none. In the other world, if any one suffer, it will not be because God has doomed him to suffering—but because he has not chosen himself to make the exertion requisite. He will be as blessed as he is *capable* of being.

This doctrine is the truth of the Gospel—it is adapted to excite and encourage the fearful and desponding spirit. The love of God is one of the most powerful motives to influence the human heart. It leads the repentant prodigal back to his father. He says, "how many hired servants of his have bread enough and to spare."

But when the Universalist goes farther and argues that there will be *no* future punishment, because God is love, he takes a long step in the dark. His premises and conclusions are far apart. He might as well argue that there is *no present suffering*, because God is love. His argument proves too much. He says, "If there is future misery it is either because God will not or cannot prevent it, Will he not? Is he not love? Cannot he? Is he not omnipotent?" But this argument proves too much. It is just as strong to show that there is no such thing as suffering here. But we know there is. Therefore there may be suffering hereafter.

This doctrine then, of no future punishment, being an extreme doctrine, we may expect its effects to be bad. It casts away all those great and solemn motives which spring from the

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connection of this world with the next. Time is divorced from eternity in the mind of the Universalist. Our actions here have no sort of influence on our condition there. The only motives then which remain to influence the conduct are drawn from the retributions of the present world. But we know that under the influence of passion, appetite and evil habit, men continually brave these with their eyes open. The intemperate man will not throw down the cup, though he sees ruin, misery, and death, lying coiled at the bottom. The sensualist knows that he is destroying his health and life, but his raging passion will not listen to the voice of reason. If eternity has no connection with time, how many of these would say in their hearts—let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.

3. The doctrine of a restoration, again, is founded upon a very important truth. This is, that the object of all punishment is to restore and purify the sinner—that the punishments inflicted by God are not vindictive but fatherly. God is every where represented as a Father by Christ, and he argues from this paternal character of God, his conduct toward his children. "What man is there among you being a father, who, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?" So we might say—What man is there, being a wise and kind father, who would punish a child from a vindictive feeling, or with any other motive than to reform and save it? The parable of the Prodigal Son also teaches the disposition of God toward the sinner.

But the Restorationists go to an extreme when they argue, that because this is the purpose it must certainly be attained. This does not follow. It is the object of God's discipline *here*, to purify us and save us. But are all purified by it? It is his object to bring all men who listen to the Gospel to believe and obey it. But do all who hear believe and obey? How then can we certainly say that those who resist the invitations and love of God here, and harden their hearts, will not also harden themselves against his corrective discipline in the future world? In the future world, as in this, if man continues a moral being, he will be a free being—God will respect this freedom—he will not ever save him against his will. So awful is the privilege of being a free moral creature.

Now then, when the Restorationist asserts in an unqualified way, and teaches as a prominent doctrine, that all mankind will be ultimately restored, he too, in my opinion goes into an extreme. The impression then produced on the mind is a false and a bad one. It is, that we may go on making light of sin

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here and be saved hereafter, by an outward salvation, independent of our own struggles and our own repentance. We shrink from the effort and self-denial of repentance here, thinking that we shall be saved ultimately in some easier way. But we ought to remember, that if we put off this work of religion and obedience till eternity, that it will still have to be done, and that every delay makes it more difficult. If we have an opportunity of salvation given us in eternity, it is only an opportunity of doing what we are now refusing to do. God will never save us, in this world, or in the world to come, on any other conditions than the everlasting conditions of holiness, humility and faith.

In conclusion then, I will give a summary of my present opinions in regard to future punishment.

1. I believe with the Calvinist, that *now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation*—that there will be a judgment, and a distinction of the human race after death, and it becomes us to strive to enter into the straight gate and narrow way which leads to life.

But I do not believe that when this judgment is passed, all opportunity and power of return will be forever excluded. I do not believe in eternal punishment *for the sins of the present life.* If any being continues to be punished everlastingly, it will be because he perseveres forever in sin.

2. I believe with the Universalist, that God's love is impartial and universal—that he will not by any arbitrary election or determination close the gate of mercy against his creatures —but that in every nation, he that fears God and works righteousness shall be accepted of Him.

I believe also that the love and not the wrath of God is the great instrument of moving and saving the world—and that any who are religious merely in order to escape hell, can hardly have as yet any true religion in them.

But I do not believe with the Universalist, that love is the only motive. I think fear, though an inferior motive, is still necessary to us in our present weak, and sinful condition. "Perfect love," I believe, "will cast out fear," but our love is far from being perfect now. For myself, at least, I feel the necessity of keeping up a sense of danger always, and never feeling quite secure of heaven. And I find that even the apostle Paul did the same—for he feared lest when he had preached to others, he himself should become a castaway.

I do not believe with the Universalist, that all punishment and retribution is confined to this life. I think reason, obser-

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vation, and scripture, assure us that there is no perfect just retribution here. I therefore anticipate a future judgment and retribution.

3. Again, I believe with the Restorationists, that the *object* of future punishment is to reform, and of course that there is a possibility of repentance in the future world. But I cannot with them announce with confidence that all *will* surely be saved. I do not know but that those who have resisted God's light and love here, may resist it also there.

Finally, I believe that the scriptures do not speak with great decision and certainty as to the duration of future punishments. They announce every where a judgment after death. This is the great concern for us to attend to *now*—to prepare for that judgment. What may come after it—what may be brought to pass in the revolving ages of eternity, is not for us too anxiously to inquire into. The Judge of all the earth will *do right*, that is certain. Jesus rebuked the curiosity of the disciple who asked, "Lord! are there many that shall be saved?" by charging him to attend to his own salvation,—"Strive to enter in at the straight gate." It is remarkable that the ancient creeds say nothing about future punishment—the Apostles in their preaching preached a *judgment*, but went no farther. The 39 articles of the church of England, and of the Episcopal and Methodist churches of this country, say nothing upon the subject. We might infer from all this, that it is not essential to us to decide the question of the duration of Future Punishment. Still, I have not avoided the discussion, knowing that the minds of some of us were interested in it.

The question is sometimes asked, what do Unitarians generally believe on this subject? I answer.

1. No Unitarians, as far as I know, believe in the Calvinistic doctrine of an everlasting punishment *for the sins of this life*.

2. No Unitarians, as far as I know, believe in the Universalist doctrine of no future punishment.

3. Many Unitarians believe in an ultimate restoration of all mankind.

4. More Unitarians believe that the Bible teaches nothing definitely with regard to the duration of future punishment.

5. Some Unitarians believe in the annihilation of the finally impenitent.

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AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE NATCHEZ, OR DISTRICT OF NATCHEZ,

IN THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI; FROM 1763 TO 1798.

BY MANN BUTLER.

THE earliest information of THE NATCHEZ, or DISTRICT OF NATCHEZ, (as it was differently termed,) is furnished by the French. That spirited people, although behind the Spaniards and English, in the career of maritime discovery which so brilliantly marked the 15th century, soon made up for their backwardness. Early in the following century Canada was discovered, Quebec founded, and the great chain of northern lakes explored. In 1673, the party of Joliet and Marquette, set off from Michillimackinac, and revealed to Europeans the noble river which gives name to the state of Mississippi.* This discovery was soon followed by a succession of enterprises under La Salle, Iberville, and Bienville, which extended the occupation, and sometimes the settlements of France, along the Gulf of Mexico, from the Bay of St. Bernard's in the West, to the Mobile in the East. It was not however, till 1700, according to some French writers, that Fort Rosalie was built at Natchez; others represent it as still later, in 1719. This ancient memorial of the distinguished people who first explored these beautiful regions in the south west, is said to have been so named by Bienville, in compliment to Rosalie, Countess De Pontchartrain. An obscure trace of a part of this ancient fortification still survives, to leave a faint impression of the romantic changes of Mississippi fortune, from the dominion of France, Britain, and Spain, to the beneficent and enterprising rule of the great Republic of North America.

The Governor who founded this advanced fort in the interior of our continent, is said to have been very anxious to fix the seat of government of the province of Louisiana, on the mountain bluffs of Natchez. This brilliant destiny was, however, overruled in favor of the more commercial, though in all other respects, inferior position, of New Orleans. If beauty of site, lofty hills, in this generally low and flat region, fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate, could have overbalanced the temptations of wealth, Natchez would have become the seat of the French empire in the southwest. As it is, nature has lavished her choicest treasures to adorn and enrich this beautiful spot. A lofty bank, two hundred feet above the ordinary level of the

*Marquette's Journal. Butler's Ky.

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river, commanding a view of the most majestic stream of Western America, which sweeps far to the right and left, presents one of the most remarkable points in this region. Here, the French, with the taste characteristic of that polished people, established the seat of their government for the District of Natchez.

During the government of France, the divisions of the province of Louisiana, were Biloxi, Alebamos, Natchitoches, Yazoos, Wabash, and Natchez, with New Orleans. For French Louisiana extended to New France, or Canada. It is the district of Natchez, however, and principally while under the government of the British and Spaniards, that forms the subject of the present sketch.

What the country had been, under the French dominion, may well be inferred from its condition some years afterwards, when the British received possession of it from France, by virtue of negociated treaties at Paris in 1762 and 1763. True it is, that the cession was nominally made to Great Britain by France. As it was she who surrendered to Great Britain "the port and river of Mobile, and every thing on the left side of the Mississippi she possessed, or had a right to possess, except the island of New Orleans."* Still the virtual grantor was Spain, for whose benefit France alienated her province of Louisiana partly to Great Britain; and the residue to the Spanish government, as a compensation and exchange in its hands, for the British conquest of Havanna. Among the first acts of ownership exercised by Great Britain over this portion of her brilliant conquests obtained from the house of Bourbon, in the war of 1755, was the proclamation of 7th October, 1763. By this instrument, the country embraced by Appalachicola, the Gulf of Mexico, Lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, the Mississippi as far north as 31 deg., and a line due east to the Chatahooche, was erected into the government of West Florida.† This is the first appearance of the geographical term, West Florida, which had previously formed a part of Louisiana, and extended to the Perdido river. These British limits were, however, upon a representation of the Board of Trade to the King, extended to the Yazoos, or Yazoo north, and the east line above mentioned. This appears in the commission issued to Governor Chestor, 2d March, 1770.‡ By these official acts, the District of Natchez was, under the British government, established as a part of West Florida. But the country, sparsely settled, and surrounded by numerous tribes of Indians,

*Treaty of Paris, 1763. †Hall's Law Journal, 5 vol. 405; also Land Law U. S. ‡Idem 412.

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presents no brilliant picture at this period of its history. Long as the country had been in the occupation of the French, for more than seventy-eight years, their settlements, (as they did all over the West) merely dotted the country. Along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, up the rivers, at points remote and insulated, from Mobile, Biloxi, New Orleans, and Natchez, to Michillimackinac and Quebec, the French settlers composed only broken strings of population. Hunting, not agriculture, seems to have been the favorite employment of the people; and too often were the sons of France seduced by the romantic and perilous charms of savage life, from pursuing the sober but slow arts which conduct nations to the proud achievements of civilization, over the wilderness of nature. No Europeans have, to such an extent, and so happily, amalgamated with the natives of America, as the French. It is the key to the Indian attachment which is shown to them above all other foreigners. The earliest Indian alienation of the District of Natchez by treaty, that is known to the writer, is described in the following affidavit of a surveyor in the employment of the British government;* "the Natchez district is bounded to the westward by the river Mississippi, and extends from Loftus Cliff up the said river to the mouth of the Yazoo, the distance being 110 miles. The said District was purchased from the Choctaw nation by the British superintendent of Indian affairs, at a treaty held at Mobile, in May 1777, and the lines as above described were marked and surveyed by me in 1779." This description, it must be observed, contains no eastern boundary; the cession, however, is recognised by the same Indians, in a treaty concluded with our government at Hopewell, in 1786.

By this treaty the United States were authorized to retrace and mark the "old line of demarcation heretofore established by and between the officers of his Brittanic majesty and the Choctaw nation, which ran in a parallel direction with the Mississippi and eastward thereof." The Choctaws relinquished all right and title to the same from latitude 31 deg. north, to the Yazoo. This line is laid down upon the maps in our land offices, as about twenty miles east of the Mississippi. There are other Indian treaties of 1765, between the Creeks and the Choctaws with the British government; but they alienate lands on the sea coast, and do not affect the present subject. Such is the aspect of the District of Natchez presented by political regulations; its actual living condition, its manners, its domestic government and history must be found in other tes-

*See Land Law U. S. vol. 2. Appendix 1, p 275.

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timony. Fortunately for a curious posterity, such evidence is furnished by the memoranda of a settler, who, when a boy of eight years old arrived at Natchez, in September 1776.

Calvin Smith, now in his 70th year, enjoying the ample fruits of a life skilfully devoted to agriculture, has not been unmindful of the curiosity of his countrymen to learn the incidents of early Mississippi history. To the curious cares of this ancient settler, the reader is indebted for the following primitive picture of the Natchez District. The facts are unvarnished, the coloring as much so, the form alone has been changed. Where dates have been forgotten or unknown to Mr. Smith, the papers of William Dunbar, (better known by the marked courtesy of a republican people, as Sir William Dunbar,) have been resorted to. This gifted and scientific gentleman, after leaving Scotland in 1771 settled at Baton Rouge in 1776. The journal of his plantation from 1776, and an extensive correspondence, (all most liberally placed in the author's hands by Dr. William Dunbar,) offer a rich mine of south-western history, in its early British and Spanish days.

Mr. Smith was the son of a New England clergyman, who emigrated to Natchez in 1776. At that time, our annalist relates, that the town of Natchez consisted of ten log cabins, and two framed houses, all below the bluff. The bank of the river extended between three and four hundred yards to the edge of the water, at an ordinary stage. There were six or eight families, and four mercantile establishments, in a small way. The latter consisted of one Barber, his two nephews in one firm, Janes Willing was a second, Hanchett & Newman a third, and Broomart a fourth. At this time no settlement existed between Natchez and St. Catherine's creek. On the latter there were only twenty families settled. The site of the fort* was overgrown with forest trees which would have measured two and a half feet through. There were likewise several iron guns lying about, which were supposed to have been left by the French. The whole site of the present city of Natchez was, in 1776, a thick cane brake. The country settlements were quite sparse and scattered. Next to the settlement on St. Catherine's creek, (which has been previously mentioned,) there were on Second creek, about fifteen families scattered from its junction with the Homochitto for ten miles up the stream. At Ellis' Cliffs there was a solitary settler—Richard

*Variously named, by the French Rosalie, by the British Panmure, which is retained in the Spanish records now in the probate court at Natchez; and Carlos by the Spaniards, according to the recollection of an ancient and distinguished lady.

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Ellis; and his brother William was the only settler south of the Homochitto. He lived at the point of high land, between Buffalo creek and the Mississippi.

In the absence of county, township, and parish divisions, the different inhabited parts of the country were denominated settlements. Thus the Jersey settlement lay next south of the one upon Second Creek, on the northern side of the Homochitto, and contained ten families; Cole's Creek settlement embraced eight families; Petit Gulf, (now Rodney,) and Bayou Pierre settlements contained about six families; Black River settlement embraced six families: and but a solitary settler, by the name of John Watkins, lived at the Walnut Hills, now the flourishing city of Vicksburg. Thus seventy-eight families composed the white population of Mississippi, in so recent a period as 1776, none of whom were known to have removed to the country before 1772. Let us now extend our notice to the surrounding country.

The nearest white settlements out of the present state of Mississippi, to the Natchez, were at Point Coupee and Oppelousas, some eighty or a hundred miles distant, and on the opposite side of the Mississippi river. Natchitoches and Washitaw settlements were two hundred miles, and the Post of Arkansas, an old French settlement, was three hundred miles distant. No roads existed through the interior; there were paths to the Choctaw towns, and thence to the Tennessee; there was likewise a trace to Pensacola. The latter, during the British dominion, formed the seat of government for West Florida; of which Mississippi, it will be recollected, constituted a part. The government was as simple as the people were plain in their manners; their wants were great, but the means of gratifying them few. The only court in the Natchez was held by the Commandant, who acted as Judge; two assistants, a clerk and sheriff, completed the simple government, whose decrees a small garrison enforced. The jurisdiction of this court extended, in civil cases, to suits involving sums less than $100, and in criminal cases only embraced slaves. An appeal lay from the Commandant to the Governor at Pensacola. The condition of the settlers was poor and embarrassing. The stock of the farmers consisted of horses, cattle, and a few sheep, but scarcely any hogs; slaves were few, and sometimes obtained from the West Indies, as the country advanced in prosperity. Trade had scarcely penetrated the country with the inspiring energies which a good market for the produce of labor never fails to effect. Peltries were the principal article of traffic, and they were obtained from the northern territories,

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In 1778 the British merchants did encourage the production of tobacco; but with the government of their nation, the patronage was withdrawn for a long and dreary interval. At this period of Mississippi history, it may be gratifying to contrast it with the condition of the hardy and vigorous commonwealths which now flourish upon the waters of the Ohio and the Upper Mississippi. Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee, were then portions of the great Indian wilderness that constituted the wide domain and productive park, which was roamed over by the sparse tribes of the red man. A few scattered and insignificant French villages existed at the Arkansas Post, St. Genevieve, St. Louis, Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Vincennes, Michillimakinac, and Detroit. The white man did not possess a foot hold beyond these feeble points, within the first five of the above states. In Ohio, he had no possession; in Kentucky he was limited to a few stations containing 102 fighting men in 1777. In Tennessee, now possessing a population about equal to that of Kentucky, the white settlements were confined to a few stations on Cumberland and Holston. Yet the population of those regions amounted by the census of 1830 to 3,010,702. If the average ratio of annual increase at '33* for eight years be added to the above, say 25 per cent for that time, the above total of population will become 3,763,377. What a contrast to the solitude of the wilderness! the barbarity, the savage state of the Indian! Such are some of the conquests over barbarousness effected by the indomitable enterprise of American freemen. There were some circumstances favorable to the prosperity of the American colonists in Mississippi, which, however superior their unshackled energies were in other respects, were not enjoyed by our countrymen in the north-west. The Indian nations in the south-west, either originally less warlike than the northern tribes, or exposed more directly, and for a longer time, to the arts and the arms of the whites, were comparatively harmless and pacific; offering little if any obstruction to the settlers, and frequently affording them an asylum from the vengeance or the justice of the Spanish government. "The Spaniards would as soon go to H**l," said Man to Fulsome, when meditating the Natchez insurrection of 1779, as demand us from the Choctaws. The latter tribe have been immemorially distinguished for their aversion to shed the blood of the whites. The contrast of northern settlement is deeply marked in a war of twenty years, characterised by every feature of ferocious and

*American Almanac, for 1832. p 162.

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blood thirsty warfare. It raged from 1774 to 1794, the date of Wayne's battle of the Maumee. The country was contested by inches, and won by blood. In fact the white man, without his disposition for agricultural labor, and consequent superior rate of population, could not have conquered the Indian. The success of the latter is to be attributed to his industry and fecundity, much more than to his superior art or valor. It is, however, to be observed, that had not the Indians been furnished with arms and ammunition by their British allies, the contest in the western region of North America would have been as hopeless, as it has proved over the rest of the world, between the civilized and barbarous races of man. At the period when our materials begin, the American revolution had just broken out. The first effects of this brilliant era of American history upon these remote settlements were the visits of Cols. Gibson and Linn, in 1776 from Fort Pitt to New Orleans to procure military stores for the defence of the American forts on the Ohio. This mission was eminently successful, owing to the friendship of the Spanish government.* It was followed by that expedition of Major David Rogers in 1778 for the same purpose, which after reaching the neighborhood of Cincinnati terminated most fatally.† Towards the latter end of February, 1778, James Willing, formerly of Philadelphia, and who was one of the merchants found by Smith at Natchez, was despatched by the old Congress to New Orleans, on a similar commission to that of Gibson, Linn and Rogers. This person had lived some time in the country, a fellow subject with the planters on the coast, as the banks of the Mississippi are familiary termed by the French. He had shared liberally in the hospitalities which have ever distinguished a country sparsely settled, and particularly in southern regions. He had feasted at the tables, and had drank the wine of the river planters, as a boon companion and friend. Who could have been less an object of apprehension as a military visiter through a region in profound peace? and which required, nay justified, no hostilities against its peaceable settlers. Yet, to the disgrace of the American commission which Capt. Willing bore, on his arrival, he plundered the inoffensive inhabitants holding no hostile attitude—seizing their slaves, shooting their stock, and firing their buildings, from Natchez to Maushac. To these enormities, justified by no laws of war, and uncalled for by his commission, Capt. Willing added the violation of his own protections given to the friends of the United States. On landing

*See Butler's Ky. 2d edition, p 155. †Idem ante p 104.

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at Natchez, Willing, to the surprise of the inhabitants, unfurled the American flag, and claimed to take possession of West Florida. In a short time he had apprehended all persons who had any thing worth plundering, and who were reported to be unfriendly to the cause of the United States, in other words were royalists, or in revolutionary phrase—tories. He seized their slaves, plate, and all kinds of goods. Isaac Johnson, Col. Hutchens, the Alstons, Hiram Stewart, and Alexander McIntosh, were almost stripped of every moveable that was of any value. There were upwards of a hundred negroes, with other valuable articles, plundered by this band of robbers. The plundered people were then compelled to take an oath not to bear arms against the United States, and were dismissed to their naked homes. After Willing had got his fill of plunder at Natchez, he set off for New Orleans, taking Reuben Harrison along with some more recruits. On this voyage, the planters on the coast, as far as Maushac, which terminated the British territory, fared still worse than those of Natchez. Wm. Dunbar, (and a few of his friends who availed themselves of his sagacious advice,) saved their slaves by conveying them over to the Spanish side of the Mississippi. When the party had arrived at New Orleans, the plunderers who had come from Pennsylvania, were unwilling to share with the recruits, the booty they had picked up at Natchez. These new partners in depredation, to the number of thirty or forty, were sent back under Reuben Harrison, now become a Lieutenant, to collect what Willing had spared. This new scheme of plunder was somehow conveyed to Natchez, where the wronged inhabitants proved less tame than the predatory gang may have expected. The people of Natchez, under Hutchins, Bloomart, McIntosh, and Percy, assembled at Ellis' landing. Here an engagement took place between the Natchez settlers and Harrison's party; in which the leader and five or six of his men were killed by the planters in arms. This was the first battle fought in the country between white men, after the establishment of the British government.

Orders now came from Governor Chester, at Pensacola, to fit up Fort Panmure; and Col. Magellan was sent to raise a batallion of four companies. These were given to the command of Cols. Lyman, Bloomart, Bingaman, and McIntosh. These troops were soon ordered to Baton Rouge, with the increasing prospect of a Spanish war. The place of this military force was filled by a Capt. Foster, with a hundred men, who took full possession of the country.

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On the 16th June, 1779, war was declared by Spain against Great Britain. This was the signal to the colonial officers of Spain, in Louisiana, to retrieve, if possible, the bad fortune which had so eminently attended the military efforts of the French, as well as the Spanish branch of the house of Bourbon, in the war of 1755. Fortunately for Spain, Joseph De Galvez, a most enterprising officer, was at this time Governor of Louisiana. This active commander, early in the fall of 1779, successfully directed an expedition against the British fort Bute, on the Mauschac; and on the 21st of September, he likewise captured a more considerable fort at Baton Rouge, commanded by a Col. Dixon. It is said, however, that the bad state of the defences aided the efforts of the Spaniards in no inconsiderable degree. By the capitulation of Baton Rouge all the British possessions, embracing Fort Panmure at Natchez, a fort on Amite river, and another on Thompson's creek, on the Mississippi, were ceded to Spain: and she once more re-occupied the labors of De Soto, in his brilliant and unrivalled enterprise through the barbarous forests and swamps of Mississippi. Such an extension of the capitulation, and indeed the whole defence of Baton Rouge, greatly surprised the shrewd and bold planters of Natchez. At this point, the British had great resources both in the settlers and the Indians, upon which Col. Dixon might have confidently fell back. These interior means seem to have been unknown or disregarded by the British officer. It was no doubt favorable to the humanity of the warfare, that the Indians were not introduced into the tragedy of war, always full enough of horrors, but never so much so, as when such murderous savages as the North American Indians are made its actors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BADLY GOVERNED COUNTRY.

This land I compare to an anvil, the ruler again to the hammer,
The people themselves to the tin, bent and beaten between.
But woe to the wretched tin, if the blows fall only at random,
Striking it hither and thither, and the kettle never is finished.

GOETHE.

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INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

NO. I.

We propose in the present, and some future numbers to consider the inspiration of our Sacred Writings. And we fervently pray that in pursuing our inquiries, we may be guided by the enlightening influences of the spirit which our Divine Master promised should lead his followers into truth.

What is inspiration? We understand by this term as applied to theology, an influence exerted by God, upon the human mind, by which an individual is made to perceive truths, which before he was ignorant of, or concerning which he was only partially informed.

Are our sacred writings in this sense inspired? We may give clearness to our ideas by dividing these writings into several classes. We shall do this; and consider the question of inspiration in each division. These classes of writings are Histories, Miscellanies, Prophecies, and Doctrines. At present we will confine ourselves to the first class.

The writers of the histories of the Old and New Testament, were well informed and pious men, who wrote or compiled them to illustrate the providence which God exercised over his people; to inform future generations of the facts on which their faith is founded, and to transmit to succeeding times the doctrines and precepts which God "in sundry times and in divers manners" had communicated to the Jewish and Christian church by the Prophets, his Son, and the Apostles.

Unless they claim to have been inspired, as writers of these histories, especially if we can trace their information to other sources, we think we are not bound to ascribe to them such authority. By so doing we should sanction a principle that would lead to the wildest extreme of error and fanaticism.

Now, the writers of the historical books lay no claims to inspiration; and we perceive no difficulty in tracing the probable sources of their information. They could compile their narratives from records, or traditions extant, and deemed authentic at the time they wrote; or they received their information from competent persons who themselves had seen the transactions; or related facts of which they personally had been eye-witnesses. The book of Genesis was probably compiled from traditional authority, from records existing at the time, or from inscriptions on public monuments. The succeeding four books of the Pentateuch, written by Moses, contain the history of his own times, with the transactions of which he was fami-

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liar. The remaining historical books of the Old Testament were written by individuals who composed memoirs of their own times, by those who derived their materials from these memoirs, or from genealogies and public registers to which any individual might have had access. In either case it is unnecessary to suppose that the writers were divinely inspired. Their work was simply to relate what they had personally witnessed; or to copy the well authenticated pages of individual memoirs, or of the national and public records.

Neither did the Evangelists, or Apostles, need supernatural assistance to enable them to relate the history of their own times, or of occurrences in which themselves bore a part. The Gospels do not claim that their authors were inspired, but intimate the contrary. Luke, in the preface to his Gospel, declares as a reason for compiling his history, not that he was irresistibly impelled by a divine afflatus, but that many persons having undertaken to set forth a narration of those things, which those who were eye-witnesses had declared; "it seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write." He here virtually declares, that his only motive for writing, was to establish the certainty of the facts which had been stated by others who had professed to have witnessed them; and that his only reliance was upon his own understanding, or personal knowledge of the circumstances concerning which he wrote.

If the "beloved physician" composed his gospel without immediate inspiration, what necessity is there for supposing the other writers of the gospel histories were inspired?

There are some circumstances connected with the histories of the Evangelists which show that they did not write under the influence of immediate inspiration.

They allude to time and circumstances indefinitely, obviously because they were ignorant of the precise circumstances concerning which they wrote. Thus Mary is said to have abode with Elizabeth *about* three months. And Jesus himself began to be *about* thirty years of age. The narrative says in relation to the miraculous supply of loaves and fishes, so the men sat down in number *about* five thousand. And even in the account of the crucifixion the precise time is not stated, but it was *about* the sixth hour. These circumstances show, that the history was not dictated by the Holy Spirit, for then the time and number would have been precisely stated.

There are also discrepancies in the gospel histories which show that the writers relied on their memories for many of their facts; and that they sometimes deceived them. The gen-

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ealogy of Christ presented by Luke, is different from that by Matthew. The sermon on the mount is differently reported by the Evangelists. Matthew says, that Judas repenting of his treachery threw the money into the Temple and went away and hanged himself: while the writer of the Acts represents Peter as saying, that after purchasing a field with the reward of iniquity, he fell headlong and burst asunder in the midst. Several other differences might be mentioned. Now it is obvious that if the authors of these histories, had written under the immediate dictation of the Spirit, there would not have been these discrepancies.

We arrive then at this conclusion, that the sacred historians were not inspired in composing their narratives; but wrote from their own personal knowledge, or from information otherwise derived from human sources. H. E.

Meadville.

NO. II.

THERE are several others besides the historical books, contained in the Old Testament, which we suppose were not inspired. Such are the Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and Job. The Proverbs are a collection of apothegms, some of which are not of suitable dignity to be objects of divine revelation. The Song of Solomon is an eclogue, resembling the pastoral poems of the Greeks and Latins. Job is a moral poem. These books were probably included in the collection of sacred writings in the late days of the Jewish church. After their return from the great captivity, the Jews collected together the fragments that remained of their ancient books. This collection formed a national library, and comprised their literature. They did not pretend, however, that all these books were inspired; but divided them into three classes, the Law, the Prophets, and the Chetoubim, or simply *writings*. These last comprised the historical books, and those now mentioned. The latter they did not regard as inspired like the others.

This division of the sacred writers was acknowledged by Josephus, and was alluded to by our Lord, when speaking to his disciples concerning his sufferings after his resurrection. "These are the words that I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms concerning me." The general appellation "Psalms," was given to the inferior or uninspired writings. These comprised

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many beautiful hymns, uttered on particular occasions by pious persons in praise of God. Such was the triumphant song of Moses and Miriam after passing the Red Sea; the hymn of Deborah after the defeat of Sisera; the song of Mary, of Zachariah, and of Simeon and Anna, at the birth and first presentation of Jesus in the temple. They were spontaneous effusions of pious thanksgiving; and such as any person filled with a devout spirit, and indued with a poetic imagination, could utter.

We now come to the Prophecies. The idea of prophecy suggests that of a divine revelation. These we therefore conceive must necessarily have been inspired. To what degree were they inspired? Did inspiration communicate language, or only ideas?

If inspiration extended to language, we should expect to find uniformity of style. There would be an homophony between each individual. But this is not the reality. We perceive in the prophetic writings a variety in style, characteristic of the different habits of the writers. Isaiah was from a noble family and his associates were among the intelligent orders of the nation; and we find in his writings purity and elegance of diction; while Amos, who was a herdsman, or keeper of sheep, although sublime, is less pure and elegant. His illustrations are generally drawn from pastoral life; while those of Isaiah are taken from natural events and general history. Because a shepherd knew nothing more terrible, the former compared the anger of God to a fierce Lion; while the other conversant with the history of nations, and the desolations of war, compares the same thing to the devastation caused by a mighty army. The same distinction might be traced between each of the prophetic writings. We cannot then suppose that the words which the prophets employed were dictated by God.

Prophetical suggestions were communicated to the minds of the prophets in several forms. One method of communicating the divine will was by inward suggestion. This however, implies no more than a communication of ideas with permission to express them correctly, naturally, and forcibly, by the ordinary symbols of thought, and in accordance with the individual's usual habits of speaking.

Another means by which God communicated his will, was by oral sound. Such was the method adopted in communicating the law on Mount Sinai. Communications were also made to Isaiah and other prophets in this manner. The prophets in these instances were inspired in the same sense as in the preceding. The original communication was an immediate

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divine revelation; but the individual to whom it was addressed was permitted to communicate it to the people, and of course it is so transmitted to us, in his own language.

We accordingly find that Moses, narrating the circumstances which occurred on the mount, uses various expressions on different occasions. In Exodus he represents God as having said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and in Deuteronomy, "Keep the Sabbath day holy." The command that beasts shall rest on the Sabbath, in Exodus is thus communicated, "Thou shalt not do ány work, thou nor thy cattle." In Deuteronomy, the expression is, "nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle." Here is such an amplification as one would feel at liberty to use, who had the substance of an injunction to utter, but was left to his own discretion in the manner of communicating it.

The reason assigned for keeping the Sabbath day, in Exodus, is drawn from the creation of the world in six days, and the subsequent period of rest; while the reason assigned in Deuteronomy is drawn from the delivery of the Israelites from the slavery of Egypt, and the subsequent accomplishment of their freedom. We suppose that Moses was commissioned to announce the law, that the Sabbath should be observed by man and beast as a day of rest; and that the reasons he assigned for the promulgation of the law were his own.

These circumstances are incompatible with a verbal inspiration. They show that the prophet was left to his own judgment as to the precise words in which he should deliver and illustrate the commands he had received from God.

Communications were also made to the prophets by means of visions, or dreams. These were of so remarkable a character, that they would make a strong impression on the mind of the prophet. Of course he could relate the vision without miraculous aid.

Our conclusion then, respecting the inspiration of the prophecies is, that inspiration suggested the sense and left the individual to communicate it in his own language.

H. E.

Meadville.

[We do not entirely agree with our friend in this view of the Inspiration of the Bible. We shall make some comments upon it in the Record.—Ed.]

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ST. MALO.

[SELECTED.]

I.

WHAT love I upon earth,
Like my own romantic vale,
And my mother's cot, where mirth
Inspires each passing tale—
Where the woodbine and the wild roses grow,
White sea sand strews the floor,
And the moss seat by the door,
Is the refuge of thy poor,
St. Malo!

II.

"Come, tell me good Pierre,
Wilt follow glory's call,
And the ocean billows dare?"
Said the portly admiral,
As he pointed to the King's ready fleet;
"Can thy mother's cot, though fair,
With my three decker compare?
A thousand true hearts there
Boldly beat!"

III.

"After years of storm and strife,
A great admiral, like me,
Thou'lt become, and yield thy life
On the thunder-rolling sea,
'Mong the brave, whose battle cry is thy name!"
"Brave admiral, said I,
Here, here, I'll live and die,
In my happy vale, nor sigh
After fame."

IV.

"Instead of growing grey
Without glory tamely here,
Thou wilt fall on battle-day
Amid victory's career,
And thy meed shall be the tears of the brave!"
"No, here I'll live and die,"
Was still my proud reply;
"Soft shall smile my native sky
On my grave!"

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v.

"The dread, rapacious shark,
Is the sailor's living tomb;
Or in caverns deep and dark,
Where the sea snake coils in gloom,
His corse—gashed with wounds, is rudely torn:
But our gentle village bell
Shall toll my funeral knell;
On my grave the meek hare-bell
Shall be born."

VI.

"Will nothing tempt thee, then,
From thy drowsy vale, my boy?
Nor the glories of the main,
Nor the the summer isles of joy,
Which the sailor and the sea fairies know?"
"Can I bear my cottage home,
Or our church yard o'er the foam?
No! ne'er from thee I'll roam,
St Malo!

From the Christian Register.

EARLY PIETY.

It is one of the most delightful characteristics of the Christian faith, as well as one of the most striking evidences of its divine origin, that its pure doctrines are usually so readily and earnestly embraced by the unsophisticated mind of childhood. It has been our happiness—as it must have been the joy of every teacher of our religion—to observe frequent instances of sincere and elevated piety amongst the young of our charge. We have seen little children, who, in life and death, were models to the most experienced disciples. We have heard the babe in Christ, upon whose joyous path of life the blossoms of only seven springs had fallen, discourse of Heaven, of the love of God, and of the meeting beyond the grave, as she lay on her bed of pain, waiting for the messenger that was to bear her home, with a truth, simplicity, composure and assurance of faith that filled us with admiration and reverence. We have heard a little child pray for her friends, and repeat religious counsels to her sisters and young companions, and tell of her sweet hope in Christ, when her eyes could no longer distinctly see, nor her ears hear the things of earth, but all her sense seemed ravished by the things of Heaven. And we have seen others, of the like tender age and precious faith, full of fresh

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health, dancing along the happy valleys of infancy with such an innocence of intent and deed, that it seemed as if every pulse of their moral nature kept time to the suggestions of the Perfect Will.

Such instances as these are familiar to every one who is extensively conversant with the youthful mind: and furnish them with the loveliest commentaries upon the holy religion of Jesus, as well as with the most impressive admonitions to purity of heart and a heavenly life.

We are confident that examples of early piety are, to say the least, quite as frequent amongst the children who are instructed according to the principles of Liberal Christians, as amongst those of any other denomination. Indeed, it does appear to us evident, that the views which we aim to teach of God and Christ and the way of salvation, are peculiarly adapted to interest and impress the infant mind, and to develope rapidly and harmoniously the religious nature of the young.

Amongst the many proofs of the truth of this opinion which have come to our knowledge, one of the most remarkable, is the case of the young lad whose death was briefly noticed in a late number of the Register, Edward C. Upham, the eldest son of Rev. C. W. Upham of Salem, who died on the first day of the present month, aged eleven years. We have seldom if ever been acquainted with any young character that was more amiable, elevated and devout than his. It was formed entirely upon the unadulterated principles of the Christian faith as it is held by Unitarians, whose power and beauty it conspicuously and touchingly manifested and realized.

For the benefit of our readers, and especially the younger portion of them, we make several extracts from a brief and affecting sketch of his character written by his father, not with a view to publication, but for the perusal of his friends and acquaintances.

We had, by permission, partially prepared a more elaborate memoir of this child, from materials furnished by his parents and friends, to be published in the form of a tract, but have thought proper to relinquish the undertaking—at least for the present.

Edward Chandler Upham was eleven years of age, on the first of March, 1838. His disease was consumption. He first kept house, Feb. 8th, 1838. He was confined to his chamber, March 11th. He died July 1st, 1838, at 2 o'clock, A. M.

On Wednesday evening, March 21st, his father being absent at Gloucester, his mother spent the evening and night alone with him. After having put him to bed, she remained

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sitting near him, at her work-table. She noticed that he continued awake for some time, and inquired of him if he had said his prayers; he replied that he had not, as he preferred to have his prayers the last thoughts before falling asleep. As she was desirous of ascertaining how he regarded his sickness, and whether he had taken a serious view of it, and as he appeared to be in a state favorable to conversation on the subject, she suggested to him the propriety of adding to his usual prayers a particular petition that his health might be restored. He expressed a doubt whether it would be proper for him to do so. She again assured him that she thought it would be right for him to pray for restoration to health. He said that he liked the Lord's Prayer best, that it was the very best of prayers, that he prayed for all he wanted when he said, "Give us this day our daily bread," and "thy will be done;" that if, while he lived, he was provided for, and taken care of, it was enough; that he should not like to pray that he might get well, for perhaps it was the will of God that he should die, and if so, he ought not to desire to get well, and did not desire it. His mother then said, for my sake, Edward, you should wish to get well. He replied, "if it is God's will, mother, you ought to be willing to bear the pain of parting with me; but I do not know, he continued, whether you will have the strength of mind to bear it that I have."

His mother then reminded him of those she had already lost and appealed to him whether she had not borne the trial with firmness; he readily acknowledged that she had. He then again proceeded to discourse to her in reference to his duty on the point she had suggested to him of praying for recovery. He told her that he ought to love God better even than her or any one else—that nothing but the thought that it was the will of God, reconciled him to painful applications—such as a plaster that had been placed over the diseased part of his lungs —and in that way he had made up his mind to submit to another, if ordered by the physician.

It is proper here to mention, that about a week before this conversation took place, he had at one time endured great agony from the anticipation of a painful application of this sort, and in his distress of mind he prayed for strength and fortitude to bear it, and shortly afterwards expressed his conviction that God had heard, and by a special influence, answered his prayer, as he experienced an entire change of feeling, and was reconciled, and perfectly willing to endure the application.

To return to his conversation with his mother. He spoke of death—of the resurrection, and the future state—of meeting his dear brother John and sister Mary, and others who had

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gone before him there. He here alluded to a sermon he had heard his father preach one afternoon when he went with him to Beverly, which, as he expressed himself, had given him entire satisfaction on these points.

This sermon, of which he had spoken once before to his mother, but never at that time to his father, was from the text, 2 Tim. i, 30. "Who hath abolished death." Its object was to show how the doctrines of the Gospel strip death of all its terrors. The time of hearing it at Beverly, was November 27th, 1836. The account he gave of it to his mother, was found upon looking it over, to be very full and correct.

Proceeding in his conversation with his mother, he spoke of his love of God, and of his desire to do what was pleasing in his sight, and to correct all that was wrong in his habits and character. He also expressed, in the most affectionate terms, his lively gratitude for all that had been taught him about God.

During the whole conversation, of which the above is but a very imperfect sketch, and which lasted an hour or more, he was calm, gentle, tender, affectionate, and in every respect most interesting. The state of mind and heart he then disclosed, was all that could be desired in the most experienced Christian, and left no room to doubt his preparation for death. His mother was seated on the side of his trundle-bed, and he held her by the hand while he talked. She was, of course, much affected by the mingled feelings of delight and grief which his sentiments and condition awakened. Perceiving this, and thinking she might be too much overcome, he brought the conversation to a close, with these words: "Now, mother, you had better go and take your work, and get rid of these thoughts." They interchanged kisses, and in a moment he was quietly asleep. His mother made some minutes of the conversation, a day or two after, from which the foregoing account has been drawn up.

When his father returned the next morning from Gloucester, he requested him, with great earnestness, to procure for him immediately, a copy of the New Testament, so small and light that he could hold it before him, and if possible, at the same time, of a type so large, that he might read it without much difficulty. The strength of his arms, and the clearness of his vision, had already become somewhat impaired. His wishes were complied with. The volume was cherished by him with a peculiar interest, and supplied him with the means of invigorating and deepening the principles of christian faith and hope which he had so affectingly and deliberately professed.

He occasionally alluded to this conversation. Within a few days of his death, he distinctly re-affirmed all the sentiments

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contained in it, and at all times manifested the same patient, resigned, and delightful frame of mind. His parents could neither desire nor imagine a purer or holier state of the affections and sentiments than he maintained through his whole sickness, as he had indeed, through his whole life. His good sense was as striking as the tenderness and benignity of his heart. He studiously endeavored to make his sick chamber as pleasant a scene as possible to his friends, and to himself, and for that reason did not often allude to his own condition. He feared that his mother, being in delicate health, would not be able to bear the effect of frequent conversations on the subject, exposed as she was to exhaustion in watching over him. His father did not feel it to be necessary, or even desirable, to put him to the trial of a repetition of the sentiments which he had so fully and satisfactorily expressed. The subject, for these reasons, was never obtruded upon him; but he continued to the end, in precisely that state of the affections and thoughts, in which a human soul, as his parents believe, is best fitted to appear before its Maker and Judge. In a variety of incidental and most affecting methods, he expressed throughout serene and holy faith and patience, sincere gratitude for the kindness of his friends, and tender and profound love and duty to his parents.

The last trial to which his principles were put, was a separation from his mother. During his whole sickness, she had constantly watched over him, and no other person had moved or lifted him. Towards night, on Thursday, June 28th, after putting him into bed, she informed him that the hour had come, when, as she had some time before explained to him, it would be necessary for her to be removed from him, and asked him whether he was willing to give her up, and allow others to take her place. In the sweetest and most resigned spirit of acquiescence, he expressed his full and free consent. Neither at the moment of parting, nor during the night, did he utter a murmur or a sigh. When he had given this evidence of entire submission to the will of God, the design of his moral discipline was accomplished. In resigning his mother, he met the greatest trial to which it was possible to subject him. When that trial was passed, he seemed to lay down the cross he had been called to bear.

The next morning, upon being informed that his mother was comfortable, and that a little brother had been added to the family, he said, "I am very glad." These were the last intelligent words he uttered. His senses immediately began to fail, and very gradually he sunk to rest.

The religious principles which sustained him so entirely during his sickness, and in the approach of death, were not the

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result of weakness, nor of the excitement sometimes thought to be produced by the circumstances of a sick chamber, and a death bed.

When he first kept kept from school, it was supposed by his parents that he was suffering from an ordinary cold or catarrh; neither he nor they had the slightest apprehension or anxiety in reference to his case. At this time, he amused himself by keeping a diary of the little events of each day, of the visits and the presents he received from his friends, of the prescriptions of the physician, and of whatever interested him. In this diary he records also the faults he committed, which show, in the character of them, the tenderness and accuracy of his conscience. At the end of the week he had these "Reflections:"

"In the above week I have committed many sins, which I trust God will forgive. To-morrow I am eleven years old, and must try to improve this next year, by trying to be good and make others happy."

At the end of this diary he has inscribed an image of THE CROSS, very neatly and carefully delineated. At this time he thought he was fast getting well. Almost every day we find it recorded that he "feels better," and the last words of the diary are, "feel well." This was a private document, which he did not show to any one, and affords conclusive evidence that the sentiments he uttered in his sickness were not then first adopted, but had long been deeply rooted in his heart.

His parents and friends indeed, well know, that from an infant he was innocent, conscientious and devout.

The first lesson ever taught him at school, was the first verse of the fifth chapter of Ephesians: "Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children." On this sentiment his character was formed. He was truly a "follower of God." His mind and heart were entirely subject to the divine will.

The religious character of this child was not owing to any morbid peculiarity of temperament. He was as playful, as active, and as happy as other children. In his sickness, he declared that he did not agree with those who disparaged this world; that he thought it a delightful world; that he had always been happy in it, and doubted not that he should always continue to be happy, were his life spared. His case is therefore worthy of being noticed, as proving that the pure principles of religious faith, and the sentiments of christian piety and love, so far from being repulsive to the natural and unsophisticated mind of childhood, find there the readiest reception, are perfectly adapted to its powers and wants, and instead of diminishing or restraining, tend to develope and multiply, to refine and expand its capacities of happiness and joy.

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GOD MANIFEST IN CHRIST.

It is a remarkable fact, that while the popular theology asserts the *equality* of Christ with the Father, it subverts their *unity*. The Father is described as a being frowning with inexorable eye on the sins of his creatures—most regardful of his glory, (as if it hung on the breath of his creatures,)—incapable of forgiving till the debt of justice is paid; while the Son is described as a being of unbounded love and compassion. Almost in the language we have heard from the pulpit—the Father frowning with wrath, stands on the battlements of the universe, to hurl the arrows of his vengeance at his sinful creatures; while the Son with compassionate and imploring look, rushes in between and receives the fiery arrows in his own heart and quenches them in his own blood. Can two beings be more unlike? Is it not singular that they who thus speak, should condemn Unitarians for not believing that the Father and Son are the same being?

Unitarians receive the doctrine of the unity of Christ and God, in a far truer and higher sense than their orthodox brethren. How stand opinions on this subject? Trinitarians seem to have considered almost solely, the *nature* of Christ. In this they assert him to be equal to the Father. While, if their words are to be understood to represent their opinions, they reject their moral unity. On the other hand, Unitarians believe in the likeness of Father and Son, (not equality,) in nature; and in the unity of character. This unity—a moral unity—is the highest and most important.

God manifests himself through Christ. Especially He is His moral manifestation. As the wisdom and power of God shine out through the works and laws of nature, so his moral attributes shine out through his Son. This truth so often repeated in one form or another in the New Testament, we deem to be one of the most important truths in Christianity. As such, we shall consider now at length, why it was needful that God should thus manifest himself.

The fundamental thing in all religions is the character of the Deity. It is so because His character determines every doctrine, and duty, and hope, down to the minutest in that religion. The religious system is but a development of that character into particulars, showing what the Deity does and what he requires. But how are we to learn what is the character of God? It may be said, from the Bible. He is there called just,

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beneficent, holy, But how do we know what justice and beneficence are? From our own hearts. Within us are certain sentiments to which we give the names justice and beneficence. These sentiments carried out to infinity we ascribe to Deity. Thus we see the Deity through ourselves. We make our own hearts—our moral sentiments, too often perverted—the interpreters of the character of God. It has been so throughout the world. As have been the people, so have been the Gods of the people. In voluptuous Greece and Asia Minor, the Gods were voluptuaries. In the warlike fastnesses of Scandinavia, the Gods were sanguinary and vindictive. If religious faith has always reacted to modify and form the character of the people, the character of the people has first done much to determine the faith. As it is with nations, so is it often with individuals. The gentle, sympathetic, and kind hearted, are likely to see in God only a being of love and compassion. The hard and austere are apt to view Him as an unrelenting sovereign, exacting rigorously, punishing without mercy. The arrogant man, flattered by other men's homage and demanding it as his right, will probably view God as one who thinks chiefly of his own glory, and demands even the bended knee and shouts of hosanna. Each man, unaided, sees the Deity through the distorting medium of his own passions. All, alike, so far as words go, call the Deity good and just; but each individual's notions of what is good and what just—and therefore of God—are warped and colored by his own passions and disposition.

How is this evil to be remedied? The Deity has provided a remedy, practically sufficient, did we but use it. It consists in revealing his character through the character of the Saviour. He manifests himself in a way intelligible to our sympathies; in a way that does not render it necessary that we should have wisdom or a vigorous intellect to understand it, but only that we should have human sympathies. Mere descriptions of the character of God in words, must always be vapor and convey very imperfect ideas. To have just notions of his character, it is almost absolutely necessary that we should see it revealed through character. We understand it when we see it, as in Christ, living—manifested in a living being—acted out in all the trials of life. In order that we might thus understand it, God in mercy to our wants, sent his Son into the world, not a mere prophet, but the image of Himself.

Would you know what the justice and mercy of God are? Go not for an answer to books of divinity, but go to the Saviour and see what they are. Approach him as he stands in the

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synagogue—by the wayside—in the temple, and hear his words of condemnation as he addresses the unjust, the sinful, the hypocrite, who have been warned and shown their guilt, and are yet incorrigible; and behold the image of the just judgment of God. Would you know what the mercy of God is? Go and hear the words of the same Jesus. No guilt is too deep for forgiveness, if it be heartily repented of. The angels of heaven rejoice over one sinner that repents. Come unto me, ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give rest to your souls. The very thief on the cross, if his soul be filled with a true repentance, shall be with him in Paradise.

Would you know the beneficence of God? Follow the footsteps of Jesus as he goes, an angel of mercy, through the ways of Galilee and Judea. Nothing is too humble for his beneficence to reach. Through the noise of a crowd, a feeble voice cries: Son of David have mercy on me! The crowd would press the poor blind man away; but Jesus has heard the voice which men despise. He approaches him and touches his eyes, and the blind man shall look on the faces of kindred and friend. He unstops the ears of the deaf, and they who pined in silent separation from their race, shall hear the sweet tones of human voices. Where does he pause in his journeyings? By the side of the poor cripple, whom men had suffered to linger life out, rather than aid him into the healing fountain—with the wretched maniacs exiled to the tombs—with the miserable lepers, at whose approach men shrink away, and the cry arose, unclean! unclean!! His hand is on the bier of the widow's son at the gates of Nain. At the grave of Lazarus he weeps for the sufferings of others, who ever forget his own. Wherever he goes it is the same. His very path as he travelled, might be traced by the sick healed, by mourners consoled, by suffering relieved. His mere presence was a blessing. A benign power went out from him that blessed her, who in her humility, but ventured, unwitnessed, to touch the hem of his garments.

In these things let the Christian see the image of that God, whose providence, just and kind, protects, and judges, and blesses, alike the humblest and the highest.

E. P.

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LETTER FROM MEADVILLE.

MEADVILLE, AUGUST 1, 1838.

BROTHER CLARKE:—I approve the suggestion you made recently, in the Messenger, that the watchmen stationed on the walls of the several outposts of our Zion, might transmit useful and interesting intelligence, for the encouragement or edification of the brethren "scattered abroad;" and herewith send my own portion.

Our congregation in this place is respectable in numbers; and includes, as you know, no small amount of christian knowledge, devotedness and zeal. Owing to the number of societies in our village we should not expect to enlarge suddenly or greatly, but both in spirit and numbers we are becoming stronger gradually. We rejoice in the prevalence of a better spirit in our neighboring churches, than existed formerly. We are not only less proscribed, but receive many indications of a kind neighborly spirit, from members of each of the societies. This is always I conceive, one of the first indications of christian harmony, if not of fellowship. As such, I rejoice in, and endeavor to promote it.

I have preached several times during the summer, at Erie. This town contains upwards of four thousand inhabitants; is a prosperous and growing place; is the shire town of Erie county; possesses the best harbor on the Lake, and contains four religious societies. Of course there is room for a good Unitarian society. Rev. Mr. Hosmer, of Buffalo, Ripley, of Boston, and myself, held services there four successive Sabbaths, in June and July. The congregations were large, and attentive. Several individuals of wealth, intelligence, and influence, are much interested; and many who believed not in the correctness of our faith, until they came and heard for themselves, have expressed the opinion, that the excellence thereof exceedeth the fame which they had heard.

I have just returned from Pittsburgh. On the way down I had an opportunity of explaining Unitarian views of the Bible and Christianity, having been requested by a fellow passenger to state them. During the conversation, a gentleman whom I had ascertained to be a Lawyer, listened with manifest attention. At the close of the conversation he addressed me thus: "I am, sir, a member of the Episcopal church, but for fifteen years I have had similar views of christianity to yours, and until this hour I was ignorant that another being existed on the

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earth who believed the same." The opportunity to enlarge upon our belief, and present a view of the state of our denomination was not omitted.

At Pittsburgh, I preached two Sabbaths, on the manifestation of God in Christ, on the enjoyments and the effects of the teachings of the sanctuary, on the sources of love to Jesus Christ and the excellence of religion. On the last Sabbath I enjoyed the happiness of "breaking bread" to the brethren, and of welcoming several adults to the baptismal waters. The society here is small, but I think there is room for building up a large one, which should be founded on the principle of the ministry at large. The poor they have with them, and if the effort was made, in the true spirit of christian philanthropy, they might be gathered around the altar, to listen to words glowing with life and immortality. Brother Silsbee expects to go East in the fall. I hope that either he, or some one else imbued with a missionary spirit, will enter on that work with zeal and faith.

A letter addressed to the Presbytery of Wilmington, appeared a few weeks since, which has elicited considerable surprise, some lamentation, and much fear. It breathes an excellent spirit, calm, kind, truth loving. It commences with a statement of the difficulties experienced by the writer in relation to the doctrine of a *vicarious atonement.* The history of these difficulties is related succinctly, and is a natural account of the trials which a modest, sincere, and conscientious mind would encounter, educated in the Calvinistic faith, and gradually working its own way to christian light and liberty. The conclusion of his deliberation is thus given: "after nearly two years anxious thought and earnest enquiry, I am fully satisfied that the popular doctrine of a vicarious atonement, is a doctrine of human invention, and does not properly belong to the christian religion."

He appears to consider, we think justly, that when a minister materially modifies the views of religious doctrine, which he was accustomed to teach, he is under an obligation from respect for the views he formerly considered worthy of being inculcated, as well as for the friends with whom he co-operated, to assign the motives which have induced the alteration. The reasons assigned by the writer for dissenting from this doctrine are—

1. It is based on a gratuitous assumption.

2. The Saviour himself, as far as we have any record of his preaching and instructions, never taught it.

3. It deprives of much of its glory and efficacy the media torial work of the Saviour.

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4. It involves absurdities and contradictions.

5. It is so recondite as to be utterly incomprehensible to most minds.

6. It cuts off from salvation, and the possibility of salvation, the great mass of the human family.

He then gives his own view of atonement. Man has become alienated from God by wicked works. God's pity was moved. He sent his Son to reconcile man and be the Saviour of a perishing world. Jesus came not to make God placable. Nothing of this kind was needed. His object was to soften man's heart and change his disposition, and thereby to remove the moral disability under which he labored; to bring him to repentance and reconcile him to God.

This letter was designed principally for circulation among the friends to whom it is addressed. The author has been requested, however, to give his permission to have it reprinted for general circulation. It is hoped his modesty will not prevent his granting this request. And should he yield it, I trust it will be published by the American Unitarian Association as one of their tracts. It is just the thing to be useful as a tract; clear, scriptural, and conciliatory.

While reading it my own mind was transported into the study, and held "sweet communion" with the gentle, conscientious, self-sacrificing spirit of the writer. I know not, nor do I care to know in what rank he now stands. Such a man is of no party but God's; and however he may agree with or differ from us in the use of implements we welcome such a laborer into the Master's vineyard.

I hope I shall not do violence to the feelings of the writer, by transcribing a single passage, as a specimen of the spirit of the letter.

"And now, although it has cost me some sacrifices, I rejoice that I have come to this decision. I rejoice in the change which my mind has undergone. It is such a change as gives higher and brighter conceptions of the character of God, and more comprehensive and delightful views of his government. It makes the character and mission of Jesus more interesting. It admits us to close communion with him, and awakes in the heart more vivid emotions of admiration, confidence and love. Besides, the views which I now entertain, I believe, divest religion of much of the mystery thrown around it by the philosophy of the schools, and present it in its rationality and beauty.

I cannot help, therefore, rejoicing in the new views of truth into which my mind has been led, and heartily desiring that others, and especially those in whose happiness and spiritual

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welfare I feel an especial interest, may be partakers with me in my joy.

"But my feelings in contemplating this change of my doctrinal sentiments are not all of joy; they are mingled with sensations of the keenest pain. The duty which it devolves upon me, and which I am now performing, I feel to be one of the most painful kind. It brings me into collision with the prejudices, (I use not the word in an unkind sense,) of brethren whom I love, and cuts me off from their fraternal sympathies and fellowship. This to me is a severe trial. From you I have received the kindest and most friendly treatment, and for each and all of you I cherish the most affectionate regard. I cannot, therefore, withdraw from my connection with you, as by this communication I virtually do, without the most unfeigned reluctance. A sense of duty however, compels me, and I dare not hesitate."

We sympathise with the writer in his grief, and rejoice with him in his joy. May he think and speak more words like those he has now uttered.

The Philadelphia Observer, (the organ of New Schoolism,) of course, speaks in a tone of lamentation over a fallen brother, though in the language of respect and tenderness. We think, from the tone of its strictures, that the writer of this letter is a man of more than ordinary influence. An effort is evidently made to win him back.

"Knowing Mr. McK. well," the writer says, "I feel disposed to give him credit for sincerity; and to believe that *he felt constrained to pursue the course he has taken by a settled conviction of duty.* This however," he remarks, "will not exempt Mr. McK. from blame, as it does not the writer from fears for his fate." Accordingly he says, "it will doubtless be startling, as Mr. McK. anticipates, to the Presbytery of Wilmington, to be informed of his defection. If the errors were trifling, or secondary in importance, we might not be surprised or affected by them; but when they lie at the very foundation of our faith and hope, and claim kindred with Unitarianisn, we mourn over the defection—we fear for the issue."

"It was to be expected, that Mr. McK., born and bred under the influence of the truth, and illuminated as he had been by the sunbeams of evangelical religion, would experience "great conflicts and tumultuous emotions," when he came to surrender himself to counter influences and listen to the wily suggestions of him who transforms himself from deepest darkness into an angel of light." Then follows a lament that he had not spared himself these tumultuous emotions, and resisted the suggestions of "the dim, distant twinkling of reason's star,"

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We also lament, that any of our brethren thus wilfully shut their own eyes, and essay to blindfold others to the illumination of truth, by decrying the "candle of the Lord."

The day must close when the strugglings of an honest and independent mind for God's truth, are smothered by the grave-clothes bandages of human creeds. Their utter inefficacy is daily becoming apparent. They could not fetter the aspirings of the spirit of Watts, when about to assume supremacy over the body; they are unable to hold together the present body of living Presbyterians, nor can they confine the speculations of those who have once started from their palsying influence. The defection of Mr. McK. we regard as one of the first fruits which we have anticipated would be produced by the planting of a new scion of this church. The New School can no more stop where they are than the sun can cease his midway career through the heavens. The cause of scripture truth and rational interpretation will go onward. Each day witnesses its advance. The signs of the times are auspicious. The vista of the future unfolds the vision of new truths still breaking forth from God's word, and of the prevalence of a deeper philanthropy and more comprehensive charity.

We believe that Western Pennsylvania is not disobedient to the heavenly vision. Prejudices are wearing away. Views of christian piety and truth, far in advance of the days of Luther and Calvin, are spreading throughout the church; the number of believers is increasing who ask a reason for the faith that is in them; and a faith held sacred and dear by us as the everlasting truth of God and his Christ is finding a welcome reception in many minds, who like Mr. McK. will perhaps experience "great conflicts and tumultuous emotions," before they will avow a change in their opinions, and thereby separate themselves from those with whom they have taken sweet counsel, and gone up to the house of God in company.

Your friend and brother, H. E.

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THE JEWS.—JOHN THE BAPTIST.

BY W. H. FURNESS.

[We take the following extracts from the second edition of Mr. Furness' work on the Gospels, of which the author has sent us the proof sheets. It is to be published in a larger and improved form with additions, amounting to about seven chapters. The whole work is remodeled and is to be called, "Jesus and his Biographers." We shall give it a more extended notice, probably, in our next volume; at present we must satisfy ourselves with the following extracts from the new chapters.]

THE JEWS.

Jesus and John were both Hebrews, both of direct Israelitish descent.

What a world of reflections does this one fact suggest! When we speak of the Jewish people, we speak of a people altogether the most extraordinary on the face of the globe. I am not going to discuss the claims of the religion of Moses. It bears the visible impress of divinity. But in order to comprehend with some distinctness, the state of things into which Jesus and his Precursor were ushered at their birth, and the influences under which their early years were spent, let us look at this great nation for a moment from the lowest point of view, in the simple light of History.

Considered then in the simple light of undisputed history, the Hebrews are the most singular of the nations. And their singularity consist in the elevation and force of their religious sentiment. Of all the races of men, they are pre-eminently the religious race. To substantiate this assertion, the appeal is not made to their ancient history, contained in their sacred books, but to their more modern fortunes. There is an identity of nations as of individuals; and whatever this people have shown themselves to be since the days of Christ and John, they were the same in their prominent traits then. Two things, their present condition, and their relation to the rest of the world, show most impressively that the Hebrew temperament has ever been a religious temperament, that the Jews have been the sacred, priestly race. Not that the religious principle has always acted beneficently upon their characters, not that they have not sunk repeatedly into great moral degradation, but that the Hebrew mind has evinced the strongest affinity

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for religion, for spiritual ideas and the deepest religious convictions, this I say.

What a phenomenon does this people present! Upon every considerable spot on the face of the earth, we find the scattered branches of the stock of Abraham. Every where persecuted, the objects of contempt and prejudice, either pursued with menaces or allured by bribes, every where under the most urgent pressure to repay the injustice of opinion by overreaching and fraud, still every where exhibiting an unfaltering religious loyalty, neither betraying their faith, nor dishonoring it by a spirit of proselytism. Without a particle of national power, or a solitary civil institution, the Jewish nation survives, and numbers its thousands and tens of thousands. Other nations far more extensive in territory, far mightier than the Jews ever were, have risen and vanished. With the decay of their civil institutions, they have rapidly melted away into the vast ocean of life. But the Hebrew national existence, unprotected by national forms, has proved an insoluble element in the world's population, in important respects, not merely floating hither and thither like a worthless weed, but controlling the current of affairs, obtaining a commercial supremacy upon which kings wait, and at whose bidding the sword rusts in the scabbard. A nation crushed and scattered, to every national purpose annihilated, yet a nation still! Distrusted, scorned, and villified, yet neither deserting the ark of its ancient faith, nor attempting to bear it onward, but gathered round it in mute, immoveable patience, standing, amidst the revolutions of the world and the wrecks of empires, like their own priests amidst the swelling tide of Jordan. Whatever else may be laid to their charge—to whatever dishonorable cause you may attribute their extraordinary thrift, however perverted and defective their religion may have been in its practical influence, still of indifference to that they cannot be accused. They have clung to it with an indomitable temper, claiming no credit for their loyalty. Here it is, still in the world, the ancient religion. And this cannot but strike us as the prominent feature of the Jewish mind, the depth and the power of the religious sentiment. Considering how peculiarities of appearance and character are handed down from age to age, even if the early history of this singular people were hid in darkness, we should still infer from their later fortunes, from their present position, that they were of no common parentage—that the ancestors of such a race, the Hebrew Patriarchs, must have been men of an exalted religious temperament.

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But there is another thing that leads to the same conclusion. The religion of Europe and America—those portions of the globe, which we call the civilized, came according to the flesh from the bosom of this people, which as a people, then, stands to the rest of the world in a relation far more commanding than that of any other nation. We turn from our earliest childhood with enthusiasm and reverence to Greece and Italy. These have been our guides in literature, law, and art. But there is a loftier eminence than either Athens or Rome, and Zion towers high above the Acropolis and the Seven Hills. In reference to that interest, unspeakably the most momentous, religion, Judea is the mistress of the world, and well may that spot, where the Daughter of Zion once sat in her beautiful garments, be called for ever the Holy Land. The head of Christendom was of Hebrew extraction, born on Hebrew ground, nursed by a Hebrew mother.*

These considerations may seem too general in their nature to possess any particular bearing on the subject in hand. But they are fitted to refresh our impressions of the high character and standing of the Israelitish nation; a sacred nation—"a nation of priests," "a royal priesthood," such it was the design of Providence, through their illustrious Lawgiver, to make them, and however false the generality of this people may have been to their great destiny, yet, from among them has

*When we consider what deep and angry prejudices have rolled for ages between Jews and Gentiles, we are struck with the fact, that, in the chief respect, the former are the guides and benefactors of the latter. The most wonderful of books has been handed across that black gulf. The world has been united against the Jews. Greek and Roman held them in contempt as a strange and superstitious people, and they have returned scorn for scorn. Nevertheless, it was Jews who toiled and died to bestow, and it was from Jews that the world has received, the greatest of benefits. The Christian Scriptures, so widely received and honored, are the works of Jewish hands, the gift of a people whom all the world has shunned. What a presumption of the truth, aye, and the divinity of these books does this one fact furnish! Were they cunningly devised fables, or mere delusions, it is incredible that they should have been received by those who were watching their authors with the deepest distrust, and shrinking from their very touch as contamination. If the Christian history had not in it the all victorious force of truth, Gentiles never would have listened to it from those hated Jewish lips. If a fraud was to be practised on the world, were those whom the world was the first to suspect, most likely to attempt it, or to succeed in it when attempted? Had the world's best book issued from an association of renowned philosophers, then there might be reason to suspect that the rapid credit which it gained was to be attributed to the blinding influence of prejudice. But as the case stands, they who obtained the world's faith, were not the world's favorites but her foes, "the very filth and offscouring of the world," so the first teachers of Christ were esteemed, men, whom none would believe but on overwhelming evidence. There was every disposition in the Gentile mind not to believe. And Christianity offered no bribe to selfish passions. It had nothing to give but truth, and this attended by disgrace, privations and tortures.

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issued One, a Priest for the whole world and for all time, Priest, Prophet and King! Keeping in mind their national character, we turn to any one period of their history with awakened interest, and regard any prominent individual with new curiosity and respect, when we look at him in connexion with the imposing character of his country, and the extraordinary social influences radiating around him. Jesus and John were both, according to the flesh, of the great line of Abraham.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

John was doubly connected with the priesthood. His father Zacharias was a priest. His mother Elizabeth was of the daughters of Aaron. And according to the high standard of Jewish piety, they were persons of blameless lives and eminent devotion. Their only child, John, was born when they were advanced in years. And they had hailed his approaching birth with the profoundest religious thankfulness, the birth of a child being always, to the Hebrew's mind, invested with peculiar sacredness. Thus there was much in the parentage and early circumstances of the Baptist, to exalt his nature. He was born and brought up,* as it were, within the hallowed precincts of a temple so venerable in the eyes of the nation, that the religious teachers declared that to consecrate one's possessions to the enriching of that edifice, was a more acceptable service than to devote them to the declining years of a father and mother. How must such a mind, as the whole history of John reveals, have been kindled as he stood before that altar, over which no majestic idol frowned or smiled, but where men came to adore the Unseen! A divine spirit communed with his spirit through all the awful associations of the splendid sanctuary and its multitudinous ceremonies. Upon the early history of the nation and its wonderful fortunes, the ardent mind of the priest-descended youth was fed. The solemn forms of the old prophets swept before his illuminated vision. Their sacred words sounded in his ears. He saw them as they pointed into futurity. He listened to their predictions of a more than golden age, a celestial era yet to come. He caught the flame of that hope which, burning in the heart of Israel, was now mounting higher and growing more vivid as

* Luke gives us to understand (ch. i. 80,) that the early years of the Baptist were spent "in the deserts." But the record is brief and indefinite. And we are not required to suppose that he was wholly a stranger to the city and the temple, or that no space or time elapsed after his birth before the wilderness became his residence.

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the period of its fulfilment drew nigh. By such training his spirit was led up to the Mount of Vision, where he heard the voice of God and received power to execute a divine mission.

But the circumstance, which, of all circumstances, must have wrought on him most powerfully, was his relation to Jesus. His mother Elizabeth was the cousin, and friend, and associate of Mary, the Divine Mother. With Jesus then we cannot but suppose that he held frequent communion. He listened to the young Son of God, the destined Ruler of generations and ages. Think you he caught no inspiration from such a companion? He knew not, before the baptism of Jesus, that he was the Man who was to come. "I knew him not," he declares. Of course his meaning is that he did not know Jesus as the specially sent of God. That he was personally intimate with Jesus before his baptism is clear, from the manner in which he addressed him, when the latter came to be baptized and before the manifestation of the Holy Spirit. His exclamation, "comest thou to me? I have need to be baptized of thee!" shows that he not only knew Jesus personally, but had conceived for him the greatest reverence. As John had long known Jesus, and felt his great superiority, we obtain a satisfactory meaning of John's words when he says, "After me cometh a man who is preferred before me; *for he was before me.*" John had appeared first in public; yet he had always felt that Jesus was far in advance of him. He had always looked up to him as his superior. He had not inspired Jesus but had been inspired by him. Jesus always from the first *was* before him. And the knowledge he had of his great kinsman, and the reverence with which he regarded him, (there is no feeling so quickening as veneration,) had contributed to deepen his conviction that the blessed era was close at hand. Not until after the baptism of Jesus, did John feel fully authorized to avow his belief in him as the Expected. And even then his faith faltered once, as we infer from the message which he sent to Jesus from prison by two of his disciples, "Art thou he that shall come, or must we look for another?" But before Jesus appeared in public, he was regarded with the deepest veneration by the Baptist, who knew that a character of such quiet, but unequalled power, was destined to act with unknown force upon the world. When he had himself produced a great sensation by his appearance in the wilderness, and the whole country was moved by his voice, the people caught the idea that he was the Christ. But he disclaimed the office. For he knew that a far greater than he was near him. His own exalted mind had been stirred by the living words

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of Jesus. Again and again they had caused his heart to burn and tremble within him. They had so raised the whole tone of his being, that he had reached that spiritual eminence which touches Heaven, where angel-harmonies may be overheard, and where he listened to the voice of God, and received the divine command to announce the approaching kingdom. He had descried its coming already, within, in his own heart. He declared to the people that he was only the herald of the king, not the king himself, that there stood one among them, so glorious and exalted, that he himself, highly as they thought of him, "was not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoe." I understand this expression as prompted not by the general idea which, as a Jew, he had formed of the coming Messiah, but by his personal reverence for Jesns whom he knew. And so it was, I conceive, with all the allusions which he makes to him who was to succeed him, and which possess a new force when thus regarded, as prompted by his personal knowledge of Jesus. He had Jesus in his mind. He had felt in his own soul—he knew, the searching, burning power of his illustrious relative, and therefore he said, "I use only water as a sign and means of inward cleansing, but he that will shortly appear will purify you, penetrating your inmost hearts with a holy spirit and with fire."

John was the last of the Hebrew prophets. "The least in the kingdom of Heaven was greater than he." The whole mode of his appearance, austere, ascetic, was in accordance with Jewish ways of feeling. Like the prophet Elijah, and all those who, in the ancient days of the nation, aimed at the strictest sanctity, he was clad in the rudest manner, in a garment of camel's hair bound round him with a leathern girdle. His food was the simple and scanty produce of the desert where he appeared. He announced himself in the consecrated language of one of the old prophets. Of those who resorted to him, he required the observance of a rite, already familiar to the Jews, baptism. He imposed fasts upon his disciples. All these things were fitted to arrest the Jewish eye and ear. And accordingly we read that "all held John to be a prophet." That teachers of the law and supercilious Pharisees went with the whole country and were baptized by him, acknowledging his authority and confessing their sins, is significant of the congeniality between the appearance of John and Jewish modes of thought.

The difference between John and Him who came after him is obvious in all these things, and it is otherwise marked. From the prison into which he was thrown by Herod, John

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sent two of his disciples to inquire of Jesus, who had then appeared publicly, teaching, and working miracles, whether he were the Messiah, or another was to be looked for. It has been thought that the Baptist sent his disciples on this errand for their satisfaction, not his own. But if he had no misgivings himself, he might easily have satisfied his disciples, with whom the authority of their master was supreme. Had his confidence in Jesus as the Christ been entire, he could not have endured himself, nor would he have suffered his disciples, to put a question to Jesus implying the least dissatisfaction. In implicit faith he would have waited, and enjoined it upon others to wait, for Jesus to vindicate his own claims in his own way. He would have perceived all the force of the evidence which Jesus was giving in his works of power and mercy, and in the proclamation of the gospel to the poor; and directed the attention of his disciples to what Jesus was doing, as furnishing decisive attestations to the truth of his pretensions. We are justified therefore, in supposing that John sympathised in a degree with the popular impressions respecting the Messiah's Kingdom and glory. It was no doubt, on account of his defective ideas on this point that Jesus declared that "the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than he." And for this reason also, because he looked for the Christ to assume an outward dignity, he became impatient of his own imprisonment, and began to be disturbed because Jesus had done nothing towards his liberation, and no tidings came of such events as should accompany the appearance of the Messiah. It is from the message which he sent to Jesus from prison that we infer the imperfection of his views and pronounce him still only a Hebrew prophet.

Note.—We differ a little from our friend Mr. Furness with respect to the message sent to Jesus by John from prison. We believe it was neither to satisfy his own doubts, nor that of his disciples, that he sent to ask, "Art thou he that should come?" (Matt. xi. 3.) For it appears from John i. 29, 30, 31, 32, 34, 36, that John must have certainly known that Jesus was the Christ. The suggestion that it was for the benefit of his disciples, is one of those modern afterthoughts that are quite foreign from the simplicity and directness of ancient manners. The true explanation is to be found in the character of the Baptist, and his idea of the Messiah's office. Mr. Furness justly remarks that "John sympathized in a degree with the popular impressions respecting the Messiah's kingdom and glory." He wished for one who should overthrow the Roman power, destroy the time-serving Herod, and begin a new reign of righteousness at Jerusalem. Languishing in prison, his mind fed on these hopes, he anxiously waited till Jesus should take the first steps toward their fulfilment. He could not understand how he

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should waste his time in healing a few sick persons, and travelling about in Galilee with a retinue of the poor and diseased. His impatient spirit could bear it no longer. His old call, to rebuke, returned. He who had not scrupled to rebuke Herod, to denounce the hypocrisy of the priests and rulers, ventured even to urge the Messiah to lay aside his apparent lethargy. He sends to him a question which put in equivalent language, shows its own meaning. "Do you intend to be our Messiah, or shall we have to seek for another?"

The context is in beautiful harmony with this. The answer of Jesus, "Go and tell John what ye have seen—and blessed is he who shall not be offended because of me," is a gentle reproof to John's impatience, and a lesson to him that works of LOVE, not of POWER, are the true signs of the presence of the Messiah. And the remarks which follow, after John's messengers had gone, are evidently meant to apologise for his rudeness. John was not a reed shaken by the wind, nor a man clothed in soft raiment, and of course politeness and gentleness of manner was not to be expected from him. His mission was a stern and difficult one, which made it necessary that his face should be set as a flint, and hence he might be excused for showing occasional incivility. Men clothed in soft raiment are in King's palaces, and such an one would not have taken them out into the wilderness to see him. This appears to be the connexion of the passage.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *North American Review. No.* 100. *July*, 1838.

The contents of the 100th number of the North American Review are—1. Fifty years of Ohio. This is an admirable article, written by our friend J. H. Perkins, of Cincinnati. It combines original and profound research, with a delightful style of narrative. 2. The second article is on Milton and is highly spoken of. 3. Political Economy. 4. Anglo-Saxon Literature. This is another admirable paper. It is attributed to Professor Longfellow, of Cambridge. It opens a field entirely new to most readers, but full of the richest flowers of genius and taste. The translations are done famously well. The poem on the *Grave*, one would judge was the source from whence Alfred Tennyson took the idea of his little piece, "Life and Thought have gone away." 5. An article on McKenney and Hall, in which the Judge is kindly treated, notwithstanding his outrageous and preposterous attack on the N. A. R. in the preface to one of his last published books of scraps about the West. 5. Fashions in Dress. An interesting subject, which we would like to see treated more philosophically. 7. An article upon our friend Dr. Holmes' prize dissertations. O. Wendell Holmes has shown that poetry and science can go very well together, and we are glad to see that his being one of best poets in the country has not prevented his being chosen Professor of Anatomy, at Dartmouth. 8. Voyages of the Zeni. 9. Romantic Poetry in Italy. 10. Critical Notices.

We perceive by all our exchange papers that the value of this work is still appreciated. It is a work which should circulate through the length and breadth of the whole land, a bulwark and honor of our literature. Its present Editor, Dr. Palfrey, has not only sustained but carried forward the high character which this oldest American Periodical had before attained.

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MONTHLY RECORD

FOR AUGUST, 1838.

CONCLUSION OF THE THIRD YEAR.—With this number we conclude the third year of the Western Messenger, a work commenced with much uncertainty, continued through various difficulties and perplexities, but thus far as successful as its projectors had any reason to anticipate. The past year has been one of peculiar trial for all kinds of literary works. The derangement of the currency affects especially the collection of small dues scattered over a wide extent of country. We have shared in these losses with the rest of our countrymen, but we hope with them for better times.

We return our thanks here to our contributors for their valuable, yea, indispensable assistance; to those who have procured subscribers for us; to the newspapers which have favorably noticed us; and to those generally who have expressed a sympathy for the fortunes of the Western Messenger.

We commence a new year with the determination to merit, as far as in us lies, the continuation of the favor hitherto bestowed upon us. We hope that we shall still have the company of our friends who have hitherto kept along with us. We should be extremely sorry to lose from our lists the name of any individual. On the contrary, we hope each one will procure new subscribers. Let every friend to the cause of free and intelligent christianity remember, that by encouraging our work, he may be sending out a missionary to give light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and to guide their feet into the ways of peace.

According to our usual custom in closing a volume, we shall issue no number during the next month. This is to give us time to arrange for the next volume, and also to afford the Editor an opportunity of taking a journey. Our subscribers lose nothing by this however, for they always have twelve numbers for three dollars. The next number will be published in November.

INSPIRATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—We publish in the present number an article on this subject by a friend with whose speculations we do not altogether agree. We have here only room to indicate our opinions on this subject in the briefest manner. We may hereafter enlarge upon it.

1. The writers of 21 of the books of the New Testament were Apostles, and all of them were of those who received the Holy Ghost. See the book of Acts, *passim*.

2. One of the especial offices of the Holy Spirit was to lead the disciples into all truth, i. e.

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all *christian* truth. The great fundamental truths of christianity were written on the heart by the Holy Spirit. Incorporated with their very nature, and a part of their life, christianity was not an intellectual perception only, but a felt reality. This was their inspiration, and it accompanied them when they acted, when they preached, and when they wrote. In it was Life and *Life* was the *Light* of man.

The Evangelists were therefore something more than merely common observers. Their whole hearts were filled with the knowledge and love of Christ, and this knowledge and love guided and prevented them from any essential error. I agree with H. E. that there was no special influence imparted at the time to guide their pens, but I would add to what he has said, that they had a knowledge of the whole subject altogether different and above any common natural knowledge.

HORSE RACING AGAIN.—We copy from a private letter the following account of the origin of the New England race of horses. The writer of it, as our readers will see, is very well acquainted with the whole subject. It confirms our previous opinion, that horse racing is not necessary for a good breed of animals. For it shows,

1. That there can be blood without racing, as in Arabia and New England.

2. That it is judicious crossing and not racing which makes good horses.

3. That importing a single Arab has done for New England what races have not done for the South.

4. That where there are races there is danger of having a breed of light, fleet, but weak horses, unfit for severe work of any kind.

All this is not the less conclusive that the writer, at the beginning, appears to dissent from our opinion:

"Your article upon horse racing has been going the rounds of the newspapers. I do not agree with you quite in your position that racing is not necessary to the attainment of a good breed of horses, because wherever horses are *good*, there is some *blood*, i. e. some of the Arab strain; the best horses in the world, (Arabia and Toorkistan excepted, and these seem to be the climates where the horse comes to that perfection naturally, which elsewhere can only be arrived at by *judicious crossing*,) are in Old and New England. In Old England the horse for quick work is a cross of the racer with the native; for draught the native horse crossed with the Flemish, to give weight; and a dash of *blood* to give courage and wind. Now as we have no native breed in New England, it is worth while to trace the origin of the Vermont and New Hampshire horses, which are confessedly so good. The first horses were brought from England by the puritans, and were of course the Old English stock, which at that day had been improved by a cross of the Arabian, for both the Charles's patronised

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the turf, and it is supposed that the Barb was introduced into England by the crusaders. But to return to the Vermont nags. In the beginning of the Revolution, an Arabian horse, on its way to England as a present to George III., was captured by a Yankee privateer, and found his way to that region which now produces the best trotters, and his blood runs in all their veins. And the reason why the Southern and Western horses are inferior for work, is *in my opinion*, that a judicious system of crossing is not practised. They breed too much for blood, and too little for bone and bottom, and the result is a long legged generation which can run well, but are unfit for work. I asked Col. Jaques, of Charlestown, (the greatest breeder we have,) what was the best breed of pigs that he had, "Why," said he, "that depends on what kind you want, whether large or small, very fat, or only moderately so, &c., for I can breed them to order for you as certainly as a tailor can make you a coat to order." And this is done by judicious crossing. I beg your pardon for this long yarn, but this is a hobby of mine."

MILTON AND THE METHODIST PREACHER.—"Extremes meet," is an old saying. Never did I feel this more than in comparing a simile in the sermon of a rough Methodist preacher, with a remembered passage of Milton's Melodius Comus.

"You are as ungrateful, brethren, as hogs, who run about under the oaks, gnawing acorns, without ever looking up to see where they came from."

Mark how the Poet expresses the same idea.

"for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude,
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder."

O.

CHARITY AND PEACE.—One of our brethren has left our ranks and become an Episcopalian. Success attend him in his new duties. A new brother has come over to us from the Orthodox ranks. We bid him welcome and extend the hand of Fellowship. Why make an outcry as if the heavens were falling at either of these events. Judging from the remarks of some persons, we should suppose the progress of truth was determined by a single man's resolves.

O.

ORIGIN OF DOCTRINE OF TRINITY.—We do not fully understand the truth, until we also understand the errors, into which men have fallen in searching for the truth. For the errors of men are only some partial views or peculiar phases of the truth. It is not enough for a Unitarian to be satisfied with believing the simple unity of God. He must also wish to know why the majority of the christian world have professed a different doctrine, and have believed in three Gods in one. Let us try to find the cause of this latter dogma.

1. There was no such doctrine in the Apostolic age, but those who succeeded that early age, not being willing like the Apostles to bear the stigma of believing in the crucified man of Nazareth, sought to deify him.

2. They began by personifying the logos, or divine word, which the scriptures allege to have been incarnate in Jesus—thereby making a person out of an attribute of the Deity.

3. Later christians abused the primitive mode of speech, by which all hea-

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venly beings were called Gods, and declared Christ to be equal with God the Father, merely because in a Polytheistic age, he had been called a God.

4. Superstition wishing to introduce the utmost mystery into religion, and itself the prey of mystery, attributed personality to the Holy Spirit, and declared that to be a separate God, which the scriptures speak of merely as a divine influence, and no more a person distinct from God, than the spirit of man is a person distinct from the man himself.

5. The doctrine of the Trinity was perfected by the adoption of the dogma of Plato and the oriental Philosophy, that recognised a kind of Trinity in the godhead.

6. The Calvinistic view of the atonement, kept up the dogma of the Trinity. Since man has sinned infinitely, an infinite sacrifice must be made. Therefore God must die for the sins of the world. As if God could die!

7. Men now profess the doctrine of the Trinity, as far as the most enlightened Trinitarian theologians will declare their opinions, not because they believe it literally, but on account of its spiritual signification. They rejoice to believe in God the Father, God in the Son, and God as the Holy Ghost—one God, not three, but merely manifested in three different ways. This we believe to be the view of most intelligent Trinitarians, and this view we profess to hold. We believe not that the Son is a distinct God, but that he was God only because the Father was in him, and the Holy Spirit is not a distinct God, but is merely the Spirit of God or the divine influence. When Trinitarians hear the Unitarian doctrine thus preached, they generally think it their own creed.

In this doctrine, we believe the church will ere long be one.

8. The last cause of the prevalence of the doctrine of the Trinity, is, we believe, to be found in the tyranny of religious associations, which will not allow their members to differ from the fixed standard, under penalty of excommunication, and other modes of persecution. We believe the majority of members of religious societies are merely modal Trinitarians, that is, that they believe merely in three manifestations of God, not three separate Gods. We know many orthodox ministers who are merely modal Trinitarians. Still they are compelled to use the language of the church, and to speak of three persons in one God, and to use the unscriptural expression, God the Son. The coming of spiritual liberty in the yet shackled church, will, we doubt not, bring out the full truth, and the church will own the declaration of scripture—Unto us there is but one God the Father.

Among the causes of the belief in the Trinity, we have not alluded to perversions of particular passages of scripture. These have been duly considered in previous numbers of your magazine.

Thanks be to God, that the church, amid all its diversities of opinion, holds the essential truth, *that God was manifest in Jesus Christ*—the glorious truth of the union of God and the soul of man—the humanity of God and the deification of man—a mark of God's past goodness to us—a symbol of the perfect union of humanity and divinity in the hearts of the faithful. O.

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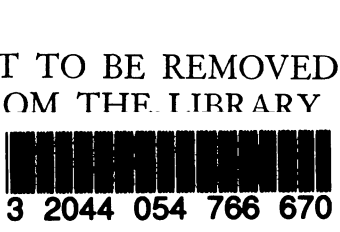

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